

Cosmopolitan





THE HELPER

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COSMOPOLITAN

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Gold and Diamonds *By Herbert Kaufman*

THERE are many men who can write a few good stories, but few who can write many.

One difference between genius and ability is durability: talent doesn't peter out.

Rhinestones dull after a while; brass inevitably tarnishes.

Nature didn't make many diamonds or much gold, but she gave them staying qualities.

Music crowded Paganini's blood—he *had* to play to relieve the urging strains.

Edison must invent—he can't live long enough to exhaust his ideas.

Rembrandt painted masterpieces to the end. Dickens couldn't outwrite himself.

Some men are filled with stories, just as others are hung full of pictures or saturated with harmony.

These are the born writers, successors to the tellers of tales who sat in ancient bazaars and extemporized romances in the trading lulls.

They are the mediums through whom we transmit contemporary life from generation to generation.

History merely tells us what people did; fiction, how they did it. The explorer resurrects a buried city; the novelist reconstructs it, and pours action into the scene.

Facts are never so attractive as when dressed by imagination.

Majorities are unresponsive to a dull presentation of the most vital issues. The indirection of fiction has repeatedly awakened a community to the existence of civic and social immoralities against which reformers and economists long and vainly protested.

The quickest way to interest the average man and woman in any situation is to turn it into a story.

The monthly issues of *Cosmopolitan* are chronicles of our modes and manners—brilliant cross-sections of the times—literature of the first distinction.

No other magazine has presented so many compelling questions with such dramatic force.

The test of literary power is a thing beyond form and technique. It lies in the breadth and depth of appeal.

No art is so supreme as that which demands the recognition of the critics and commands the sympathy and interest of the national heart.

Nothing else ever endured, or can.

Cosmopolitan's attainment of more than a million circulation by a standard magazine is without precedent but not without explanation.

Gold and Diamonds—that's all!

H A P P I N E S S

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by William de Leftwich Dodge

THERE are so many little things which make life beautiful.
I can recall a day in early youth when I was longing for happiness.

Toward the western hills I gazed, watching for its approach.

The hills lay between me and the setting sun, and over them led a highway.

When some traveler crossed the hill, always a fine gray dust rose cloudlike against the sky.

The traveler I could not distinguish, but the dust-cloud I could see.

And the dust-cloud seemed formed of hopes and possibilities—each speck an embryo event.

At sunset, when the skies were fair, the dust-cloud grew radiant and shone with visions.

The happiness for which I waited came not to me adown that western slope.

But now I can recall the cloud of golden dust, the sunset, and the highway leading over the hill.

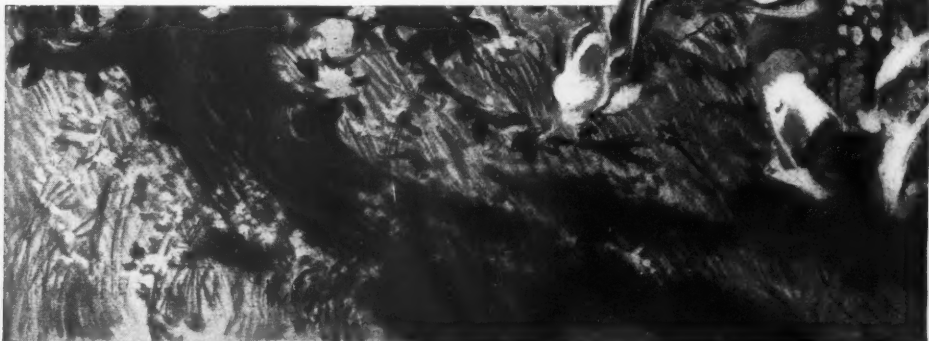
The wonderful hope and expectancy of my heart, the visions of youth in my eyes; and I know this was happiness.

There are so many little things which make life beautiful.

I can recall another day when I rebelled at life's monotony. Everywhere about me was the commonplace; and nothing seemed to happen.

Each day was like its yesterday, and to-morrow gave no promise of change.

My young heart rose rebellious in my breast, and I ran aimlessly into the sunlight—the glowing sunlight of June.





I sent out a dumb cry to Fate, demanding larger joys and
more delight.
I ran blindly into a field of blooming clover.

It was breast-high, and billowed about me like rose-red
waves of a fragrant sea.

The bees were singing above it; and their little brown
bodies were loaded with honey-dew, extracted from
the clover blossoms.

The sun reeled in the heavens, dizzy with its own
splendor.

The day went into night, without bringing any new event
to change my life.

But now I recall the field of blooming clover and the
honey-laden bees, the glorious June sunlight and
the passion of youth in my heart; and I know that
was happiness.

There are so many little things which make life beautiful.

Yesterday a failure stared me in the face, where I had
thought to welcome proud success.

There was no radiant cloud of dust against the western
sky, and no clover field lying fragrant under mid-June
suns;

Neither was youth with me any more.

But under the vines that clung against my walls, a flock of
birds sought shelter just at twilight;

And, standing at my casement, I could hear the twitter of
their voices and the soft, sweet flutter of their wings.

Then over me there fell a sense of peace and calm, and
love for all created things, and trust illimitable.

And that, I knew, was happiness.

There are so many little things to make life beautiful.



The Girl Who Was Left Over (By Gouverneur Morris)

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

Everybody likes a real love-story, especially one in which the incidents are unusual. Mr. Morris's talent for imagining situations from which to develop a charming romance is truly amazing, as *Cosmopolitan* readers already know. Here is a love-story that is entirely different in its idea and working-out from anything he has given us before.

THE one thing that never ought to happen anywhere actually happened in Utopia.

In so un-Utopian a city as Boston, there are too many women. But it doesn't matter, because there are *enough* too many (nothing could be stated more

clearly), and they can band together and persuade themselves that the greatest of all curses is marriage.

In Utopia there was one young man too few.

Now, it's bad enough, in a place like Utopia, when men don't keep straight; but



With respect to the intriguing case of Zion, the convictions of the elders were as nearly divided into two halves as was possible

it's simply appalling when they don't go round.

When Utopia's last bachelor, Emmanuel Cobb, led Sharron Bottlebrush to the altar, Zion was just fifteen years old. If she had been seventeen, the Utopian age of consent, it might have been the other way round (for, both to the eye and to the mind, she was a heavenly maiden) and, in her stead, the Bottlebrush, who had a face like the full moon and a voice so penetrating that it may be likened to a cheese-scoop, might have been the Cinderella of this tale. And there wouldn't have been any tale.

If Emmanuel Cobb had ever heard of Quintus Fabius Maximus, the Cunctator, he might have been inspired to wait until the Beauty of Utopia was of marriageable age. And he might not. His friends said that he really wanted to marry the Bottlebrush; his enemies that he really had to.

And, as in a place like Utopia nobody is neutral, the truth will probably never be known.

It is only germane that the Cobb and the Bottlebrush became indissolubly one, and that as far as Zion's chances of finding a partner for life were concerned, the Utopian age of consent approached her swiftly with no more of the stuff of hope in it than if it had been advanced from seventeen to ninety.

Yes; strangers sometimes came to Utopia, and tarried (as restfully as cats on a hot stove) and went. And Zion always had a good look at them, and they had a good look at her—but what of that? Even if the spark that is the foundation of life and the ladder to heaven had crackled from eye to eye, she could not have married a stranger whose people were not her people and whose God was not her God.



ILLUSTRATION BY ALFRED W. ALLEN

Zion heard suddenly slow steps sounding and squeaking. She looked behind her and saw a strange man acting



in a strange way. He looked as a man must look when he enters a dark room and tries to find something

The Girl Who Was Left Over

As in a restaurant it is so often man's perverse fate to keep the one bad oyster till the last, so, in this tale of Utopia, I have not yet revealed to the reader the really truly, hopeless dreadfulness of Zion's situation.

Her religion commanded her to marry.

Her religion forbade her to marry a man of any religion but her own.

If she broke either of these commandments, her religion taught her that she would spend the long vacation which follows this dreary school of life tightly strapped to a red-hot waffle-iron. And bachelors of her religion, since the union of the Cobb with the Bottlebrush, were like the great auk and the passenger-pigeon—they didn't exist.

Poor little Zion! She makes me think of a wet sponge abandoned in a desert. Nothing to look forward to but evaporation.

"Dry up," cries the indignant reader, "and get on with the story!"

I hear, O my masters, and I obey!

Utopia is a collection of white houses. It is surrounded, in semiannual alternation, by forty thousand level acres of motionless snow and forty thousand level acres of waving wheat. Here and there are rocky islands crowned with dark, blue-green pine trees. The oval periphery of this great communal farm is like a cyclopean necklace of which each uncut gem is a mountain. Through the midst of Utopia flows a crystal river. The Utopians are rich and religious. They believe in heaven and hell and in commercial fertilizers.

The all-powerful iron hand of five goat-bearded, clean upper-lipped, long elders drives them and menaces them. These elders are upon such intimate terms with the God of Utopia that they are often able to anticipate his wishes. Through his co-operation, they have been able to codify the whole duty of Man. And that duty is to go to church and to go to work. Winter, consequently, when the fields are under three feet of snow, is an orgy of hymns and sermons, while summer, from the time of plowing to the time of reaping and shipping, is an orgy of work. The Utopians have a day of rest. In this sanctified custom, they compare well with the outside world and, indeed, average a little better. For if no week of the long growing season pulls up with a sudden Sunday, the idle winter weeks bristle with them, and the Utopians grow hoarse with singing. In mid-April

the last Sunday is celebrated, and the elder who preaches upon that solemn occasion always concludes his discourse with these time-honored words:

"Raise me big families and bumper crops say'th the Lord praise me night and day and I will open unto you the kingdom of Glory let us pray——"

II

TRUTHFUL answers from all the seventeen-year-old maidens in the United States as to whether they really want to be married or really don't want to be married would be a fascinating item of statistics. For my part, I hope and trust that most of them are not as scornful of the holy estate as they would have us imagine, and I know that Zion wasn't. Indeed, she was most earnest to obey that mandate of her religion, whose transgression spelled eternity upon a red-hot waffle-iron. I refuse to believe that her eagerness had about it any other motive whatsoever. No; she was *not* envious of her sister Utopians who had been provided with husbands, and who were paving their way to heaven by the homely expedient of raising bumper crops of children. She was *not* interested in young men, and although if there had been an extra one, she might have clutched him as drowning persons are said to clutch straws, her sole actuation would have been a beautiful and childlike faith in the divine origin of those commandments by which the lives of Utopians are made dreary in this world that they may be ecstatic in the next.

With respect to the intriguing case of Zion, the convictions of the elders were as nearly divided into two halves as was possible. You have to remember that there were five of these elders, and you are about to learn, for the first time, that the oldest, or, I should say, the eldest, that one, in short, who presided over their deliberation, was no debatable child to be severed in two by a Solomonian judgment. Two of the elders believed that if Zion didn't marry she would go to hell. Two of them believed that she would go to hell if she did marry, whereas the presiding elder, who prided himself upon the open mind and the merciful heart, sometimes voted one way and sometimes the other. And often he brought the deliberations to an end with these comforting and Utopian words:

"Whatever the Lord shall do unto Zion in his own season that uncertain lamb of whom it is not yet known whether the fleece is black or white will have the satisfaction of knowing that it wa'n't her fault let us pray—"

And the first snow fell and packed, and Zion's father told her to take a draft-horse and sledge and go to the forest where the men were cording wood. And her years were eighteen. And she was full of good intentions, and she took a draft-horse and a sledge and wrapped her head in a shawl and set out for the forest which stands upon the toes and the insteps of the mountains.

III

ON her way to the forest, across the great levels of well-packed snow, Zion met other young women of Utopia returning to the village and driving sledges heaped high with firewood. The harnesses of their horses, from whose shaggy hides steam arose in clouds, were not without bells.

After the sledges which the women drove (trudging beside them, their heavy shoes squeaking in the snow) came the young men of Utopia in twos and threes, carrying axes and saws.

"You're late, young woman," said one of them; "but you'll find plenty of wood left."

"Watch out for timber-wolves," said another jocosely. "Want me to go back with you?"

But Zion thanked him and shook her head at the same time. She was not afraid of timber-wolves or anything else in this world. At least, she thought she wasn't. Her trepidations were all for those places which come after this. But if a timber-wolf had come along and eaten her up, you couldn't have blamed him. There was no more tempting morsel between two oceans. She was not conscious of it, but, of the young men of Utopia, not one failed to turn his head and look after her. Emmanuel Cobb even sighed (a sudden spout of steam) as he thought of his own Sharron trudging on ahead somewhere, her body, which was four-square to the winds of heaven, cased in a shawl that was red and purple.

Zion walked beautifully, swinging her legs from the hip into long strides that gave her a kind of breezy, rolling motion, her back flat, her head high. Her upper lip was too short, and the white gleam of her

teeth between the two strong smears of vermilion gave her face a brilliant, a brightly lighted appearance. She dazzled the eye. It was hard to discern the exact shape of her features. Her nostrils were delicately cut and a little large; her chin was adorably cleft. Her eyes, perhaps, were not as large as some eyes, but they were the bluest in Utopia and the gayest—except when her mind was busied with thoughts of the next world, and then they got so dark as to look black and had a sad, hunted expression.

She came to the forest and began to load the sledge with fire-wood, working with a smooth, swift energy, for she not only had great gifts of manual ability but the short winter day was darkening.

It was wonderfully still in the forest. But this stillness was broken, now and then, when snow became loosened in a tree-top and fell rattling through the branches. Between two such disturbances, Zion heard suddenly slow steps sounding and squeaking. She looked behind her and saw a strange man acting in a strange way. He looked as a man must look when he enters a dark room and tries to find something. He groped with his hands, and at each step felt the sand carefully with the toe of the boot that was taking the step before throwing his weight forward from the foot that was stationary. His eyes were three-parts closed, and radiating upward from the gap between their brows, were fine-drawn lines that might have indicated either mental or physical suffering. His clothes were heavy with snow. It looked as if he had had many falls.

Even as Zion looked, he came to a dead stop, and pressed the heels of his hands against his eyeballs. He stood there for some moments, and then came slowly forward again. And now Zion, with a little whimper of sympathy, dropped a double armful of wood and hurried to meet him.

"Stay where you are!" she called. "I'm coming."

That sweet, sudden voice in the forest could not have frightened Blair Armstrong. It must have been the sheer relief of hearing any voice at all that literally knocked his legs from under him, so that he fell, all in a heap, and began to laugh and cry.

Zion knelt beside him and threw a strong young arm around his shoulders.

"Don't take on," she said; "it's all right! I'm here."

The Girl Who Was Left Over

He was trembling and shaking like a child to whom something outrageously cruel has been done. And she held him close and tried to comfort him, just as if he had been a child, instead of six feet two of young manhood, hard as nails to the touch and, now that she looked at him, beautiful to the eye.

"It's all right," she said. "You had a bad time, but you're safe now. It's only three miles to town. I'll ride you in with the wood."

First, he managed to stop crying, and then to stop laughing. Then he said:

"Idiot! Couldn't control nerves. Broke down under too much good news. All right now, thanks to you—whew!" And he finished with a tremendous sigh of relief.

"How long have you been like this?" she asked.

"Since yesterday at noon," he said. "The sun was so bright on the snow. All of a sudden I went stone blind. Didn't have any snow-specs. Left it to my pony to get me safely back to camp, and got swept out of the saddle by a branch. I *think* it was yesterday. I'm not sure to-day is to-day. But I think I knew when the sun rose. And, then, I've got *such* an empty feeling."

"You poor thing!" exclaimed Zion. "We'll start right off. I won't wait to take up the rest of the load."

She helped him to his feet, and, he leaning on her a little more heavily than was absolutely necessary, guided him to the sledge. Zion strode along, rolling slightly, and clucked to the horse and talked with the man.

"And the name of the place," she said, "is Utopia."

"Oh!" exclaimed the man. "Now I know where I am."

It was noticeable that the deep, fine lines of pain on his forehead had become a mere pucker, and that the corners of his mouth had lifted.

"And to-day is actually Wednesday?" he asked.

"Yes. We have to get the wood in before Sunday."

"But Sunday is a long way off."

"Oh, no; to-morrow is Sunday."

"How do you mean, 'to-morrow is Sunday'? To-morrow is Thursday."

"Not in Utopia. In summer we are too busy with the crops to have any day of rest

at all. So in winter we have to make up the average. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Sunday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—that's the way the week goes in winter."

If Blair Armstrong could have been assured that he was not to be permanently blind, he would have laughed out loud. As it was, the corners of his mouth lifted still higher, and in his unshaven cheek a dimple appeared.

"And in summer," he asked, "how does the week go?"

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Workday."

His lips moved, but no sound came from them. He was, perhaps, repeating this fragment of calendar with inward relish. But after a while, he spoke and said:

"Great! That's my way, too. I make sure of fifty-two days rest in the year. But it doesn't matter to me when they come. Sometimes I bunch 'em, and live a month of Sundays."



DRAWN BY JOHN ALONZO WELLS/AME

As she turned, Armstrong opened his eyes to see a great deal. By



and looked at her. It was only for a second that he looked, but in that second he managed direct vision he saw Zion's profile, by indirect vision her full-face

"And do you go to church three times a day?"

"But how can I?" he said. "For I'm seldom in the same county with a church. No; I take my religion internally."

"Of course, if there's no church you can get to—" admitted Zion. "But you must live in wild places."

Armstrong nodded.

"The wilder the better. But tell me about *you*?"

"Me? Oh, I'm just a girl."

His face brightened. If she was married, she wouldn't have said that she was just a girl. His face darkened. A girl with a voice like that couldn't remain just a girl forever.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"I thought——"

"I started to say something and stopped."

"Oh!"

"I was going to ask," he said, "if your voice is a good match for the rest of you?"

"I don't understand."

"You've got the prettiest voice I ever listened to."

"Oh!" exclaimed Zion, in confusion. And because she felt as if a thousand eyes were looking at her and criticizing her, she blushed scarlet.

"And you've got little hands," said Armstrong, with relish; "I felt 'em through your mittens. And you've got strong shoulders. I leaned on 'em."

"I guess I'm strong," said Zion meekly.

"Won't it be exciting when I get my sight back and see you for the first time?"

"I guess it'll be an awful shock," said Zion, in a small voice. And inwardly she resolved that never, no, not ever forever, would she submit herself to the embarrassment of that scrutiny. "Even," she thought, "if I'm not an out-and-out sight, no girl is pretty enough to stand being looked at like that for the first time."

Armstrong was also making inner resolutions.

"So help me God," he said to himself; "she may be ugly as a mud fence, but she saved my life! And if I haven't gumption enough to make her think she's got the prettiest face I ever saw, I'll build a chapel on the top of Pike's Peak and eat it!"

And hard upon this grim threat of self-abnegation, they came to the house of Zion's father.

IV

THE village of Utopia is built upon a Utopian plan. The houses stand in a great circle about a level village green (at this time of writing it was a village white) in the very midst of which is an upthrust of rock and pine trees, by which a firm foundation, a slight elevation, protection in winter, and cool shade in summer are secured for the snow-white church of Utopia. Back of the house is a second circle of barns, stables, storehouses, and so forth and so on. To these is vouchsafed a fine view of the surrounding mountains.

Upon a certain morning, this view was also disclosed to Blair Armstrong, leaping from bed with a glad cry and dashing to the window of a small room in the house of Zion's father. For it seems that in the night his suspended powers of vision had been once more animated by the combined forces of youth and tranquillity. First, he looked at the plains and the mountains beyond. But, in the bright sunshine, the vast expanses of snow were as if set with myriads of diamonds. And he turned away quickly, feeling as if he had been stabbed in the eyes. Next, he looked at himself in a cheap mirror, and observed that he had not shaved for days and days and days. Then he heard a sound of feet that mounted a stair, and he made a flying leap to his bed and covered himself to the chin and closed his eyes.

A quiet tap on the door was ungrammatically followed with:

"It's me, brother Armstrong, with your breakfast."

"Come in, sister Zion!" he called. And she pushed open the door.

First, she deposited the breakfast-tray on a convenient chair. Then she commanded brother Armstrong to sit up. Then she arranged his pillows and commanded him to lean back. Then she placed his breakfast upon his knees, and then, guiding his hand, she showed him where the porridge was, and the beans were, and the bacon and the cream and the sugar and the coffee.

Propped up in bed, his eyes closed, his unshaven face and neck rising from a nightgown of heavy gray flannel, Blair Armstrong was not a prepossessing sight. But to Zion, who had saved his life, he looked beautiful.

"Got everything you want?"

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John Alvin Williams

DRAWN BY JOHN ALVIN WILLIAMS

"And we believe," said Zion, "that it's all right for a man to kiss a girl when they are really going to be married"

The Girl Who Was Left Over

"Yes; thanks. No—wait! I don't seem to hear my watch ticking. I think it's run down."

Zion turned toward the bureau where the watch lay, face up. As she turned, Armstrong opened his eyes and looked at her. It was only for a second that he looked, but in that second he managed to see a great deal. By direct vision he saw Zion's profile, by indirect vision her full-face. A little mirror is a useful thing. He saw the color of her eyes, the fashion of her hair, the vermilion of her lips, the glancing whites of her teeth, the peerless carriage of her head.

"No," she said; "it's going."

But he felt it wisest to shut his eyes against the sweetness of the smile with which she turned to him.

"Why," she said, with a voice of concern, "you're trembling all over! Are you cold?"

"Cold?" said Armstrong. "No; I'm not cold."

"What is it, then?"

"Oh, nothing."

"You've got to tell me."

"Oh, it's nothing."

"Tell me at once!" She stamped her little foot.

"All right," he said; "I'll tell you, but it's your fault if you don't like it. It's *you*, Zion. You're what makes me tremble. Do you think a man can live in the dark and have you ministering to him like an angel, and not love you for it and want you for his own, for his very own?"

"Please don't," said Zion, in a small voice; "you mustn't."

"Mustn't? Why mustn't I?"

"Because, even if I—why, you don't even know what I look like!"

"It doesn't matter what you look like," he said. And he said it grandly. Having satisfied himself that she was beautiful, he could afford grandeur and magnanimity.

Girls like to be beautiful. They like to be beautiful, because beauty attracts men. Yet any self-respecting girl would have a fit if a man told her that he loved her for her looks alone. Zion, at least, had the preeminent satisfaction of believing that she was being made love to because, in one man's mind, her mental and spiritual gifts were of paramount importance.

"And Zion," he pleaded, "why not? I've learned about you. You're the girl who was left over. There's no man in

Utopia for you. Why not take a chance on me?"

She was so quiet that almost he thought she had vanished from the room.

"Don't you want to get married, Zion? I don't mean to *me* necessarily, but on general principles?"

Silence.

"You might answer."

Then Zion, in a small voice,

"Why, yes; I do want to get married."

"Well, then—"

"Because it's wicked not to marry."

"I know all about that. Eternal torment if you don't marry; eternal torment if you marry anyone but a Utopian. Delightful prospect, when there's no Utopian left for you to marry! But if I was a girl and had to choose, I'd rather be punished for marrying some one who was not a Utopian than for not marrying at all—especially with the punishment the same in both cases. How about that for logic?"

"I'm going now," said Zion. "Is there anything else you want?"

"If your father will lend me a razor, I think I can manage to shave in the dark. Oh, Zion, don't you like me *at all*?"

"I like you a lot," she said, and ran out of the room and down the stairs.

"Well, what do you know about that?" said Blair Armstrong to himself, and he said some other things, which, if overheard, might have been expected to start an epidemic of fits among the Utopians.

It happened to be the first Sunday in the week. When Zion and her father returned from morning service, they found on the kitchen table a sheet of paper weighted down by a thick stack of twenty-dollar gold pieces. On the sheet of paper was written:

DEAR SIR:

You said you had a saddle-horse you'd sell for a hundred dollars. As there is only one saddle-horse in your stable, I presume that to be the one. The other hundred is to pay for board and lodging and for a pair of snow-glasses I found hanging on the hat-rack. The reason I'm going is that about eleven o'clock I opened my eyes and found I could see a little. That was our bargain; you said I could stay till I could see and then I must get out. You said you didn't want any "timber-wolf" like me permanently on your hands. So, good-by. But I wouldn't have stayed on, anyway. I'd go through hell for Zion, but she won't even face the prospects of heaven for me. And so, as I'm not wanted, I trek.

With silence for what you haven't done, and with thanks for what you have, I remain,

Yours truly,

BLAIR ARMSTRONG.

"Ten double eagles!" thought Zion's father.

"He went away without even knowing what I look like!" thought Zion.

"Better make up that there fire," said Zion's father aloud.

"I will," said she.

When she returned from the woodshed, her cheeks were crimson.

To the topmost of those logs which she now deposited, crashing to the hearth, there had been pinned another sheet of paper. (This was now hidden in a delightful place.) On it, that voluminous letter-writer, Blair Armstrong, had written:

I'm going the way I came. I'm going slow. If I was followed, I'd be caught dead easy. But this is to say good-by and God bless you. Why, little Zion, I'd a turned Utopian for your sake! All you had to do was to tell me what to believe and I'd have believed. But you didn't show much interest, and so God bless you again and good-by. I don't know if my eyes are fit to travel. I don't suppose they are—but no matter. I'm not so stuck on this life now as to care one way or another. If this life is hell, what's the use of worrying about the next? Tell me that, little Zion.

As she lifted and then dropped the first log into place, she murmured,

"Yes; what *is* the use?"

"Eh?" said her father.

"I said we were short of wood," said Zion briskly. "I only fetched half a load the day I found brother Armstrong. I've a good mind to hitch up and haul another load this afternoon."

"Will you have time before the afternoon service?"

"Before the afternoon service, father? Oh, yes; oceans of time!"

"If this snow keeps on, little Zion, we'll have to camp, and go hungry. But if I'm to be a Utopian when we stand up before the minister at Five Forks, you'd better begin your religious instructions here and now."

She was very timid to begin. She began, in a sweet whisper,

"We believe that, on the Day of Judgment, it will be God who sits in the middle."

"I believe that, too," said Armstrong solemnly, and he added, "Oh, Zion, if only you knew how beautiful you are!"

"But you asked me to go away with you before you even knew what I looked like!" she exclaimed proudly. "That's

what made me come. That's what makes me so happy."

The timber-wolf hung his head a little. He had reason to.

"And we believe"—Zion resumed her instructions in the Utopian religion—"that liars go to hell. Do you believe that?"

"I do," said Armstrong fervently. But he hoped inwardly that it wasn't true.

"It's how we live that matters!" cried the now zealous and always beautiful apostle of the Utopians.

"Of course," said Armstrong, and, with an eye to the great flakes of snow now falling with ominous thickness, he added; "And where we die or when we die doesn't matter. Are you warm enough, honey?"

"Honey!" she murmured. "It's a beautiful word."

"It's religious, too," he said; "milk and honey. It's in the Bible. But there's no milk about you. Cream and honey—that's what you are."

"And we believe that husbands and wives must love each other till death and be faithful."

"Don't you worry about that, little Zion!"

He leaned from the plow-horse (for he had put her on the saddle-horse) and drew her toward him and kissed her cheek.

"And we believe," said Zion, "that it's all right for a man to kiss a girl when they are really going to be married."

It may have been that a snowflake somewhere in the vicinity of Blair Armstrong's right eye suddenly melted and ran down his cheek. I say, it may have been. I don't really know.

"I have to report to the congregation," said the eldest of the five elders, leaning upon his knuckles in the pulpit of the church of Utopia and raising his hands together, "that the search for our little sister Zion has been a failure there ain't a trace of her to be found nor of the sledge nor the plow-horse she took with her it may be that she lost her way in the great storm and perished and in that case it's just possible we may find her after the spring break-up but it is more comfortable to feel that our little sister didn't die a lingering death but was as is most likely set upon by a timber-wolf and et alive let us pray."

Gouverneur Morris's next story, *The Portrait of a Self-made Man*, will appear in the June issue.



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

He began to allow himself to take in details. Why had he not remarked before that she had an extraordinarily well-shaped head? And what wonderful hands!

The Career of Katherine Bush

By Elinor Glyn

Illustrated by André Castaigne

KATHERINE BUSH'S parents are dead, and she lived with her three sisters and two brothers at Laburnum Villa, in the London suburb of Bindon's Green. She is twenty-two, and by diligent self-culture has raised herself considerably above the plane of her family. She has acquired a fondness for good literature, has learned to play the piano, and has taught herself French. To her, the members of the family are hopelessly vulgar, and their ideals sham and low. With the exception of her eldest sister, Matilda, who holds one small corner of her heart, she loathes them. She began to earn her living by keeping accounts at a pork-butcher's, but soon got a position as stenographer with Livingstone & Devereux (familiarily known as "Liv & Dev"), Jew money-lenders in London. Here she remained for three years. The firm's clients are chiefly of the upper class, and by observing their manners, Katherine realizes the gulf that separates them from her own family and its circle of friends, and she determines to bridge it and land herself, through her own intelligence, in a congenial environment.

At the office she has made the acquaintance of Lord Algernon ("Algy") Fitz-Rufus, younger son of a stingy Welsh marquis, and has fallen in love with him. He becomes very devoted, but she knows that his family would never forgive him if he married her, and that both their lives would be ruined. Nevertheless, so anxious is she to learn more about Lord Algy's world and the ways of a gentleman that she accompanies him on a three-day trip to Paris. This brief experience with good hotels and refined ways of living increases her ambition to alter her scheme of life and mingle with the socially elect in the hope of some day being really admitted to it. Lord Algy is now in love with her, but she is astute enough to see that any continuance of their relations would, in the end, be detrimental to her, so she resolves, quite cold-bloodedly, to have nothing more to do with him.

Katherine's next move is to give up her position with "Liv & Dev" and seek one more intimately connected with the world in which she plans to work out her career. In this she has luck. Within a short time she obtains the post of secretary to Sarah Lady Garribardine, one of the great ladies of London society. The members of her family, with the exception of Matilda, do not grieve over her departure from home. Her criticisms have been hateful, and their social aspirations are more than satisfied with the prospective entrance into the family of Mabel Cawber as the wife of the eldest brother, Fred. Lady Garribardine believes that she has found a treasure in Katherine, and the girl finds in her employer her sought-for model of the true aristocrat. Lady Garribardine never loses sight of the responsibilities of her station and class, as Katherine realizes one day, when her ladyship vigorously protests to Lady Beatrice, the wife of her nephew, Gerard Strobbridge, that she will cheapen and degrade herself and her class if she goes to an artists' models' ball in the scant attire of Ganymede. In Gerard Strobbridge, Katherine sees a man from whom she can learn true culture, and resolves, without thinking of possible consequences, that she will make him see in her more than his aunt's secretary. Meanwhile, Matilda is eagerly awaiting Katherine's first day of leisure, when she is to hear all about her sister's new life.

MATILDA had been told to meet her sister, if it should be fine on this Sunday, in the park by the Serpentine; they would walk about and then go and have an early tea at Victoria Station, from whence Matilda could take a train back to Bindon's Green.

They met punctually at the time ap-

pointed on the bridge, and the elder Miss Bush was filled with joy. She had missed Katherine dreadfully, as browbeating husbands are often missed by meek wives, and she was full of curiosity to hear her news.

"You look changed, somehow, Kitten!" she exclaimed, when they had greeted each other. "It isn't because you'd done your hair differently—you had it that way

on the last day. It isn't a bit 'the look;' but it suits you. No; it's not that—but you are changed, somehow. Now tell me everything, dearie—I am dying to hear."

"I like it," began Katherine, "and I am learning lots of things."

This information did not thrill Matilda. Katherine's desire to be always learning was very fatiguing, she thought, and quite unnecessary. She wanted to hear facts of food and lodging and people and treatment, not unimportant moral developments.

"Oh, well," she said, "are they kind to you?"

"Yes; I am waited on like a lady—and generally the work isn't half so heavy as at 'Liv & Dev's.'"

"Tell me, right from the beginning, what you do when you get up in the morning until you go to bed."

Katherine complied.

"I am waked at half-past seven and given a cup of tea—real tea, Tild, not the stuff we call tea at home." (A slight toss of the head from Matilda.) "The second housemaid waits on me and pulls up my blind, and then I have my bath in the bathroom across the passage—a nice, deep, hot bath—"

"Whatever for—every day?" interrupted Matilda. "What waste of soap and towels and things! Do you like it, Kitten?"

"Of course I do. We all seem to be very dirty people to me now, Tild, with our one tub a week; you soon grow to find things a necessity. I could not bear not to have a bath every day now."

Matilda snorted.

"Well—and then?"

"Then I go down and have my breakfast in the secretary's room—my sitting-room, in fact. It is a lovely breakfast, with beautiful china and silver and table-linen, and when I have finished that, I take my block and pencil and go up to Lady Garribardine's bedroom to take down my instructions for the day in shorthand."

"Oh, Kitten, do tell me, what's her room like?" At last something interesting might be coming!

"It is all pink silk and lace and a gilt bed, and numbers of photographs, and a big sofa and comfortable chairs—and when she has rheumatism, she stays there and has people up to tea."

"What? Folks to tea in her bedroom? Ladies, of course!"

"Oh dear, no—men, too. She has heaps of men friends; they are devoted to her."

"Gentlemen in her bedroom! I do call that fast!" Matilda was frankly shocked.

"Why?" asked Katherine.

"Why? My dear, just fancy! Gentlemen where you sleep and dress! Mabel would not dream of doing such a thing—and I do hope she'll never hear you are in that kind of a house. She'd be sure to pass remarks."

"Lady Garribardine is over sixty years old, Tild. Don't you think you are being rather funny?" And Katherine wondered why she had never noticed before that Matilda was totally devoid of all sense of humor. And then she realized that the conception was new even to herself, and must have come from her book-reading, though she was conscious that it was a gift that she had always enjoyed. No one had spoken of "senses of humor" in their home circle, and Matilda would not have understood what it meant or whether she did or did not possess it.

Things were things to Matilda, and had not different aspects, and for a lady to receive gentlemen in her bedroom, if she were even over sixty years old and suffering from rheumatism, was not proper conduct, and would earn the disapproval of Mabel Cawber and, indeed, of refined and select Bindon's Green in general.

"I don't see that age makes a difference; it's the idea of tea in a bedroom, dearie—with gentlemen!" Katherine with difficulty hid a smile. "Why, it's the awkwardness of it for them! I'm wondering whatever Fred and Bert and Charlie Prodggers would feel if Mabel had them up to hers of a Sunday, supposing she had a cold—and what *would* anyone say?"

"Yes; I am sure Bindon's Green would talk its head off, and Fred and Bert and Charlie Prodggers would be awfully uncomfortable, and if a person like Mabel did do such a thing as to have them up there, she would be fidgety herself. But Lady Garribardine is always quite sure of herself, and her friends are, too, and they don't have to consider convention. They are really gentlemen, you see, and not worried at all as to what people think or say, and it seems quite natural to them to come up and see an old



DRAWN BY AUBREY COSTAIN

Lady Beatrice flew to her looking-glass. She stood this way and that, and finally came to the conclusion that there might be the faintest substratum of truth in the accusation

rheumatic lady anywhere they want to see her—that is just the difference in the class, Tild—the upper are perfectly real, and don't pretend anything, and aren't uncomfortable in doing natural things."

Matilda was still disapproving, and at once became antagonistic when her sister made reflections upon class.

"I call it very queer, anyway," she sniffed. "And wherever do they find room to sit—in a bedroom, dearie?"

Katherine laughed. She wondered, if she had never had a glimpse of life and space and comfort with Lord Algy, should she, too, have been as ignorant and surprised at everything in her new sphere as Matilda was at the description of it. She supposed she would have been equally surprised, but would certainly have viewed it with an open mind. After ten days of peeps at a world where everything new and old was looked at and discussed with the broadest toleration, the incredible narrowness of the Bindon's Green outlook appalled her—the forces of ignorance and prejudice and ridiculous hypocrisy which ruled such hundreds of worthy people's lives.

She came back from these speculations to the reality of her sister's voice, reiterating her question as to where the visitors found place, and she answered, still smiling:

"It is a great big room, Tild, twice as big as the drawing-room at home—no—bigger still, and twenty people could sit in it without crowding."

"Goodness gracious," ejaculated Matilda, "it must be grand!"

"You see, you are such an old goose, Matilda! You think the whole world must be like Bindon's Green, although I have told you over and over that other places and other grades of life are different, but you and Mabel and Fred and Bert and the whole crew of you measure everything with your own tiny measure. You make me gasp at your outlook sometimes."

Matilda bridled, and Katherine went on.

"Lady Garribardine's house does not seem to be a bit grand to her, nor to any of the people who come there. They are not conscious of it; it is just every-day to them, although some of them live in quite small houses themselves and aren't at all rich. She has two cousins—elderly ladies who live in a tiny flat—but, oh, the difference in it to Mabel's villa! I had to take them a message last week, and waited in their

mite of a drawing-room. It was exquisitely clean and simple, and they are probably poorer than we are."

Matilda felt too ruffled to continue this conversation—she always hated the way Katherine argued with her—she wanted to get back to the far more interesting subject of carpets and curtains and arrangements in the rooms of Lady Garribardine's house. Numbers of the people in her serials, of course, were supposed to own such places, and she had often seen bits of them on the stage, but until she found Katherine really lived now in one, somehow she had never believed in them as living actualities, or, rather, their reality had not been brought home to her. So she questioned Katherine, and soon had an accurate description of her ladyship's bedroom and the rest of the house; then she got back to the happenings of her sister's day.

"Well, when you have got up there, you take down orders—and then?"

"I sort everything that has come by the post and mark on the envelopes how I am to answer them, and I sometimes read her aloud the papers, if her eyes are tired."

"Yes?"

"And then I go down and write the letters. She hardly ever answers any herself, and I have to write them as if I were she. Her friends must wonder how her hand and style have changed since Miss Arnott left."

Here was something thrilling again for Matilda.

"Oh, my; what a lot you must get to know about the smart set, Kitten! Isn't it interesting?"

"Yes; as I told you, I am learning lessons."

"Oh, bother that! Well, what do they write about—do tell me?"

"All sorts of things—their movements, their charities, invitations, little witticisms about each other, politics, the last good story, and, some of them, books."

"And you have to answer as if you were her? However do you do it, Kitten?"

"She gives me the general idea—she showed me the first time for the private letters, and now I know, but sometimes, perhaps, I write as if it were me."

"And don't they know it is not her hand?"

"Of course; but they don't care. She is a great lady and a character, and she is very powerful in their circle of society, and

it is worth everyone's while to be civil to her."

"It is all funny. Well, what else do you do?"

"Sometimes I have to do errands—shopping and so on—and then my luncheon comes. The food is lovely, and I am waited on by a footman called Thomas—he is the third—and on Wednesday Lady Garribardine took his and the butler's heads off because I had not been given coffee. She means me to be perfectly treated, I can tell you!"

"Coffee after your lunch—how genteel! And my, what a lot of servants! Whatever do they all do?"

"Their work, I suppose. You forget it is a big house and everything is splendidly done and beautifully clean and regular and orderly."

Here Matilda insisted upon a full list of all the retainers and an account of their separate duties; her domestic soul reveled in these details, and at the end of the recital her awe knew no bounds. Katherine was able to give her a very circumstantial set of statements, as all accounts passed through her hands.

"Well, your old lady must spend pints of money!" Matilda said, with a sigh. "But we've not got to your afternoons yet, dearie. Do you work all them, too?"

"When I am very busy—it depends how much I have to do. If I am not very occupied and I have not been out in the morning, I go for a walk before tea. I have to take her ladyship's two fox-terriers, Jack and Joe—they are jolly little fellows, and I love them. We scamper in the square, or go as far as the park."

"And your tea? They bring you up a cup, I suppose, every day—regular?"

"Not a cup—a whole tray to myself, and lovely muffins and cream, Tild. Lady Garribardine has a Jersey herd of cows at her place in Blankshire, and the cream comes up each day from there."

"My; how nice!" Matilda sighed again. Her imagination could hardly take in such luxury. It seemed to her that Katherine must be living in almost gilded vice.

"Then, after tea, if I am not sent for to do any special thing, I read to myself. I look up anything that I don't know about that I have chanced to hear spoken of by the people who come. I am allowed to take books from the library."

"Then you do see people sometimes?" Matilda's interest revived again. "What are they like, Kitten?"

"Sometimes I do, but not often—only when I chance to be sent for; but next week Lady Garribardine has got a big charity tableaux entertainment on hand that she is patroness and arranger of, and I shall come across lots of people of society—some of the ones you know the names of so well in the *Flare*."

"The Duchess of Dashington and the Countess of Blanktown—really, Kitten!" This was fashion, indeed!

"Probably—but I don't know about the Duchess of Dashington. I don't think Lady Garribardine approves of her."

"Not approve of the Duchess of Dashington!" Matilda exclaimed indignantly. "Her that has gentlemen to tea in her bedroom to give herself airs like that! Well, I never!"

This particular duchess's photographs were the joy of the half-penny illustrated papers, and Matilda was accustomed to see her in skating-costume, waltzing with her instructor, and golf-costume, and private-theatrical costumes, almost every other week.

"No; she speaks of her very cheaply, but I will tell you all about it on Sunday fortnight. I'll have heard everything by then, because the tableaux will be over."

Matilda returned to her muttuns.

"Then you have supper, I suppose."

"No; I go up and dress myself and put on my best blouse and have my dinner at eight o'clock. After that I generally read the paper or French books; and at ten I go to bed."

"Gracious, what's the good of dressing if you don't see anyone! How you'll use up your blouse!"

Matilda was aghast at such folly.

"I am supposed to be a lady, Tild, and a lady is expected to dress in the evening if she is alone on a desert island."

"What stuff! Whatever for?"

"Self-respect."

"Fiddlesticks!"

Presently Katherine grew reflective, her catechism over.

"I wish you could see it all, Tild; it would enlarge your brain—it is all so different from Bindon's Green. If you could only hear their point of view, I assure you, dear, it might be two different nations—

those barefoot urchins climbing on the rails are much nearer their level than we are."

But Matilda could not stand this.

"Those dirty boys nearer your new people than a real lady like Mabel Cawber and your own brothers and sisters! Katherine, how dare you? Horrid little gutter-snipes with no pride of themselves—why, they aren't even ashamed to be here of a Sunday among decent people; they'd do anything!"

"That is just it, Tild. So would the aristocrats if they wanted to, and wouldn't be a bit ashamed or even think of it, and they have 'no pride of themselves,' either—but you'll never understand, Tild, not if you live to be a hundred years old."

"And I don't want to—there!"

"Then it is perfectly useless my talking; I see that. We had better go and have some tea." And so they turned out of Albert Gate and walked to Victoria.

Matilda, when she had smoothed her ruffled feelings, began now to relate the home news. Gladys and her *fiancé* were not happy together; they had not been so since that visit which Katherine would remember they had taken to Brighton to stay with his aunt—it was nearly six weeks ago now, and both grew more and more gloomy.

"And so uppy as Glad is with Fred, too, and never a bit back on Bob Hartley!"

Matilda felt things would be better for her sister if a little more spirit were shown. Mabel and her betrothed had been up for church parade, as usual, in the park that morning, and this lady had also supped with them at Laburnum Villa the night before, and they had had oysters and a jolly time.

Katherine felt a strange emotion when she heard of this. She seemed to see a picture of Lord Algy enjoying oysters, and all the reflections this action had called up. Oh, how long ago it all appeared!

"And have you met that gentleman you spoke of?" Matilda asked, before they parted at the station.

"Mr. Strobidge, you mean—Lady Garribardine's nephew? Yes; he is husband of the lady Glad dresses, the one who had the model she wanted me to have. He is a clever man—we have not really spoken yet, but I mean to know him very well some day."

"Oh, Kitten, do be careful—and him a married man, too!"

"For what I want of him, it does not matter whether he is married or single," Katherine reassured her, and soon the train moved off.

How good Matilda was, Katherine thought, as she walked briskly back to Berkeley Square, an unselfish, worthy, honest, hopelessly stupid creature whom, somehow, she was fond of! But what could it be that made her herself so utterly different from them all? Nothing could be chance—everything had its reason, only we were generally too blind to perceive it. So was there some truth in that vague story of the great-grandmother having been some one of high family fallen low in the world and married to the auctioneer great-grandfather, whom her own father remembered very well. Could it be that some drop of gentle blood flowed in her veins, transmitted from this source and concentrated in her, having escaped the others—or was it simply from the years of her reading that her mind had developed? But it could not be altogether that, because she remembered instincts and tastes in uneducated early childhood completely aloof from the family's.

"Father gave me this business capacity," she mused, "but something beyond must have given me this will to achieve—and I *shall* achieve—all I desire—in time! Only, I must be ruthless and have no emotions. I must follow what Bacon asserts about great spirits," and she quoted it softly. "There is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion."

Yes; she would keep out this weak passion. She had tasted its joys, and that memory must last her a lifetime.

On the door-step, she encountered Gerard Strobidge just coming out. He raised his hat and said politely that it was an abominably cold day; then he passed on down the steps and so toward Hill Street.

IX

THE week of the tableaux had come and gone, and had opened yet another window for Katherine Bush to peep at the world from. She already knew, from their letters, many of the people who came to the luncheons and rehearsals, and now she judged of them face to face. She had been



GRAPH BY ANDRÉ CASTAGNE

In her comfortable bed in Berkeley Square, Katherine Bush read "The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" far into the night

The Career of Katherine Bush

in great request to take down innumerable orders and arrange business details, and had listened and inwardly digested what she heard.

Her contempt for some of the company was as great as for Miss Mabel Cawber—she discovered a few with titles and positions who were what she disdainfully dubbed, “middle class underneath.”

“Only that they have been more used to things, they are as paltry as Mabel,” she said to herself, and set about, as was her custom, to find out why, and from what families they had sprung, and obtained some satisfaction in the confirmation of her theory of heredity in discovering that most of these could lay small claim to blueness of blood. The insolence of others she approved of.

Many of the American peeresses who were posing as queens and nuns and Greek goddesses she truly admired. They must have been at one time like herself—out to learn—and now were conscious that they had made good.

“But I mean to have more repose of manner when I am there,” she told herself.

Of Sarah Lady Garribardine’s sayings and views, she kept a great store in her mind. This was a real aristocrat, she felt. A human, faulty, strong woman, incapable of meanness or anything which could lower the flag of her order. She was supremely insolent, too; but, then, she never did anything which could impair people’s respect.

She was hard and generous—and acted up to the doctrine that “*noblesse oblige*,” and entirely believed in the divine right of kings and of Sarah Lady Garribardine. She had not been a thirteenth-century baron’s daughter for nothing. Katherine Bush shared every one of her views and molded all her ideals upon them.

Each day she was enlarging her vocabulary of words to use—adapting sentences of fine English which she had read to modern requirements, pruning colloquialisms, cultivating pronunciation, polishing her critical faculties. She was perfectly conscious that she had often employed homely phrases in the past, and had not always paid enough attention to grammar in speaking, though for some time she had not used “whatever for,” or “of a Sunday,” as poor Matilda always did.

She learned as much, comparatively, of

the general world of society in that one week as she had learned of the nature of man in her three days with Lord Algy. He was her first step; these women were her second. Lady Garribardine was her head master, and Gerard Strobbridge should be her tutor—when the moment she was ready for him came. Her suspicions as to her employer’s disapproval of the Duchess of Dashington were realized fully one day in the beginning of the week. The poor young-old lady’s rheumatism was very painful, and she remained in her room, having her favorite nephew and Mrs. Delemar up with her there to lunch, on a little table close to her gilt bed.

Katherine was writing at an *escritoire* near, having finished her own meal downstairs.

“You needn’t go, Miss Bush, if you can continue those invitations with our chatter.”

So Katherine stayed.

The three talked of many things at first, and Katherine hardly noticed them, but presently her attention was caught by a name. Mr. Strobbridge was saying:

“Seraphim, it will be very difficult to refuse Dulcie Dashington; she has written to Beatrice this morning. She is quite determined to play the part of Nell Gwyn as the orange-girl.”

“Then she can play it in some other tableaux vivants—but not in these that I am arranging.” Her ladyship’s voice was acid.

“But why, dearest Sarah, are you so down on poor Dulcie?” Mrs. Delemar protested. “She is really a very good sort, and looks so splendid in those short-skirted, rather common clothes.”

“I am not hard on her, Lăo, I am sure. Had she been the wife of a jolly young stockbroker addicted to low practical jokes and rowdy sport, she would have been a most admirable creature. It is not the woman I am down on—there is just such another at Blissington. She helps me with the bazaars and the school-treats; her husband is a local brewer, and we are capital friends. It is the Duchess of Dashington I ostracize, as I consider she has done more to degrade her order in these socialistic days than any other member of our sadly humbled peerage.”

The other two laughed amusedly, but Lady Garribardine went on, raising her

voice a little. It was a subject upon which she felt so deeply that it overcame, for the moment, her usual dryly humorous handling of any matter.

"Let her have her lovers. No one in the least objects to them, arranged suitably and of one's own class. I am not concerned with her or any other woman's physical morality—such morality is a question of temperament and geography and custom—but I am profoundly concerned to endeavor to keep up some semblance of dignity in the aristocracy, and Dulcie Dashington has lowered the whole prestige of duchesses because she is of gentle birth."

Gerard Strobbridge smiled as he lit a cigarette.

"There is a great deal in what you say, Seraphim. She has certainly dragged the title down a good deal, with her fancies for professional gamblers of all sorts for friends and her total disregard of tradition at Dashington; but you forget that she has had a good deal to put up with from Toni, who is an impossible husband."

"No man is an impossible husband if he is a duke, at least no duchess ought to find him so—and if he were, that is not the slightest excuse. When a woman undertakes a great position, she should realize that personal feelings have ceased to count. She has, so to speak, accepted the responsibility of guarding the safety of an order, just as a sentry is responsible when he is on duty. He would be shot in war-time if he fell asleep on duty—however pitiful his case might be from hardship and want of rest. He would be shot as an example to the others not to allow even nature to overcome them and endanger the post."

"It seems very cruel," piped Mrs. Delemar.

"Not at all!" Lady Garribardine flashed, while her voice vibrated with scorn. "We are at war now with the Radical masses and cannot afford to jeopardize positions—either keep up prestige, or throw up the game and let the whole thing go by the board; but while we pretend there is still an aristocracy in England, we, the members of it, should defend it. Dulcie Dashington, and her ways, and her photographs in the papers, and her vulgarity, and the flaunting of her unsavory domestic affairs are a by-word, and, as long as I have a voice in society and can lay some claim to power,

I shall let it be known what my opinion is and why I will not receive her. To me, there is no sin like betraying an order."

"I suppose you are quite right," Mrs. Delemar now agreed meekly, "but there are such lots of odd people in society who do unheard-of things—it is these boys marrying these wretched actresses or Americans which has changed everything."

"Not at all!" contradicted her ladyship. "Boys have always married actresses from time to time, and some of them have proved very decent creatures, and if they do err, what does it matter? No one expects better from them; they are making no real breach in the wall. And as for Americans, they are often very pretty and so clever that they seldom disgrace their new station; they are like converts to Rome, more zealous than the born papists. The only evil which can lie at their door is that they have too much money and have given false values to entertaining, and perhaps have encouraged eccentric amusements. No, my dear child; it is the Englishwomen themselves who have lost self-respect and have lowered the flag, and when one of really high birth does it, like Dulcie Dashington, she should be made to pay the price."

This was unanswerable, Katherine Bush thought, as she listened, and she wondered why the other two should chaff lightly, as though it were just one of Lady Garribardine's notions. That is what generally astonished her a good deal—no one appeared to have any convictions or enthusiasm; they seemed to her to be a company of drifters; so little energy appeared to be shown by any of them. They were unpunctual and unpractical, but they were amusing and deliciously happy-go-lucky. If they had any real feelings, none appeared upon the surface; even Lady Beatrice and her coterie of highly evolved poetesses and other artistic worldlings flew from theme to theme, turning intent faces upon new fads each week.

Most people's manners were casual, and their attitudes, too, would often have shocked Mabel Cawber, so far were they from being genteel. The few who truly fulfilled Katherine Bush's ideas of the meaning of the word "lady" stood out like stars. But with all these flaws, as a collection of people there was that ease of manner, that total absence of self-con-



PAINT BY ANDRÉ CARTAIGNE

The tableaux were the greatest success, and a large sum of



money was secured for one of Lady Garribardine's pet charities

sciousness about them which never could be known at Bindon's Green.

"I suppose times are changed," Katherine told herself, "and the laxity is producing a new type. I do wonder how they would all behave if some cataclysm happened again, like the French Revolution. But when my day comes, I mean to uphold the order which I shall join, as her ladyship does."

At the last moment, Lady Beatrice did not go as Ganymede to the artists' models' ball. The history of her alteration of the character was a rather bitterly humorous story for Gerard Strobbridge's ears. She had been trying on the dress when a note had arrived with a parcel for her from her husband's aunt, which contained a very beautiful Greek mantle with these few words:

DEAR CHILD:

I send you this mantle which I hope you will wear. It will not really spoil the character of your Ganymede dress, and from the back it will hide the fact that your legs are very slightly bowed. Your charming face will help to distract eyes from the front view, and this very small flaw in your anatomy will pass unnoticed.

Affectionately yours,

SARAH GARRIBARDINE.

She had written it with her own hand. Lady Beatrice stamped with rage, and then flew to her looking-glass. She stood this way and that, and finally came to the conclusion that there might be the faintest substratum of truth in the accusation. The rest of her limbs were not so perfect as her tiny ankles. It would not be safe to risk criticism. So the costume was altered, and became a Flora with garlands of roses and long diaphanous draperies—and Gerard and Lady Garribardine watched her entry with the Vermont party with relieved eyes, and the wily aunt said:

"You can achieve the impossible with women, G, if you only appeal to, or wound, their vanity. You must never give orders to one unless she is in love with you; then she glories in obedience. But a modern wife can only be controlled either on the principle of the Irishman's pig being driven toward Dublin when it was intended for Cork or by a Machiavellian manipulation of her self-love."

"And then the game is not worth the candle," Mr. Strobbridge sighed, with a little discouragement. "I wonder, Sera-

phim, what is worth while? Striving for the infinite, I suppose—certainly the finite things are but dead-sea fruit."

"Gerard, my poor boy, you make me fear, when you talk like that, that one day you will be profoundly in love."

"Heaven forbid—it would upset my digestion! I was thirty-five last month and have to be careful."

And in her comfortable bed in Berkeley Square, Katherine Bush read "The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" far into the night. Society had not altered in many respects since these hundred and sixty odd years ago, she thought.

The tableaux were the greatest success, and a large sum of money was secured for one of Lady Garribardine's pet charities.

Time went on. Christmas was approaching. It was to be spent at Blissington Court, the place Lady Garribardine had inherited with the barony of D'Estaire from her father. Garribardine was a Scotch title, while her ladyship was rabidly English. They would go down to Blissington and have a family party. Her three grandchildren (her daughter, Lady Meraton, was far away, the bored wife of a Colonial governor), Gerard Strobbridge, and perhaps Lady Beatrice, and the two old cousins, with a young niece of theirs, and a stray man or two, and Mrs. Delemar—but no one could be sure who would turn up at the end. Katherine was not to have any holiday—she had come too recently, her employer explained to her, and the Christmas accumulations were quite beyond her power to tackle alone.

Katherine was grateful; she looked forward to seeing this country home with pleasure. She had been kept unusually busy and so had very rarely seen anyone except her ladyship. But one morning, about ten days before they were to go down into Blankshire, Lady Garribardine informed her secretary she was to be given for the whole afternoon to Mr. Strobbridge to type a quantity of letters about a new charity he was arranging for her.

"My nephew dictates abominably; but he said that you had understood him so well that first evening when you arrived, a month ago, that he has asked me to lend you to him to-day for this business, and I have consented. He will lunch here; so have plenty of paper ready for the afternoon." Then, as Katherine was leaving the room, she handed her a ten-pound note.

"Here is a little present for you, Miss Bush, for Christmas. I want you to buy yourself an evening frock—you must dine with us on Christmas day, and perhaps you had not provided for this possibility. I am very pleased with you, girl—you work splendidly."

Katherine colored to the roots of her ashen-hued, glistening hair. She could not analyze her emotions. She hated presents, and yet she was gratified at the kindness and appreciation which lay in the manner of the gift.

"Your ladyship is too good," she said, very low. "I have simply done my duty—but I will endeavor to buy something suitable with the money, which is far more than enough."

The old lady looked at her critically with her head a little on one side. She understood what the blush had arisen from, and she appreciated the pride in the girl.

"The creature must have some breeding in her somewhere, in spite of the auctioneer parentage. I must talk to her when we get to Blissington. She may prove a great interest for my old age." But she said aloud:

"Well, get what you like with it. I leave it to you; your taste is excellent. And while you are out, pay these two bills for me and take a little walk—you have been looking rather pale. I fear you have not taken enough outdoor exercise lately."

Katherine thanked her and went rapidly to her room, a sense of excitement and anticipation in her heart—this might prove an interesting afternoon! There she reviewed her wardrobe. Her "dressy" blouse from Oxford Street was too ornate for the daytime, and, she thought now, in rather bad taste, and her morning ones were too dowdy. This was a great occasion, and one which she had been waiting for. She was to go home late on this Friday to stay the night at Bindon's Green. Matilda had insisted upon it, because it was her birthday—she would be thirty years old. She had been quite tearful about it on the second occasion in which she had met her sister in the park.

"You need not cast us all off like this, Kitten," she pleaded, "and we shall have Mabel and a few other friends on Friday night; and Fred has given us a lot of lovely new nigger-song records for the gramophone, and it will all be so awfully jolly."

So Katherine had promised to go, and this fell in admirably with her plans. There would be a real excuse for her to have her hair waved. She had been given the evening off, and it was known that she was going home. She would consult Gladys again for the frock for Christmas night, and buy what was necessary on her way back to Berkeley Square on the morrow.

It was the first time in her life that a hair-dresser had ever touched her thick mop of hair, and she had no idea of the difference to her appearance that it would make. But so critical and observant of all things had become her eye, that she realized, with her first peep in the mirror when the ondulation was complete, that it had turned her into a beauty. The broad waves fell back from the parting and showed the admirable planting of her brow and the Greek setting of her magnetic eyes. She allowed no elaboration of fashion, but had her ample tresses bound tightly to her head—the effect was distinguished and gave her satisfaction. Then, from the hair-dresser's, she went and bought another blouse—something pale gray and becoming, and, with the parcel, she got back to Berkeley Square in good time for luncheon and began to dress herself.

She was glad her hands were so white; she had lately taken to giving great care to the polish of her nails. She wished her feet were not quite so large, but they were well shaped, and everyone's feet were large nowadays, Lady Garribardine had said.

She was quite content with the picture she saw in her looking-glass before she went down-stairs. It was of a tall, slim girl, with a very white, smooth face, extraordinary eyes under level, dark brows, and a big red mouth, and hair of silvery fairness that glistened gray, not gold, in its lights. She knew very well that she was attractive, and gave one of her rare soft laughs.

A month and more of mental discipline and acute observation of those in that status of refinement to which she wished to attain had given her numerous subtle distinctions of manner which she had not possessed before. She looked like a lady, and felt that she was approaching the time when she herself—most severe of all critics—might consider herself to be one. She was nearly as excited as on that afternoon when she had left Livingstone & Devereux's to go on a three days' honeymoon with

Lord Algy. She made herself eat her luncheon as calmly as usual, and then, when the tray had been taken away, she opened the window wide and poured a packet of cedarwood dust on the fire—and she was sitting demurely at the table when, from the library, Lady Garribardine and Mr. Strobbridge came in. Gerard Strobbridge carried a bag full of papers and looked cross and harassed.

"Now, G, you may have the services of Miss Bush until five o'clock; that will give you two hours and a half—you must not keep her, as she is going home to-night—then come up to my sitting-room to tea." And Lady Garribardine went out of the other door, which her nephew held open for her.

Katherine had risen and gone immediately to a cupboard, ostensibly to get something out for her work; so she hoped her ladyship had not remarked her hair—which, indeed, had happily been the case.

Mr. Strobbridge had not even glanced in her direction, but her moment came when she sat down at the typing machine and looked straight up into his eyes as she asked him in her deep, alluring voice,

"What do you wish me to begin upon, please?"

Then he took in the whole effect, and a wave of intense astonishment swept over him. What had happened? Was he dreaming? Was this beautiful creature the ordinary, silent, admirable typist, Katherine Bush?

X

HE pulled himself together and took some papers from his bag without speaking, and, when he had selected two or three, drew a chair up to the other side of the table and began to dictate, stopping every now and then to explain the purport of his arguments. They worked so for perhaps an hour.

"One has to do these things," he said, at last, as Katherine had not uttered a word. "One wonders, sometimes, if there is any good in them."

"I suppose all effort has some merit," she responded, without looking up. He began to long to make her raise her eyes again.

"You think so? On what grounds?"

"It exercises a useful faculty."

"What faculty?"

"Will, of course; to use effort is an exercise of will, because if there was no effort needed, no will would be required, either."

He smiled whimsically; this was obvious. "Then I must look upon the organization of this very intricate charity of doubtful use to mankind as profitable to me because of the effort entailed?"

"It is as good a way as any of looking at it— Did you say quarterly or monthly returns upon the capital?"

"Oh—er"—glancing at his papers—"the confounded thing! Where is it? Yes—quarterly."

The machine clicked uninterruptedly. Katherine never looked up.

He began to allow himself to take in details. Why had he not remarked before that she had an extraordinarily well-shaped head? And what wonderful hands—in these days of athletic, weather-beaten paws! She would be very stately, too, when she filled out a little. The whole thing was agreeably symmetrical, throat and shoulders, and bust and hips.

"Why, in the name of all the gods, have I never noticed this young woman before? She thinks, too! That was a curious reflection about will—I'd like to talk to her—the devil take this d—d charity!"

So his thoughts ran, and his eyes eagerly devoured Katherine's face. She was perfectly conscious of the fact; she knew with unerring instinct that the spark which she had despatched by the first steady gaze of her eyes had struck tinder; the flame of interest was ignited, and the more difficult she made things now, the more complete would be her triumph presently. She resolutely kept her attention upon her work.

"To be so meritoriously industrious, are you using effort?" he asked in a moment or two. "You look as though you had a most formidable will."

"Very little effort; it is second nature to me now."

"Even if the subject is as uninteresting as this?"

"That is all the better; one can let one's mechanical brain tackle it, and one's real thoughts can wander."

"Where to?"

She put in a fresh sheet of paper—and now glanced at him again for one second.

"Into dreamland."

"Yes; that is a ridiculously pleasant

place devoid of drafts and of chilling surprises. It would be very impertinent, I suppose, if I asked you where is your dreamland?"

"Perhaps not impertinent—out of place. You are dictating a letter to the lord mayor of London at the moment."

"To be sure I am—you made me forget it—he is an infernal bore, the lord mayor of London, compelling me to branch off from this very interesting conversation to his confounded letter—I beg your pardon!"

Katherine read aloud the last coherent sentence he had given her, and she permitted one of her faint, sphinxlike smiles to play about her mouth. Gerard Strobbridge moved a little nearer—he felt a sudden, strong thrill.

"I shall not give you another word to type until you tell me about your dreamland. Is it in sea or sky or air?"

"It is half-past three o'clock and you are only to stay until five—had you not better attend to your work first, sir?"

She was waiting in an attitude of respectful attention, infinitely provoking.

"Certainly not! I shall ask my aunt to lend you to me for another day if we do not finish this afternoon—indeed, on second thoughts, I do not think I shall try to finish to-day; we can complete the matter at Blissington—" and then he stopped abruptly. Léo Delemar would be there! He had melted her into a mood from which everything could be hoped during this week of uneventful family party. Beatrice would only stay for Christmas day, and was, indeed, no great obstacle in any case. But he feared he would probably not be able to have interesting business interviews during the holidays with his aunt's typist.

He laughed shortly to himself, and dictated a long sentence, concluding the letter to the lord mayor. He had better control the interest he was feeling—that was evident!

Katherine wondered what had stopped his questioning so suddenly. She smiled again a little. It had the desired effect; Mr. Strobbridge jumped up from his chair and went to the fireplace.

"Well, what are you thinking about?" he demanded, from there.

"My work, of course—what else should I be thinking about?" Her eyes at last met his in innocent surprise.

"I don't believe you are quite truthful.

One does not smile in that enigmatic fashion over work, dull, tedious work like this—statistics of bodies who are to benefit by this absurd charity. Oh, no, fair scribe; I feel there lies a world of malice in that smile!"

"Even a scribe is permitted sometimes to make reflections."

"Not without confessing what they are."

"We are not in the days of the Spanish Inquisition—" taking up a paper. "On the first list there is a letter for the mayor of Manchester."

"Confound the mayor of Manchester!"

"Poor gentleman!"

"I must know all about dreamland and cryptic reflections first."

He drew the armchair now over toward her and flung himself into it. He was a graceful creature, not so tall or so ideally perfect of form as Lord Algy, but a very presentable Englishman, with a wonderful distinction of manner and voice.

Katherine Bush was experiencing intense pleasure—there was something feline, if not altogether feminine, in her well-balanced brain. It was peculiarly gratifying to find that her plans were being justified. How glad she was that he had not remarked her in her raw days! How wise she had been to have made ready—and then waited! The whole thing was the more effective because of the complete absence of all dramatic emotion in her. She was like a quiet, capable foreign minister playing his game of statecraft with the representative of another country, his face only permitted to express—or conceal—what he desired.

At this moment, she shrugged her shoulders very slightly, as though to say: "I am only an employee. I cannot force you to work if you will not." But she did not speak; so he was obliged to demand again, "Won't you tell me what made you smile? We can drift to dreamland afterward."

"No; I will not tell you what made me smile, because I do not know exactly—the aspect of life generally, perhaps."

"And you sit and work in this gloomy back room all day! What do you know about life?"

"I am observing. I know that one must pretend interest in what one is bored by, and one must show attention to those one despises—and—keep from laughing at things."

The Career of Katherine Bush

"What a dangerous young woman, watching and coming to cynical conclusions! But you say truly: one must keep from laughing at things—a very difficult matter generally." He lay back against the cushion, and proved the truth of this by laughing softly while he looked at her quaintly. Katherine Bush suddenly felt that a human being understood *with her*; it was a delightful sensation.

"Practically the whole of life is a ridiculous sham and must arouse the sardonic mirth of the gods. Here are you and I, spending an afternoon arranging a charity in which neither of us takes the least interest. I am dictating fulsome letters to lord mayors to induce them to influence others to open their purses—I don't care a jot whether they do or they do not. You are mechanically transcribing my asinine words, and we could be so much better employed exchanging views—on each other's tastes, say, or each other's dreamlands."

Katherine Bush looked down and allowed her hands to fall idly in her lap. He should do most of the speaking.

"The only good that I have been getting out of it, as far as I can see," he went on, "is the contemplation of your really beautiful hands at work. Where did you get such perfect things in these days?"

She lifted one and regarded it critically.

"Yes; I have often wondered myself. My father was an auctioneer, you know, and my mother's father was a butcher."

Gerard Strobidge was extremely entertained. She was certainly a very wonderful product of such parentage.

"May I look at them close?" he asked.

She showed not the least embarrassment; if he had been asking to see a piece of enamel or a china vase, she could not have been more detached about it. She held them out quite naturally, and he rose and took them in his own. Their touch was cool and firm, and every inch of his being tingled with pleasure. He examined them minutely, finger by finger, stroking the rosy filbert nails in admiration, while an insane desire to clasp and kiss their owner grew in him.

Katherine Bush was perfectly aware of this, and when she thought he had felt emotion enough for the occasion, she drew them back as naturally as she had given them.

"I am always asking myself questions

about such things," she remarked, in a tone of speculative matter-of-factness. "I am so often seeing contradictions since I have been here. My former conclusions are a little upset."

"What were they?" He had returned to his chair. He was no novice to be carried away by his sensations, and he knew very well that to indulge them further at present would be very unwise, and perhaps check a most promising amusement.

"I believed that birth and breeding gave fine ears and fine ankles and fine hands—as well as moral qualities."

"And you have been disappointed?"

"Yes; very—have not you?"

"No; because I have had no illusions—one never can tell where a side-cross comes in, or what will be the effect of overbreeding that runs to enormities sometimes."

"I suppose so."

"And have the moral qualities surprised you, also?"

"Oh, yes; more than the physical. I have seen and heard what I would have thought were common things, even at Bindon's Green."

He laughed again. If the crew who had attended the tableaux rehearsals could have heard her!

"You are perfectly right. Looked at in the abstract, I suppose we are rather a shoddy company nowadays."

"There are individuals who come up to the measure, of course, but not all of them, as I had imagined. You must have opened the doors to quite ordinary people to have made such a mixture."

"We have grown indifferent; we no longer care about a standard, I fear."

"That is why you let all these Radicals be in power, perhaps. You have become effete, like the nobles before the revolution in France, who could only die like gentlemen but not live like men."

Gerard Strobidge was startled. This from the granddaughter of a butcher of Bindon's Green!

"She picks it all up from Seraphim, of course," he reflected presently. "And yet—look at her strange face; it is a woman of parts, from wherever it has come!"

"That is an apt phrase—where did you find it?—'Die like gentlemen but not live like men?'"

"I don't know; it just came from think-



CHARS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

As Gerard Strobridge walked up the shallow marble steps to his aunt's sitting-room, he felt like a man in a dream

ing and reading about them—so much was fine, and so much foolish."

"Yes; and you think we are growing also to that stage in England? Perhaps you are right; we want some great national danger to pull us together."

"You will rust out otherwise, and it will be such a pity."

"You think we are good enough to keep?"

"In your highest development—like her ladyship—you are, I should think, the best things for a country in the world."

She knew he was drawing her out, and was very pleased to be so drawn.

"Tell me about us. What have we that is good?"

"You have a sense of values—you know what is worth having. You have had hundreds of years to acquire the quality of looking ahead. No person of the classes from which the Radical statesmen are drawn has naturally the quality of looking ahead; he has to be told about it, and then get it if he can. It is not in his blood, because his forebears only had to snatch what they could for themselves and their families day by day, and were not required to observe any broad horizon."

"How very true! You are a student of heredity then, Miss Bush?"

"Yes; it explains everything. I examine it in myself; I am always combating ordinary and cramping instincts which I find I have got."

"How interesting!"

"No common Radical could be a successful foreign minister, for instance—unless, perhaps, he were a Jew, like Disraeli. But they have sense enough to know that themselves, and always choose a gentleman—don't they?"

"You wonderful girl! Do you ever air these views to my aunt? They would please her?"

"Of course not—her ladyship is my employer, and she knows my place. I speak to her when I am spoken to."

"You think we, on our side, are too casual, then—that we are letting our birth-right slip from us? I believe you are right."

"Yes; you are too sure of yourselves. You think it does not matter really, and so you let the others creep in with lies and promises. You let them alter all the standards of public honor without a protest, and so you will gradually sink to the

new level, too. I feel very sorry for England sometimes."

"So do I." His face altered. He looked sad, and in earnest and older. For the moment, he forgot that he was wasting valuable time in the most agreeable task of exploiting the ideas of a new species of female; her words had touched a matter very near his weary heart.

"What can we do?" he cried, in a tone of deep interest. "That is the question: What can we do?"

"You should all wake up, to begin with, like people do when they find that their houses have caught fire—at least, those that the smoke has not suffocated first. You ought to make a concentrated, determined effort to save what you can to build a new shelter with."

"Admitted—but how?"

"Have common sense taught from the beginning in the schools, the reasons of things explained to the children. If you knew the frightful ignorance upon all the subjects that matter which prevails among my class, for instance! They have false perspectives about everything—not because they are bad—in the mass they are much better than you—but because they are so frightfully ignorant of the meaning of even the little they have learned. Everything has a false value for them. There is hardly a subject that they can see straightly about; they are muffled and blighted with shams and hypocrisies."

"You should address meetings among them."

"They would not listen to me for a moment. The truths I would tell them would wound their vanity; it would only be in the schools among the children that anything effectual could be done."

"You think so?"

"Oh, yes; I know. My own sisters and brothers are examples. I could never teach them anything, and there are millions in England just like them—good as gold, and stupid as owls."

"It does not sound hopeful, then."

"No; the rust has gone too far. There should have been no education at all or a better one; but the present system looks as if it would swamp England if the children are not taught things soon."

"You are a Tory, it would seem."

"No; I don't think I am. I think everyone has an equal right, but only

according to his capacity; and I certainly don't think the scum of the earth of idiots and wastrels have equal rights with hard-working, sensible artisans."

"Indeed, no! Go on."

"I think aristocrats are things apart from the opportunities they have had, and should know it, and keep up the prestige and make their order a great goal to strive for. You see, if they were stamped out, it would be like cutting down all the old trees in Kensington Gardens; they could not be produced again for hundreds of years, and all the beauty and dignity of the gardens would be gone. But aristocrats ought to act as such, and never slip into the gutter."

"There you are certainly right—I am more than with you. But what can one do?"

"You should have the courage of your opinions, like her ladyship has. You only laugh when she is saying splendid things sometimes. So few of you seem to have any back-bone that I have seen."

"You shame me!"

Her face became filled with a humorous expression—they had been serious long enough, she thought. His caught the light of her eyes; he was intensely fascinated.

"You did not, of course, come from Bindon's Green—is it? You came down from Parnassus to teach us poor devils of aristocrats to stick to our guns. I will be your first disciple, priestess of Wisdom!"

"It is five minutes to four, sir—it will be quite impossible to finish that pile of papers to-day. And I *did* come from Bindon's Green—and I am going back there by the six o'clock train from Victoria to a supper-party at my home. That is why my hair is crimped and I have on this new blouse."

He got up and stood quite near her.

"And what will you do at the party? I can't see you there."

"I shall look disagreeable, as I generally do. We shall have supper of cold pressed beef and cold-meat pie, and cheese-cakes, and figs and custard, and some light dinner-ale or stout, and cups of tea. And then, when we have finished that, there are a whole lot of new nigger-song records for the gramophone, and my brother Bert will recite imitations of Harry Lauder, and my future sister-in-law, Miss Mabel Cawber, will sing 'The Chocolate Soldier' out of

tune. We shall make a great deal of noise, and then we shall push the furniture back and dance the turkey-trot and the bunny-hug, and some of the elder ones, like my sister Matilda, will make up a whist-drive, and at about one o'clock I can get to bed."

"It sounds perfectly ideal! But you return from this to-morrow?"

"Yes; by an early train. I am not a favorite at home. Now will you please begin again to dictate."

He walked up and down the room for a minute. He was not a boy accustomed only to acting from inclination; he knew very well that it would be much wiser now to resume attention to business. So he took up his memoranda and started once more, and for over half an hour nothing but dictation passed between them; the pile of papers grew considerably less.

"If you care to give me directions for the rest quickly, I will take them down in shorthand, and then I could finish all this to-morrow sometime. Her ladyship, I am sure, would be better pleased if her whole scheme is complete."

He agreed—he truly admired her perfect composure and common sense; she was so capable and practical, a person to be relied upon. He would do as she suggested, although he had not heard about dream-land yet.

He set his mind to the affair on hand, and before the clock struck five all was done and ready for this admirable young woman to type when she had leisure. And now he took her hand again.

"A thousand thanks, Egeria," he said.

"You ought to discover a likely lad and turn him into the prime minister. You would make an ideal prime-minister's wife—but er—don't look for him at Bindon's Green!"

"No; I won't—good-night, Mr. Strobbridge. Thank you for your wishes—but I have other views. I shall not turn my 'lad' into anything; he shall turn me—"

"Into what?"

"That is still in the lap of the gods." And she made him the slightest courtesy, and went with a bundle of receipts to the cupboard in the wall, while her gray-green eyes laughed at him over her shoulder.

As Gerard Strobbridge walked up the shallow marble steps to his aunt's sitting-room, he felt like a man in a dream.

The next instalment of *The Career of Katherine Bush* will appear in the June issue.

The Fallacy of Grief

By Maurice Maeterlinck

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

EDITOR'S NOTE—M. Maeterlinck makes here a fine and consoling application of idealistic philosophy. If it is true that the real world for each of us is something of our own creation, why should we not keep in it everyone who has been near and dear to us, no matter what inevitable material changes have overtaken them? There is one place, says this wise comforter, where the dead cannot die, and that place is within ourselves.

THE other day I went to see a woman whom I knew before the war—she was happy, then—and who had lost her only son in one of the battles in the Argonne. She was a widow, almost a poor woman; and now that this son, her pride and her joy, was no more, she no longer had any reason for living. I hesitated to knock at her door. Was I not about to witness one of those hopeless griefs at whose feet all words fall to the ground like shameful and insulting lies?

To my great astonishment, she offered me her hand with a kindly smile. Her eyes, to which I hardly dared to raise my own, were free of tears.

"You have come to speak to me of him," she said, in a cheerful tone; and it was as though her voice had grown younger.

"Alas, yes! I had heard of your sorrow, and I have come——"

"Yes; I, too, believed that my unhappiness was irreparable; but now I know that he is not dead."

"What! He is not dead? Do you mean that the news——"

"No; his body is down there, and I have even a photograph of his grave. Let me show it to you. See—that cross on the left, the fourth cross—that is where he is lying. One of his friends who buried him sent me this card, and gave me all the details. He did not suffer any pain. He has told me so himself. He is quite astonished that death should be so easy, so slight a thing— You do not understand? Yes; I see what it is. You are just as I used to be—as all the others are. I do not explain the matter to the others—what

would be the use? They don't wish to understand. But you—you will understand. He is more alive than he ever was; he is free and happy. He does just as he likes. He tells me that one cannot imagine what a release death is, what a weight it removes from you, and the joy it brings. He comes to see me when I call him. He has not altered; he is just as he was on the day when he went away, only younger, handsomer. We have never been happier, more united, nearer to one another. He divines my thoughts before I utter them. He knows everything; he sees everything; but he cannot tell me everything he knows. He pretends that I should want to follow him and that I must wait for my hour. And, while I am waiting, we are living in happiness greater than that which was ours before the war, a happiness which nothing can ever trouble again."

Those about her pitied the poor woman, and, as she did not weep, as she was gay and smiling, they believed her mad.

Was she as mad as they thought? At the present moment, the great questions of the world beyond the grave are pressing upon us from every side. The empire of Death was never so mighty, so terrible; it is for us to defend and enlarge the empire of Life. In the presence of this mother, which are right and which are wrong—those who are convinced that their dead are forever swept out of existence, or those who are persuaded that they do not cease to live, who believe that they see them and hear them? Do we know what it is that dies in our dead, or even if anything dies? Whatever our

religious faith may be, there is, at any rate, one place where they cannot die. That place is within ourselves; and, if this unhappy mother went beyond the truth, she was yet nearer to it than those despairing ones who nourish the mournful certainty that nothing survives of those whom they loved.

Between the two errors there is room for a great truth; and, if we have to choose, hers is the error toward which we should lean. Let us learn to acquire through reason that which a wise madness bestowed on her. Let us learn from her to live with our dead and to live with them without sadness and without terror. They do not ask for tears, but for a happy and confident affection. Let us learn from her to resuscitate those whom we regret. She called to hers, while we repulse ours; we are afraid of them, and are surprised that they lose heart and pale and fade away and leave us forever. They need love as much as do the living. They die, not at the moment when they sink into the grave, but gradually as they sink into oblivion; and it is oblivion alone that makes the separation irrevocable.

We should not allow it to heap itself above them. It would be enough to vouchsafe them each day a single one of those thoughts which we bestow uncounted upon so many useless objects. They would no longer think of leaving us; they would remain around us, and we should no longer understand what a tomb is; for there is no tomb, however deep, whose stone may not be raised and whose dust dispersed by a thought.

There would be no difference between the living and the dead if we but knew how to remember. There would be no more dead. The best of what they were dwells with us after fate has taken them from us; all their past is ours, and it is wider than the present, more certain than the future. Material presence is not everything in this world, and we can dispense with it without despairing. We do not mourn those who live in lands which we shall never visit, because we know that it depends on us whether we go to find them. Let it be the same with our dead. Instead of believing that they have disappeared,



"Yes; I see what it is. You are just as I used to be—as all the others are"



They would no longer think of leaving us; they would remain around us

never to return, tell yourselves that they are in a country to which you yourself will assuredly go soon—a country not so very far away. And, while waiting for the time when you will go there once and for all, you may visit them in thought as easily as if they were still in a region inhabited by the living. The memory of the dead is even more alive than that of the living; it is as though they were assisting our memory, as though they, on their side, were making a mysterious effort to join hands with ours. One would say that they are far more powerful than the absent, who continue to breathe as we do.

Try, then, to recall those whom you

have lost before it is too late, before they have gone too far; and you will see that they will come much closer to your heart, that they will belong to you more truly, that they are as real as when they were in the flesh. In putting off this last, they have but discarded the moments in which they loved us least or in which we did not love at all. Now they are pure; they no longer possess faults, littlenesses, oddities; they can no longer fall away or deceive themselves or give us pain. They care for nothing now but to smile upon us, to encompass us with love, to bring us a happiness drawn without stint from a past which they live again beside us.

He Who Hesitated

The Temperamental Adventures of Hy Lowe

"The Trufflers" is a name invented by Peter Ericson Mann, a playwright, to designate a group of radical young people in the quaint Greenwich Village section of New York city who, in their daily lives, apply the doctrines of modern individualistic philosophy. Peter does not approve of trufflers, but his two roommates, Hy Lowe, and Henry Bates (called by his friends the Worm), have no objection to them, especially those of the fair sex. Indeed, Hy, with his irresponsible ways, may properly be classed as a truffler, as you will see from his adventures, sentimental and otherwise, here recorded.

By Samuel Merwin

Author of "The Honey-Bee," "Anthony the Absolute," etc.

Illustrated by George Gibbs

YOU are to picture Washington Square, New York city, at the beginning of June. Very early in the morning—to be accurate, eight-fifty. Without, the old bachelor-apartment building, fresh green trees, air steaming and quivering with radiation and evaporation from warm, wet asphalt, rumbling auto 'buses, endless streams of men and girls hurrying eastward and northward to the day's work or turning into the commercial-looking University building at our right, and, hard at it, the inevitable hurdy-gurdy; within, seventh-floor front, large, dim studio, Hy Lowe buttoning his collar and singing lustily,

"I want si-imp-athee,
Si-imp-athee, just symp-ah-thee!"

The collar unbuttoned, Hy, still roaring, clasped an imaginary partner to his breast and deftly executed the bafflingly simple step of the hesitation waltz, over which New York was, at the moment, as Hy would put it, "dippy." His eyes were heavy and red and decorated with the dark circles of tradition, but his feet moved lightly, blithely. He could dance on his own tombstone. And he would dance well.

Henry Bates, of the *Courier*, otherwise the Worm, in striped, buttonless pajamas, caught across the chest with a safety-pin, was at breakfast.

The third member of our little group of

bachelors, Peter Ericson Mann, was away, down at Atlantic City, working or something—also nursing a broken heart. For everybody knew now that he and Sue Wilde were *not* to be married. In the present episode, we are not concerned with Peter.

The decrepit flat-top desk served as breakfast-table, an old newspaper as cloth. There was flaked cereal in bowls, coffee from the percolator on the bookcase, rolls from a paper bag.

The Worm lingered over his coffee. Hy gulped his, glancing frequently at his watch, propped against the inkstand.

"Oh," observed the Worm, pausing in his task of cleaning his pipe with a letter-opener, "I nearly forgot. A lady called up—while you were in the bathtub."

"This morning?" Hy's face went discreetly blank.

"Yes, Miss—Miss—sounded like Banana."

"Miss Sorana." Hy's eyelids fluttered an instant. Then he lit a cigarette and was again his lightly imperturbable self. "What an ungodly hour," he murmured, "for Silvia—of all girls! But she knows she mustn't call me at the office."

The Worm regarded his roommate with discerning, mildly humorous eyes.

"Who, may I ask, is Silvia? And what is she?"

Hy missed the allusion.

"If the *Evening Earth* were ever to come

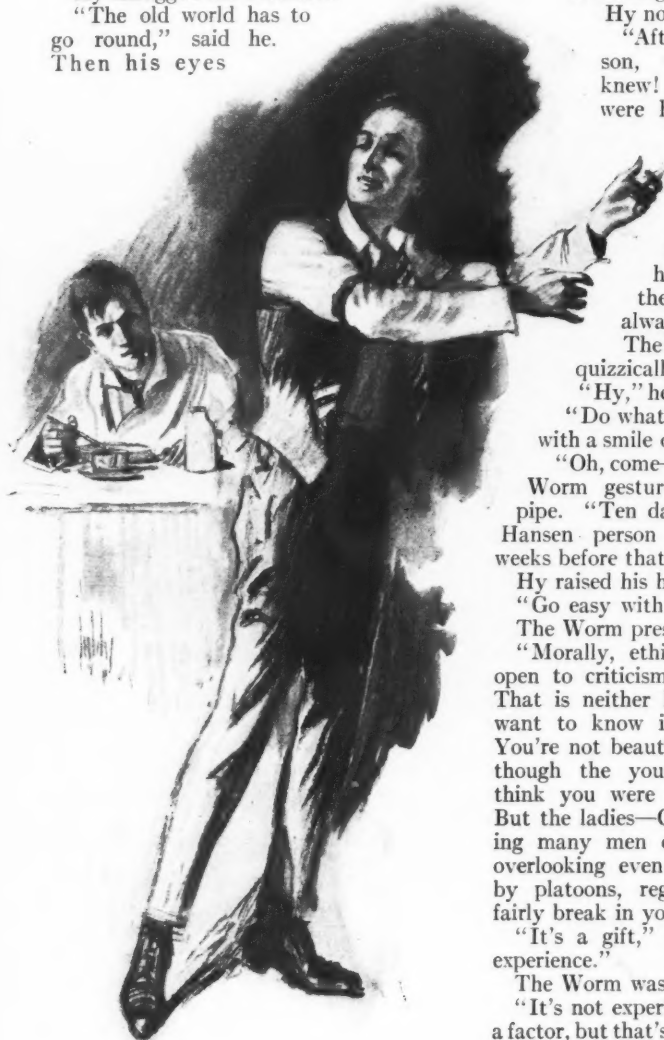
into possession of my recent letters, which I devoutly hope and trust they won't"—Hy staged a shudder—"they would undoubtedly refer to her as an actress. Just like that—An Actress!"

"H'm!" mused the Worm. "It's in writing already, eh?"

Hy shrugged his shoulders.

"The old world has to go round," said he.

Then his eyes



Hy, still roaring, clasped an imaginary partner to his breast

grew dreamy. "But, my boy, my boy, you should see her—the darling of the gods—absolutely the darling of the gods! Met her at the Grand Roof. Good Lord, figured in cold calendar arithmetic, it isn't eight days! But, then, they say eternity is but a moment."

"A dancing-case?" queried the Worm.

Hy nodded.

"After the first ten steps, my son, we *knew*—ab-so-lute-ly knew! She knew. I knew. We were helpless—it had to be!"

At this point, Hy pocketed his watch and settled back to smoke comfortably.

He always bolted his breakfast by the watch; he always chatted or read the paper afterward; he was always late at the office.

The Worm was studying him quizzically.

"Hy," he said, "how do you do it?"

"Do what?" queried Hy, struggling with a smile of self-conscious elation.

"Oh, come—you know. This!" The Worm gestured inclusively with his pipe. "Ten days ago it was that Hilda Hansen person from Wisconsin. Two weeks before that—"

Hy raised his hand.

"Go easy with the dead past, my son."

The Worm pressed on.

"Morally, ethically, you are doubtless open to criticism—as are the rest of us. That is neither here nor there. What I want to know is: How do you do it? You're not beautiful. You're not witty—though the younger among 'em might think you were for the first few hours. But the ladies—God bless 'em!—overlooking many men of character and charm, overlooking even myself, come after you by platoons, regiments, brigades. They fairly break in your door. What is it?"

"It's a gift," said Hy cheerily, "plus experience."

The Worm was slowly shaking his head.

"It's not experience," he said. "That's a factor, but that's not it. You hit it the first time. It's a gift—perhaps plus eyelashes."

"But, my boy, I sometimes fail. Take the case you were about to mention—Betty Deane. I regard Betty as my most notable miscalculation—my Dardanelles."

"Not for a minute, Hy! As I've heard the story, Betty was afraid of you, ran away, married in a panic. She, a self-expresser of the self-expressers, a seeker of the Newest Freedom, married a small stand-patter who makes gas-engines to escape your truly hypnotic influence. No; I can't concede it. That, sir, was a tribute to your prowess—no less."

Hy assumed an expression of modesty.

"If you know all about it, why ask me? I don't know. A man like me, reasonably young, reasonably hard-working, reasonably susceptible—well, good Lord, I need the feminine—"

"I'm not puzzled about the demand," said the Worm, "but the supply."

"Oh, come; there aren't so many! I did have that little flare-up with Betty. She promised to go away with me on that boat. She didn't turn up."

"It got as far as that, eh?"

"It did. Whatever her reasons, she skipped back to her home town and married the maker of gas-engines. The Hilda Hansen matter caught me on the rebound. There couldn't ever have been anything in that, anyway. The girl's a leaner—hasn't even a protective crust. Some kind uncle ought to take her and her little wall-paper designs back to Wisconsin. But this—is different!" He fumbled rather excitedly in his pocket and produced a letter. He glanced eagerly through it, coloring as his eyes fell on this phrase and that. "You know, I'd almost like to read you a little of it. Damn it, the girl's got something—courage, fire, personality! She's perfectly wild—a pagan woman! She's—"

The Worm raised an arresting pipe.

"Don't," he said dryly; "never do that! Besides, your defense, while fairly plausible, accounts for only about three weeks of your life."

Slightly crestfallen, Hy read on in silence. Then he turned back and started at the beginning. Finally, looking up and catching the Worm's interested, critical eyes on him, he stuffed the document back into his pocket, lit a new cigarette, got up, found his hat and stick, stood a moment in moody silence, sighed deeply, and went out.

The telephone-bell rang. As the Worm drew the instrument toward him and lifted the receiver, the door opened and Hy came charging back.

The voice was feminine.

"Is Mr. Lowe there?" it said.

"Gimme that 'phone!" breathed Hy. The Worm swung out of his reach.

"No," he said, into the transmitter; "he's gone out. Just a moment ago. Would you like to leave any message?" And dodging behind the desk, he grinned at Hy. That young man was speechless.

"Who did you say?" Thus the Worm into the telephone. "Mrs. Bixbee?" He spoke swiftly to Hy. "It's funny. I've heard the voice. But Mrs. Bixbee!" Then, into the telephone. "Yes, this is Mr. Bates . . . Oh, you were Betty Deane? . . . Yes, indeed! Wait a moment. I think he has just come in again. I'll call him."

But, at that name, Hy bolted. The door slammed after him.

"No," said the Worm, now unblushingly; "I was mistaken. He isn't here. That was the floor-maid." As he pushed the instrument back on the desk, he sighed and shook his head. "That's it," he said aloud, with humility; "it's a gift."

New York, as much as Paris or Peking, is the city of bizarre contrasts. One such is modestly illustrated in the life of Hy Lowe.

He hurried on this, as on every working-morning, eastward across Broadway and through Astor Place to the large five-story structure, a block in length, that had been known for seventy years as Scripture House. Tract societies clustered within the brownstone walls, publishers of hymn-books and testaments, lecture-bureaus, church-extension groups, temperance and anti-cigarette societies, firms of lady typists, and, with these, flocks of shorter-lived concerns whose literature was pious and whose aims were profoundly commercial. Long decades before—when men wore beavers and stocks and women wore hoop-skirts—the building had symbolized the organized evangelical forces that were to galvanize and remake a corrupt world.

But the world had somehow evaded this particular galvanizing process. It had plunged wildly on the little heretical matter of applied science, which, in its turn, had invaded the building in the form of electric light and power and creakily insecure elevators. The trusts had come, and labor unions, and economic determinism—even the I. W. W. and the mad Nietzschean propaganda of the Greenwich

Village New Russianists, not to mention War. Life had twisted itself into puzzling shapes. New York had followed farther and farther up-town, its elevated railways, subways, steel-built sky-scrappers, and amazing palaces of liquors and lobsters, leaving the old building not even the scant privilege of dominating the slums and factories that had crept gradually to and around it. And now, as a last negligent insult, a very new generation—a confused generation of Jews, Italians, Irish, Slavs, serving as bookkeepers, stenographers, messengers, door-girls, elevator-boys—idled and flirted and enacted their little worldly comedies and tragedies within these old walls, practised a furtive dance-step or two in dim stock-rooms, dreamed of lobsters (even of liquors), while patient men with white string-neckties and routine minds sat in inner offices and continued the traditional effort to remake that forgotten old world.

But if the vision had failed, many a successful enterprise, then and now, thrived under cover of Scripture House. One had thrived there for thirty years—the independent missionary weekly known to you as *My Brother's Keeper*. This publication was the "meal-ticket" to which Hy, at rare intervals, referred. On the ground glass of his office-door were the words lettered in black, "Assistant Editor." To this altitude had eight years of reporting and editing elevated Hy Lowe. The compensating honorarium was forty-five dollars a week—not a great amount for one whose nature demanded correct clothing, Broadway dinners, pretty girls, and an occasional taxi-cab. Still, a bachelor who lives inexpensively as to rooms, breakfasts, and lunches, and is not too hard on his clothes can go reasonably far on forty-five dollars, even in New York.

On this, as on other mornings, Hy, after a smile and a wink for the noticeably pretty little telephone-girl in the outer office, slid along the inner corridor, close to the wood-and-glass partition; for, though the Walrus's open doorway dominated the corridor, there was always a chance of slipping in unnoted.

He opened and closed his own door very softly, whipped off and hung up his street coat, donned the old black alpaca that was curiously bronzed from the pockets down by thousands of wipings of purple ink, and

within twenty seconds was seated at his desk going through the morning's mail.

A buzzer sounded—on the partition just above his head. Hy started, turned, and stared angrily at the innocent little electrical device. His color mounted. He compressed his lips. He picked up the editorial shears, rose, deliberately slipped one long blade under the insulated wires that led away from the buzzer.

Again the sound! Hy's fingers relaxed. He snorted, tossed the shears on the desk, strode to the door, paused to compose his features; then, wearing the blankly innocent expression that meant forty-five dollars a week, walked quietly into the big room at the end of the corridor where, behind a flat mahogany desk seven feet square, sat the Reverend Hubbell Harkness Wilde, D.D.

On the wall behind him, lettered in gold leaf on black enamel, hung the apothegm (*not* from the eloquent pen of Doctor Wilde):

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Beneath, in a long mahogany bookcase, were hundreds of volumes, every one inscribed in gratitude and admiration to the editor of *My Brother's Keeper*. The great desk was heaped with books, manuscripts, folders of correspondence. Beside it, pencil warily poised, sat Miss Hardwick, who for more than twenty years had followed Doctor Wilde about these offices during most of every working-day, taking down his most trivial utterances, every word, to be transcribed later on the typewriter by her three six-dollar-a-week girls. It was from the resulting mass of verbiage that Miss Hardwick and the doctor dug out and arranged the weekly sermon-editorials that you read when you were a Sunday-school pupil and that your non-citified aunts and uncles are reading in book-form to this day. They were a force, these sermons—make no mistake about that! They had a sensational vigor that you rarely heard from the formal pulpit. The back-cover announcements of feature-sermons to come were stirring in themselves. If your mind be "practical," scorning all mystical theorizings, let me pass on to you the inside information that through sermons and advertisements of sermons and sensational full-page appeals in display type, this man, whom Hy light-mindedly dismissed with the title of "the Walrus," had collected more than



DRAWN BY CECIL E. COHEN

"I must insist!" cried Hy, on his feet now. He was thinking: "What has she told him?
What does he know? What does *she* know?"

two million dollars in twenty years for those mission-stations of his in Africa or Madagascar or wherever they were.

The man himself was not what you have thought. Though you perhaps remember him; he appeared for a moment, months ago, in the first of these episodes. That was at the little Crossroads Theater in Greenwich Village, where his runaway daughter, Sue Wilde, was playing a boy in Jacob Zanin's playlet, "Any Street." But the Walrus was then out of his proper setting, was merely a grim hint of a forgotten Puritanism in that little bohemian world of experimental compliance with the Freudian Wish.

We see him in his proper setting here. The old-fashioned woodcut of him that was always in the upper left corner of sermon or announcement was made in 1886—that square, young, strong face, prominent nose, penetrating eyes. Even then, it flattered him. The man now sitting at the enormous desk was twenty-nine years older. The big hooked nose was still there. The pale-green eyes were still a striking feature; but they looked tired now. There was still the strip of whisker on each cheek, close-clipped, tinged now with gray. He was heavier in neck and shoulders than you have thought. There were deep lines about the wide, thin, orator's mouth. Despite the nose and eyes, there was something yielding about that mouth, something of the old politician who has learned to temper strength with craft, who has learned, too, that human nature moves and functions within rather narrow limits, and is assailed by subtle weaknesses. It was an enigmatic face. Beneath it were low turnover collar, the usual white string-tie, and a well-worn black frock coat.

Doctor Wilde was nervous this morning. His eyes found it difficult to meet those of his mild-faced assistant.

"Miss Hardwick—you may go, please." Thus Doctor Wilde, and he threw out his hands in a nervous gesture.

For an instant, sensing some new tension in the office atmosphere, Hy caught himself thinking of Sue Wilde. She had a trick of throwing out her hands like that. Only, she did it with extraordinary grace. In certain ways they were alike, this eccentric, gifted man and his eccentric, equally gifted daughter—not in all particulars; for Sue had charm. "Must get

it from her mother's side," mused Hy. He knew that the mother was dead, that the house from which Sue had fled to Greenwich Village and Art and Freedom was now presided over by a second wife who dressed surprisingly well and whose two children—little girls—were on occasions brought into the office.

His reverie ended abruptly. Miss Hardwick had gathered up her note-books and pencils, was rising now, and, as she passed out, released in Hy's direction one look that almost frightened him. It was a barbed shaft of bitter malevolence, oddly confused with trembling, incredible triumph.

"Sit down, please." It was Doctor Wilde's voice. Hy sat down, in the chair that was always kept for him, across the huge desk from the doctor. That gentleman had himself risen, creaked over to the door, was closing it securely.

What had that queer look meant? From Miss Hardwick, of all people! To Hy, she had been hardly more than an office fixture. But, in that brief instant, she had revealed depths of hatred, malignant jealousy—something!

The doctor sank heavily into his own chair. Hy, mystified, watched him and waited. The man reached for a paper-weight—a brass model of his first mission house, from Africa or Madagascar or somewhere—and placed it before him on top of the unopened morning's mail, moved it this way, then a little that way, looking at it critically. Hy, more and more startled, a thought hypnotized, leaned forward on the desk and gazed at that little brass house. Finally, the doctor spoke.

"I have an unpleasant duty—but it is not a matter that I can lightly pass over."

Hy paled a little, knit his brows, stared with increasing intensity at that mission house of brass.

"For a long time, Mr. Lowe, I have felt that your conduct was not——"

"Oh," thought Hy, in a daze, "my conduct was not——"

"Was not, well, in keeping with your position."

"With my position?" Hy's numb mind repeated.

"This is not a matter of a particular act or a particular occasion, Mr. Lowe. For a long time it has been known to me that you sought undesirable companions, that



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBB

He kissed her again, right out on the train-platform, with belated passengers elbowing by and porters looking on

you have been repeatedly seen in—in Broadway resorts."

Hy's mind was stirring awake now, darting this way and that like a frightened mouse. Some one had been talking to the doctor—and very recently. The man was a coward in office matters; he had been goaded to this. The "for a long time," so heavily repeated, was, of course, a verbal blind. Could it have been—not Miss Hardwick! Then Hy was surprised to hear his own voice.

"But this is a charge, Doctor Wilde! A charge should be definite." The words came mechanically.

"I don't know that it is necessary to be specific," said the doctor, apparently, now that the issue was joined, finding his task easier.

"I must insist!" cried Hy, on his feet now. He was thinking: "What has she told him? What does he know? What does *she* know?"

"Sit down!" said Doctor Wilde.

Hy sat down. His chief moved the mission house a trifle, to square it with the edge of the desk.

"To mention only one occasion," went on the doctor's voice, "though many are known to me, I am well informed regarding the sort of life you are known to be leading. You see, Mr. Lowe, you must understand that the office atmosphere of *My Brother's Keeper* is above reproach. Ability alone will not carry a man here. There are standards finer and truer than—"

The telephone-bell rang. Hy, with alacrity grown out of long practise in fending for his chief, reached for it.

"Oh, Mr. Lowe"—it was the voice of the pretty little telephone-girl—"it's a lady. She simply won't be put off. Could you—"

"Tell him," said Hy, with cold solemnity, "that I am in an important conference."

"I *did* tell her that, Mr. Lowe."

"Very well—ask him to leave his number. I cannot be disturbed now." He hung up the receiver. "Doctor Wilde," he said, in the same solemn tone, "I realize, of course, that you are asking for my resignation. But, first, I must know the charge against me. There has been an attack on my character. I have the right to demand full knowledge of it."

"To mention only one occasion," said the doctor, as if unaware of the interrup-

tion, still fussing with the mission house, "you were seen, as recently as last evening, leaving a questionable restaurant in company with a still more questionable young woman."

So that was all he knew! Hy breathed a very little more easily. Then the telephone-bell rang again, and Hy's overstrained nerves jumped like mad.

"Very well," said he to the pretty telephone-girl; "put him on my wire." And to his chief: "You will have to excuse me, Doctor. This appears to be important." He rose with extreme dignity and left the room.

Once within his own office, he stood, clinging to the door-knob, breathing hard. It was all over! He was fired! He must begin life again—like General Grant. His telephone-bell was ringing frantically. At first, he hardly heard it. Finally, he pulled himself together and moved toward the desk. It would be Betty, of course. She ought to have more sense. Why hadn't she stayed up-state with that new husband of hers, anyway? Wasn't life disastrous enough without a very much entangled, contrite Betty on his own still more entangled hands?

But the voice was not that of Betty. Nor was it the voice of Silvia. It was a soft little voice, melodious, hesitating. It was familiar, yet unfamiliar.

"Oh," it said, "is that you? I've had such a hard time getting you."

"I'm sorry," breathed Hy. *Who was she?*

"Are you awfully busy?"

Hy hesitated. Deep amid the heaped and smoking ruins of his life, a little warm thing was stirring. It was the very instinct for adventure. He looked grimly about the room, to be his office no longer. He didn't care particularly what happened now. His own voice even took on something of the strange girl's softness.

"Not so awfully," said he. Then, groping for words, added, "Where are you?"

"Up at the Grand Central."

"Goodness! You're not going away—now?"

"Yes—going home. I feel awfully bad about it." A silence intervened. Then this from Hy,

"You—you're alone up there?"

"All alone." What a charmingly plaintive little voice it was, anyway! The healthy color was returning to Hy's cheeks.

"Well," said he—"well, say——"

"Yes?" she murmured.

"How long—when does your train go?"

"Oh, could you? I didn't dare ask——"

"I could be there in—well, under fifteen minutes."

"Oh, good! I've got—let me see—nearly half an hour."

"Be by the clock in the main waiting-room. Good-by."

Hy slammed down the receiver, tore off the alpaca coat and stuffed it into the wastebasket, got into his street coat, observed the editorial shears on the desk, seized them, cut the buzzer wires, noted with satisfaction the nick he made in one blade, threw the shears to the floor, and rushed from the office.

At the flower store in the station he bought a red carnation for his lapel, and walked briskly toward the big clock.

A slim girl was there, at the inquiry-desk, very attractively dressed. His pulse bounded. She turned a forlornly pretty face and he saw that it was Hilda Hansen, of Wisconsin.

Their hands met. They wandered off toward the dim corridor where the telephones are.

"It was dear of you to come," said she rather shyly. "I shall feel better now. I was beginning to think—well, that you didn't like me very well."

"Hilda—that's not fair!" he murmured, murmured, if the whole truth were told, rather blithely. For Hilda was pretty. Her soft dependence was the sweetest flattery. Her simple, easily satisfied mind was a relief after certain slightly more desperate adventures. And so, when he said: "I'm sorry you're going, Hilda. Is it for long?" he spoke as sincerely as is commonly done.

"For good!" she blurted out, in reply to this; and the tears came. He took her arm and walked her farther down the corridor. The little story was tumbling out now, helter-skelter. Her father had stopped her allowance, ordered her home. She was leaving forever the freedom of dear old Greenwich Village. Naturally, Hy kissed her.

He kissed her again, right out on the train-platform, with belated passengers elbowing by and porters looking on. It was Hy's little sacrament of freedom. He could kiss them now—in public—as he

chose. For he was fired! No more gloomy old office! No more of the gliding Miss Hardwick! No more of the doctor's oratory! No more of that damn buzzer!

The thing to do, of course, was to go back and pack up his belongings; but he couldn't bring himself to it. So he stayed out until lunch-time, filling in the odd hour with an eleven-o'clock "movie" show. He lunched expensively and a'one at the club, off a porterhouse steak with mushrooms, potatoes *au gratin*, creamed spinach, musty ale in pewter, romaine salad, Camembert cheese with toasted biscuit, and black coffee.

When he reentered his office, who should be sitting there but the Worm. Before he could overcome a slight embarrassment and begin the necessary process of telling his story, a heavy step sounded in the corridor, passed the door, went on into the big room in the corner.

The Worm rose abruptly.

"Isn't that the Walrus?" he asked.

"The same," said Hy.

"I've got to see him. Will you take me in?"

"Oh, sit down! I can tell you more than he can."

"Perhaps, but at another time."

Hy emerged from his self-absorption at this point sufficiently to observe that the Worm, usually smiling and calm, was laboring under some excitement.

"All right," said he; "come along!" And quite light of heart, afraid of nothing now, he led the Worm in and introduced him as, "My friend, Mr. Bates, of the *Courier*." Then, hearing his telephone-bell ringing again, he hurried back to his own office.

It would be Betty, of course. Well, so far as the office was concerned, it didn't matter now. He picked up the receiver.

"Oh," he murmured, "hello, Silvia! Wait a moment." He got up and closed the door. "All right," he said, then, "What is it, little girl?"

"Oh," said she, "thank God, I've found you! Hy, something dreadful has almost happened. It has done *such* things to my pride! But I knew you wouldn't want me to turn to anyone else for help."

"Oh, no," said he, with sudden, queer misgivings; "of course not!"

"I knew you'd feel that way, dear. Are you dreadfully busy? Could you—I

know it's a lot to ask—but could you, for me, dear, run out for five minutes?"

"I will!" said he, with an emphasis aimed as much at himself as at her. "Where are you?"

"I'm talking from the drug store across the street. I'll wait outside."

The misgivings deepened as Hy walked slowly out to the elevator and then out to the street. Hy would have to be classified, in the last analysis, as a city bachelor—a seasoned, hardened, city bachelor—in short, a truffer. The one prospect that instantly and utterly terrifies a truffer is that of admitting that another has a moral claim upon him. The essence of trufferdom is the avoidance of the slightest personal responsibility. Therefore, it was a reserved, rather dignified Hy who crossed the street and joined the supple, big-eyed, conspicuous young woman in the perfect-fitting tailor suit. Another factor in Hy's mood, perhaps, was that the memory of Hilda Hansen's soft young lips against his own had not yet wholly died. He and Silvia walked slowly around the corner.

"I don't know how to tell you," she said, in an unsteady voice. There were tears in her eyes, too. "Hy, it's awful! It's my—my furniture!" The tears fell now. She wiped them away. "They say positively they'll take it away to-night—every stick. I've cried so! I tried to explain that I'm actually rehearsing with Cunningham. Before the end of the month I can take care of it easily. But——"

Hy stopped short, stood on the curb, looked at her. His head was clear and as cold as an adding machine.

"How much would it take?" said he.

"Oh, Hy"—she was crying again—"don't talk in that way—so cold——"

"I know," he broke in, "but——"

"It's fifty dollars. You see——"

"I haven't got it," said he. She looked at him, puzzled. "Silvia, dear, I'm fired!"

"Fired? Hy—when?"

"To-day. Chucked out. I haven't got half of that—to live on, even."

"Oh, my dear boy, you oughtn't to live in this careless way, not saving a cent——"

"Of course I oughtn't. But I do."

"But what on earth—what reason——"

"Conduct. I'm a bad one." He was triumphant. "Only last night I was seen leaving a questionable restaurant—where they dance, and drink—with a young lady."

The tears were not falling now. Miss Silvia Sorana was looking straight at him, thoughtful, even cool.

"Are you telling me the truth, Hy Lowe?"

"The gospel. I'm not even the proletariat. I'm the unemployed."

"Well," said she; "well!" And she thought it deliberately out. "Well, I guess you can't be blamed for that!" Which impressed Hy later, when he thought it over, as a curious remark. They parted shortly after this. But, first, she said:

"Hy, dear, I don't like to seem to be leaving you on account of this. It must be dreadfully hard for you." So they had a soda, sitting in the drug-store window. Hy almost smiled, thinking of the madness of it—he and an unmistakable actress, in working-hours, here actually in the shadow of the grim old Scripture House! And it was nobody's business. It could hurt nobody. He had not known that freedom would be like this. There was a thrill about it—so deep a thrill that, after he had put the sympathetic but plainly hurrying Silvia on an up-town car, and had paid for her as she entered, he could not bring himself to return to the office—even with the Worm up there, wondering what had become of him, even with all his personal belongings waiting to be cleared from the desk and packed.

He wandered over to Washington Square, his spirit reveling in the lazy June sunshine. He stopped and listened to the untiring hurdy-gurdy, threw coins to the little girls dancing on the pavement. He thought of stopping in at the Parisian, ordering a *sirop*, and reading, or trying to read, those delightfully naughty French weeklies. He knew definitely now that he was out for a good time.

There was a difficulty. It is easier to have a good time when there is a girl about. Really, it was rather inopportune that Hilda Hansen had flitted back to Wisconsin. She needed a guardian; still she had been an appealing young thing up there at the Grand Central. But she was gone! And Silvia—well, that little affair had taken an odd and not overpleasant turn. The wild, pagan person had, plainly, her sophisticated moments. He was glad that he had seen through her. For that matter, you couldn't ever trust her sort.

Then, creeping back into his mind like a pet dog after a beating, hesitant, all fears



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

So they had a soda, sitting in the drug-store window. Hy almost smiled, thinking of the madness of it—he and an unmistakable actress, in working-hours, here actually in the shadow of the grim old Scripture House!

and doubts of a welcome, came the thought of Betty Deane.

Where *was* Betty, anyway? And why hadn't she called up the office? It began to seem to him that she might have done that—after her little effort of the morning. Hitherto, before that ridiculous marriage of hers, she had always put up with Sue Wilde, over in Tenth Street. Perhaps she was there now. Mental pictures began to form of Betty's luxuriant blond beauty. And it was *something* for a peach like that to leave home and rich husband, come hurrying down to New York, and call you up at an ungodly hour in the morning! He remembered suddenly, warmly, that he had kissed Betty—long ago over in New Jersey, on a green hillside, of a glowing afternoon. His laziness fell away. Briskly he walked around to Tenth Street and rang Sue's bell. Betty answered—prettier than ever, a rounded, swaying young creature, who said little, and that slowly.

"Hello!" she said. "Sue's out."

"I don't want Sue."

Came to see you, Betty. I'm fired—out of a job—and while it lasts, hilariously happy. How about a bite at the Parisian?"

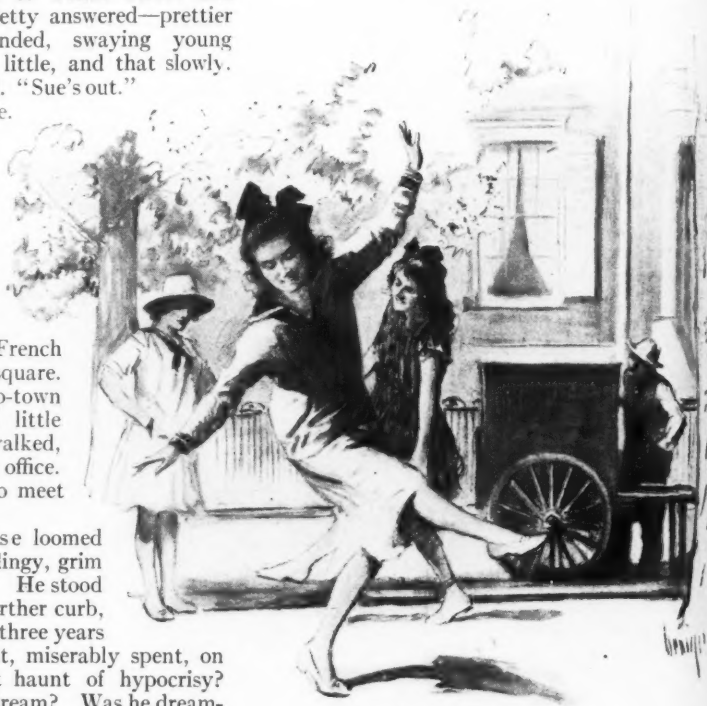
So they had humorously early tea at the old French restaurant near the square. Then Betty went up-town on the 'bus for a little shopping, and Hy walked, at last, back to the office. They had decided to meet again for dinner.

Scripture House loomed before him—long, dingy, grim in the gay sunshine. He stood motionless on the farther curb, staring at it. Had three years of his life been spent, miserably spent, on a treadmill in that haunt of hypocrisy? Or was it a hideous dream? Was he dreaming now?

He shuddered. Then, slowly, he walked across the street, deciding to pack up and get out for good just as swiftly as the thing could be done. He was glad, downright glad, that it was his character that had been so crudely assailed. That let him out.

He needn't be decent—needn't wait a month to break in a new man—nothing like that! He wondered mildly what the Worm would say—and Peter. It might be necessary to borrow a bit until he could get going again. Though, perhaps, they would take him back on the old paper until he could find something regular.

The sense of being haunted by a dream grew as he went up in the elevator and walked along the hall. He saw with new eyes the old building he had so long taken for granted—saw the worn hollows in the oak floors, the patched cracks in the plaster; he smelled the old musty odor with new repugnance, noted the legends on office doors he passed with a wry smile, the Reverend This and the Reverend That, the Society for the Suppression of Such and



Such, the commercially religious Something & Co.

He had to will his hand to open the door lettered, "My Brother's Keeper; Hubbell Harkness Wilde, D.D." He had to will his feet to carry him within. But

once within, he stood motionless, and the quicrness seized on him, widened his eyes, caught at his breath. For the place was absolutely still. Not a typewriter sounded. Not an argumentative voice floated out over the seven-foot partitions. It was like a dead place—uncanny, awful. For an instant he considered running, wondered fantastically whether his feet would turn to lead and hold him back, as feet have a way of doing in dreams.

But he stood his ground and looked cautiously around. There within the rail, in the corner, the pretty little telephone-girl sat motionless at her switchboard, watching him with eyes that stared stupidly out of a white face.

He stepped to her side—tiptoeing in spite of himself—tried to smile, cleared his

throat, started at the sound; then whispered, "For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" and patted the girl's cheek.

Ordinarily she would have dodged away and looked anxiously about in fear of being seen. Now she did nothing of the sort. After a moment she said, also whispering and quite incoherently,

"Is Miss Hardwick going to have your room?"

At the sound of her voice, and out of sheer nervousness, he gulped. She was alive, at least. He pinched her cheek, and shook his head, rather meaninglessly. Then he braced himself and went on in, wholly unaware that he was still tiptoeing.

Two girl stenographers sat in a corner, whispering. At sight of him, they hushed. He passed on. The other girls were not at their desks, though he thought that most of their hats and coats hung in

the farther corner as usual. The office-boy was not to be seen. The proof-reader was not in her cubby-hole at the end of the corridor. Miss Hardwick's door was shut; but, as he passed, he thought he heard a rustle within, and he was certain that he saw the tip of a hat-feather over the partition. If the hat was there, she was there.

He came to his own door. It was ajar. He felt sure he had closed it when he left. It was his regular practise to close it. He stopped short, considering this as if it

was a matter of genuine importance. Then it occurred to him that the boy might have been in there with proofs.



He stopped and listened to the untiring hurdy-gurdy, threw coins to the little girls dancing on the pavement

Doctor Wilde's door at the end of the corridor stood open. The seven-foot, square mahogany desk, heaped, littered with papers and books, looked natural enough, but the chair behind it was empty.

He tiptoed forward, threw his own door open. Then he gasped. For there, between the desk and the window, stood the Walrus. He held the nicked editorial shears in his hand—he must have picked them up from the floor—and was in the act of looking from them to the cut ends of the wires by the buzzer.

Hy's overcharged nervous system leaped for the nearest outlet.

"I cut the damn things myself," he said, "this morning."

The Walrus turned toward him an ashen face.

"Ah, yes," he said; "I didn't know they were objectionable to you."

"I've hated them for three years," said Hy.

"You should have spoken. It is better to speak of things."

"Speak nothing!" Hy spurted. "I stood a fine chance."

"You know," observed Doctor Wilde, as if he had not heard—his voice was husky and curiously weak—"we were interrupted this morning. You were wrong in imagining that a resignation was necessary. You jumped at that conclusion. I should say that you were unnecessarily touchy."

"But my character——"

"I repeat, it seems to me that you were unnecessarily touchy. A man must not be too sensitive. He should be strong to take as well as give blows. Your actions, it seemed to me, perhaps wrongly, were a blow to me, to the prestige of this establishment. You must understand, Mr Lowe, that in this life that we all must live——" Absently he looked about to see if Miss Hardwick's pencil was poised to render imperishable the thought that he was about to put into words, caught himself, brushed a limp hand (with the shears in it) across his eyes, then went on with an effort: "I will say further that, when we spoke this morning, I had not seen the dummy for the issue of July tenth. Now I don't mind telling you that I regard that as a good dummy. You have there caught my ideas of sound make-up better than ever before. And I have——"

"But my character——"

"And I have just written instructions to Mr. Hennessy to make a change in your salary, beginning with next Saturday's envelop. You are now doing the work of a full managing editor. Your income should be sufficient to enable you to support the position with reasonable dignity. Hereafter, you will draw sixty dollars a week."

He moved toward the door. He seemed suddenly a really old man, grayer of hair and skin, more bent, less certain of his footing.

"Here," cried Hy, sputtering in uncontrollable excitement, "those are my shears!"

"Ah, so they are! I did not notice." And the Walrus came back, laid them carefully on the desk, then walked out, entered his own room, closed the door.

Hy stood for a moment by the desk, sank, an inert figure, into his chair. His eyes focused on the old alpaca coat, stuffed into the waste-basket.

He took it out, spread it on the desk, and stared at the ink-stains. "I can have it cleaned," he thought. Suddenly he pressed two shaking hands to his throbbing head.

"My God!" he muttered aloud. "What did I say to him? What *didn't* I say to him? I'm a loon! I'm a nut! This is the asylum!"

He stiffened up, sat there for a moment, wild-eyed. He reached down and pinched his thigh hard. He sprang up and paced the room. He wheeled suddenly, craftily, on the silent buzzer, there on the partition.

Yes—the wires *were* cut!

He saw the shears lying on the desk, pounced on them, and feverishly examined the blades. One *was* nicked!

So far so good. But the supreme test remained.

He plunged out into the silent corridor, hesitated, stood wrestling with the devils within him, conquered them, and, white as all the ghosts, tapped at Doctor Wilde's door, opened it a crack, stuck in his head and said,

"How much did you say it was to be, Doctor?"

The Walrus compressed his lips, and then drew a deep breath that was not unlike a sigh.

"The figure I mentioned," he replied,



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Then Betty went up-town on the 'bus for a little shopping

"was sixty dollars a week—if that is satisfactory to you."

Hy considered this.

"On the whole," he said finally, considering everything, "I will agree to that."

At ten minutes past midnight, Hy let himself into the rooms. One gas-jet was burning dimly in the studio. As he stood on the threshold, he could just make out the long figure of the Worm half reclining in the Morris chair by a wide-open window, attired in the striped pajamas of the morning. From one elevated foot dangled a slipper of Chinese straw. He was smoking his old briar.

"Hello!" said Hy cheerfully.

There was a long silence. Then,

"Hello!" replied the Worm.

Hy tossed his hat on the couch-bed of the absent Peter, then came and stood by the open window, thrust hands deep into trousers pockets, sniffed the mild evening air, gazed benevolently on the trees, lights, and little moving figures of the square. Then he lit a cigarette.

"Great night, my son!" said he.

The Worm lowered his pipe, looked up with sudden, sharp interest, studied the gay young person standing so buoyantly there before him, then replaced the pipe and smoked on in silence.

"Oh, come!" cried Hy, after a bit. "Buck up! Be a live young newspaper man!"

"I'm not a newspaper man," replied the Worm.

"You're not a—you were this afternoon!"

"True."

"Say, my son, what were you around for to-day?"

The pipe came down again.

"You mean to say you don't know?"

"Not a thing—except that the place went absolutely on the fritz. I thought I had 'em."

"I don't wonder," muttered Henry Bates.

"And the Walrus raised me fifteen bucks per. Just like that!"

"He raised you!"

"Yes, my child." Hy came around, sat on the desk, dangled his legs.

"Then," observed the Worm, "he certainly thinks you know."

"Elucidate! Elucidate!"

The Worm knocked the ashes from his pipe, turned the warm bowl around and around in his hand.

"Our paper—I should say, the *Courier*—has a story on Doctor Wilde—a charge that he has misappropriated missionary funds. They sent me up to-day to ask if he would consent to an accounting."

Hy whistled.

"The amount is put roughly at a million dollars. I didn't care much about the assignment."

"I should think not!"

"I'm fond of Sue. But it was my job. When I told him what I was there for, he ran me out of his office, locked the door, and shouted through the transom that he had a bottle of poison in his desk and would take it if I wouldn't agree to suppress the story as if he'd planned exactly that scene for years."

"Aha!" cried Hy. "Melodrama!"

"Precisely. Melodrama. It was unpleasant."

"You accepted the gentleman's proposition, I take it."

"I dislike murders."

Hy, considering this, stiffened up.

"Say," he cried, "what's the paper going to do about it?"

"I saw the assistant city editor this evening at the Parisian bar. He tells me they have decided to drop the story. But they dropped me first." He looked shrewdly at Hy. "So don't worry. You can count on your raise."

Hy's cigarette had gone out. He looked at it, tossed it out the window, lit a fresh one.

"Of course," said he, "a fellow likes to know where he gets off."

"Or at least that he is off," said the Worm, and went to bed.

Hy let him go. A dreamy expression came into his eyes. As he threw off coat and waistcoat and started unbuttoning his collar, he hummed softly,

"I want si-imp-athee,
Si-imp-athee, just symp-ah-thee!"

He embraced an imaginary young woman—a blonde who was slow of speech and luxurious in movement—and danced slowly, rather gracefully, across the room.

All was right with the world.

At the Corner of Tenth, the next episode of *The Trufflers*, will appear in the June issue.

Ready-made Jobs

By Gerald Stanley Lee

Author of "Crowds" and "We"

THERE is an establishment in London employing fifteen hundred people in which, almost every single week in the year, one of the superintendents steps around to a man and says:

"We think you have got out of this job all you can get out of it, John. You are doing it perfectly; there is nothing ahead for you in this job, and, for the life of us, we can't find in our shop anything that will make you keep on growing as you have been growing this last year. Now we want to find a place for you where you can grow."

They have an exchange system with a very large number of other firms in the city and in the kingdom, and though they are dealing with a man they would give the world to keep, they send him out into their transfer system, swap him for somebody else, because, in the long run, it is better for the efficiency of the man.

One might think it would not pay to train a man for years and then give him to somebody else, but it does. They have the pick of London labor. Every bright boy and girl in London wants to wedge into that shop. Some of them try to get in for nothing. It's like a great gate to the world.

What this shop is doing I have come to believe all shops before long are going to arrange to do. Jobs are going to be placed on an endless belt, swinging through the world like the parts of the Ford car in the Ford factory, and each man, as the belt goes by, is going to take one off (the part of the whole car for him to do). Or some man who has studied him will take a job off the belt for him.

Every man wants the world to study him and say "You" to him. It has been customary to say, until very recently, that it is impossible in a big factory to say "You" to each of five thousand workmen so that the "You" will really carry with the workman and get through to him personally. However a big factory may try to treat a man as if he were somebody in particular, he still has a kind of Number 4379 feeling.

But this is not always going to be so, because it is not efficient.

One of the next things that is going to happen is the organization of a labor exchange, or possibly two of them at first, one run by employers and one by unions.

Business is going to organize, for its own protection and for its own efficiency, a clearing-house of people, a pool of the available people for the use of human lives.

As long as civilization keeps up its present one-sided attempt to make people over, to recut people, and scrooge people around to fit opportunities, it cannot be efficient. At least half or three-quarters of the time, it is the opportunities that should be recut and fitted to the people. Business is going to find it easier and cheaper to do this.

We will put all the opportunities in the world in one row, and all the people in another row.

There are so many kinds of opportunities and so many kinds of people, everybody will find a good, ready-made fit.

Some people may think this is visionary.

A few years ago, the idea of ready-made clothes for nearly everybody to wear would have been considered visionary. We began the ready-made-clothing industry by fitting people as if they came in regular sizes and were much alike. In the first few years of ready-made clothing, the man whose legs took longer to reach the ground found himself very lonesome and out of place in the clothes-world. For ordinary, every-day purposes, like walking on the street, a tall or strung-out man expected, as a matter of course, to be very meagerly and floppily clothed about the shins.

I can well remember, those first days of the ready-made-clothing industry when I was a proud but impecunious minister's son, a very short pair of what had been hopefully called by my mother my first "long pants," and I shall never forget that moment, which was intended by nature to be one of the proudest moments of a boy's life. I shall never forget the embarrassed feeling I had in the streets, the anxious sense I had of legginess, and of having my legs give pleasure to others. "The Lord delighteth not in the legs of a man," I read in Holy Writ, but there were times when it seemed to me that nearly everybody else did.

The plain fact was that in those days before the ready-made-clothing business waked up, a tall man had either to lay his trousers around his waist in folds, no matter how they looked, or he had to let his legs down underneath go on and on and on—after his trousers had left off. Nothing of this kind could happen to a tall man now. I merely give this personal experience for the benefit of other tall men or extra-round ones, to show what has happened in our ready-made-clothing civilization.

All the people in those days who had slumped into being just alike and couldn't get a corner on them anywhere made us individuals, us men of mark, stand around practically naked, so far as clothes were concerned, and take anything they would hand out to us.

This is just what is happening now with jobs.

But it is very enlightening what happened to clothes.

A man in Buffalo conceived the idea that if the long-legged man in Houston, Texas, and the long-legged man in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Lincoln, Nebraska, would just get their interests together, they could have clothes made for them all at one swoop—just like ordinary people.

This business man then proceeded to make tall clothes, and to let all long-legged America know it. He advertised long-legged America together and made long-legged America class-conscious, and it got its rights!

Then he did the same thing to thick-waisted America. Gradually he had all America, regular sizes and odd sizes, supplied with clothes that fitted them. Anybody can go out on the street and see how America is fitted with clothes now.

Jobs are going to be fitted next. Efficiency in industry is rapidly coming to be a matter of organizing all men in the country who have special gifts, special sizes of mind and body. It costs less money to find a job that fits a man than it costs to make the man over to fit the job. The job is somewhere. The man is somewhere. We will take a look at the man and a look at the job, and then put them together. Efficiency in American industry is a matter of the national advertising and of the national organizing and mobilizing of the hopes and powers of men.

The Woman Gives

A Story of Regeneration

By Owen Johnson

*Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy*

UNDER the name of Dangerfield, Daniel Garford, a talented painter, has for several months been occupying a studio in Teagan's Arcade, a building situated in Lincoln Square, New York city. The episode that has wrecked his happiness, driven him to excess in dissipation, and all but ruined his career; his quixotic determination to arrange matters with the least detriment to his self-respect and sense of honor, as well as the attempts to frustrate his plans are told in the chapters that here follow. Garford, or Dangerfield (to use the name by which he is known in his new environment), has made himself popular with his fellow lodgers in the Arcade, but his evident distress and the spectacle of a strong and talented man bent on destroying body and soul to deaden the agonies of a situation for which he is in no way responsible quicken the benevolent impulses of Inga Sonderson, a girl who lives in the Arcade and who makes posters, magazine covers, and decorative sketches. It would appear that she has known the painter in the past, but he does not recall her, and she does not enlighten him. She resolves to try to reclaim the man and finds it a difficult task; but, before long, through a devotion which asks nothing in return, the foundation of a good influence over him seems to be laid. It is due to her resource and watchfulness that the two attempts made in the Arcade by his wife and her brother, Doctor Fortier, to abduct and shut him up in an asylum are rendered abortive. In this she has the aid of King O'Leary, a man of eccentric nature and roving disposition, who is a fellow lodger and who has become interested in Dangerfield.

When the latter and O'Leary start out to witness the forced marriage of Mrs. Garford to Bowden, Inga makes the painter promise he will return to her that night, no matter what condition he is in. It is nearly three the following morning when he arrives. He has visited his club and written his resignation. His brain is befogged by some drug which he has procured, and he tells the waiting Inga that he is going out again. She says she will go with him and gets ready to do so. He then starts down the hall with the girl at his side.

THE name of Daniel Garford had figured on many occasions in the scare-heads of the Metropolitan press, not only on account of the eccentricities of a genius and the wildness of his youth but from the fact that the name of Garford had been a social beacon for generations. Even before the Mexican War there had been a Garford who had sat in the Cabinet as secretary of State, and from that time on, the family had progressed in power and wealth, a proud, intensely ambitious, self-willed, and dominating line of men, who, whatever their faults, were never accused of idleness. There was a restless mental energy about these men which had driven them to the front, while the strength of the old Garford strain continued to show in their impatience of form and tradition, their ability to originate and discover, and

especially in their distinguishing trait of never being satisfied with success.

The Honorable Benjamin Garford, Daniel's uncle, whom he resembled, according to the incomprehensible vagaries of heredity, in form and temperament, had been a clear example of this boundless craze for real achievement. Though possessed of an ample fortune, he had, from his youth, devoted himself to scientific research and discussion. One of the most distinguished scholars of his day, honored by numerous European scientific bodies for discoveries in the field of electrical energy, his textbooks accepted as standards, twice minister to St. Petersburg and once to Paris, he summed up his life in one little phrase: "I die a disappointed man." This remark, incomprehensible to the multitude, should be retained as the key to Daniel's character—the passionate pursuit of an ideal linked

to an inevitable moment of self-appraisal and disillusion.

His life had been enveloped in storm, a whirling, breathless existence, with strange reversals of fortune, never quiet or long continuing along obvious lines. The quality of genius had always been in him from the lonely, tragic days of his boyhood—a disordered, tormented genius which had made him the sport of accidental influences. Dudley Garford, his father, in a moment of intense infatuation in his early twenties, had eloped with and married a beautiful Italian girl of distinguished parentage whom he had met in his travels, and this mixture of the virility of the Garfords with the warmth and color of the South had made a genius of the boy. To this fortuitous mingling of rich strains was added the awakening touch of early sorrow and a precocious comprehension of tragedy. What father and mother had consummated in a burst of wildness, they lived to destroy in bitterness. From the earliest years of their marriage, violent quarrels had broken out, due, at first, to the unreasoning espionage of passionate jealousy to which the wife subjected the husband, and, later, inevitably to a succession of rapid, volatile attachments into which the husband had been driven, first, by her intolerance; and, second, by the brilliant pleasure-loving qualities of his own forceful personality.

Daniel and his sister Theresa grew up in this unruly household, wide-eyed, wondering spectators of daily storms, culminating in one tragic evening when the mother, face to face at last with the acknowledged proofs of her husband's infidelity, had abandoned herself to such a tempest of blind rage that the two children, cowering against the wall, too frightened to do aught but cling to each other, were forced to witness the frantic struggle of their father with the mother who, in her hysteria, was bent on self-destruction. The scene (it had taken place in the nursery) remained in the boy's mind with the startling horror of a nightmare—the childish toys scattered on the floor, the words of hatred and anger which struck them cold, the frightful distortion on the face of their mother, the struggle for the possession of the knife, and then her exhaustion, the low meaning broken by hysterical gasps for breath. Then, weeks later, had come the parting, which he did not understand in the least, for which he could find

no childish reason. The little sister and the stately, resplendent mother had gone out of his life, and loneliness and silence had crept through the great house.

The boy grew up in this abandonment, brooding over memories, his imagination precociously awakened, forced into a searching of himself, self-sufficient, wandering into long explorations of the realms of the fantastic, telling himself stories at night, the despair and terror of a succession of tutors. What he saw and dimly comprehended during this period was a curious awakening to the conflict of the greed and passions of the later world. Many a night, unsuspected, he had stolen from his bed and secreted himself in the little balcony that looked down on the great drawing-room, gazing with a puzzled wonder on the tempestuous scenes of revel and license which hid the darker side of Dudley Garford's mercurial, triumphant public career. He saw his father with critical eyes, with an unhealthy knowledge beyond the weight of his years, and this hidden, critical spectatorship made life seem to him like some whirling, theatrical *danse macabre* of riotous emotions and vibrant colors.

Already the exotic multiplied sensations had become translated into the bent of his imagination. He had begun to model in clay, untaught, following queer fancies, struggling to the use of childish paints, understanding nothing of mediums but delighting his eyes with odd blendings and contrasts of colors, violent and barbaric in his instincts.

One night, in the weariness of his watching, he fell asleep in the balcony, was discovered, and the next week was bundled off to boarding-school.

His career at school was cut abruptly at the age of sixteen by the discovery of his infatuation for the daughter of one of his teachers, a woman many years his senior, with whom he had fallen violently, desperately in love, with all the unreason and blind adoration of a first passion. Brilliant, unruly, proud, delicate in health, and too absorbed in reading and the pursuit of his beloved painting, he had still about him a certain illuminating magnetism, a faith in his future, a trick of saying things others would never have said, of thinking strange thoughts that had even reached to the heart of the woman. To do her justice, she had never thought, for a moment, of taking

advantage of the boy's infatuation; yet the parting was difficult, and she herself suffered more than she showed.

For two years he was consigned to a ranch, to live in the open air, to harden to the weather, and grow in muscle and sturdiness, roaming the great stretches, sleeping in the open, discovering that, beyond the stone walls of the city, such miracles exist as the turning of the dawn, the riotous coming of the sun, the trackless map of stars, the restless stealing-in of the spring, and the haunting majesty of the turning leaves. All these sensations sunk deep into his fertile imagination. An artist exiled in a fight for health gave him the first lessons, and put him through the hard grind of mechanical preparation. From the first, he showed qualities which were to persist in his later work, an impatience with deliberate building and an impulse toward the dramatic interpretation of the instincts. His sketches were full of technical faults, and yet almost all held a certain charm, something out of the ordinary.

From this serene calm of the open plain and a life of simple moods, he was suddenly transplanted to college in the midst of a fast New York set, with possession of an allowance that was quite sufficient to send him headlong to his own destruction. The tendency to violent extremes which was instinctive in his character made him speedily the ringleader in the company of those who burned the midnight oil—but not in the pursuit of knowledge. In six months, Daniel had been twice warned by the faculty and had managed to run through the year's allowance. He applied for further funds to his father, who laughed and acceded, rather pleased, in his worldly way, that his son was sowing his wild oats in princely fashion. In his second year, his disordered existence had become so notorious that, after a certain episode which had figured prominently in the newspapers, wherein he had driven a coach over the front lawns of suburban Boston in the wee hours of the morning, he was summarily called before the faculty and given an opportunity to resign. On top of which came a telegram from New York, summoning him to his father's death-bed.

A certain mystery surrounded the death of Dudley Garford, which was officially given out as the result of an aggravated case of appendicitis. It was whispered that

he had come by a violent death, having been shot through the lungs by an outraged husband. Certainly the habits of his later life would not have made such a result an improbability.

Daniel had never known his father, conscious always, in the rare moments of their intercourse, of an insuperable barrier which lay between them in the memories of his boyhood. In the last months, they had even come to the verge of an open quarrel, when the father had discovered the strength of the son's artistic inclinations and had violently forbidden him a career which he looked upon with contempt.

Daniel now found himself his own master, with every avenue opened to his wish. He went to Paris. His mother, after the early death of his sister, had remarried and become the Duchesse de Senbach. Into this curious intermingling of international society which flaunts its vanities and worn passions, he entered with all the ardor of a healthy body and a lively imagination, still genuinely blinded with illusions. The artist in him which divides life into sensations again brought him into notoriety. He gave dinners as a grand duke might give; he lived in apartments with a retinue of servants, the cost of which was faithfully chronicled in the colored Sunday editions of his home papers, with printed references to the rake's progress. He was surrounded by a crowd of sycophants, shoddy race-track majors, princes down at the heels, and Balkan aristocrats of the gaming-tables, who fattened on his prodigality and led him into fresh excesses. He fell violently in love with a favorite of the *cafés chantants*, Nina de Mauban, believed in her devotion to him, conceived the quixotic idea of lifting her out of the muddled existence she led, and even announced their engagement.

The existence he had been living would have inevitably ruined him when a new turn arrived with the panic of '93. In a fortnight, due to the treachery of an executor, he found himself bankrupt. The news made a sensation here and abroad. The army of friends melted away. Creditors descended on him and drove him from his palace, and the woman he had adored departed overnight in the company of a Swedish count. When the news was brought to him, he began by flying into a paroxysm of despair and ended by bursting



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Quite a surprise, isn't it?" Garford said, with a laugh. She murmured something Bowden, and came slowly across the yellow Chinese rug.



inaudible. "What! You don't kiss me?" She looked at him a moment, looked at a long moment when she felt her knees sagging under her

The Woman Gives

into laughter. The next day, with the best of good humor, he packed up his effects and moved over into a studio in the Rue d'Assas, off the Luxembourg Garden. His mother gave him an allowance of one hundred dollars a month, which, in his new surroundings, was a fortune. In a month, he had found his happiness in a life of work among these democrats of the soul.

If he did not at once forget the woman, the memory of his existence of luxury never returned to embitter him. For years he lived with his comrades of the *atelier*, adopting their flowing dress and easy customs, a leader in their revelries but a madman for work, as completely divorced from his past existence as though he had died and been born again. The two experiences as a boy and as a man had left him distrustful of women or, at least, recoiling before the intense outpouring of emotion which love meant to him. During this long student-period, no woman touched his heart beyond a womanly sympathy. In fact, his attitude was the occasion of numerous jests among the more catholicly inclined, while those of more romantic persuasion did him the honor to ascribe it to the tragedy of a *grande passion*. His studio, which was magnificent for the quarter, became the refuge of the whole tribe of models and others whose living was even more precarious. At any hour of the day and night, they arrived for a bit of food, a night's shelter, or to give him their tragic confidence, and these flitting children of the sidewalks, cynical, hardened, and sly in their dealings with other men, would melt into tears or burst into angry tirades against the injustice of established order, sitting alone with him into the long night. They taught him much of their dreadful vision of mankind and suffering in such hours of confession, which he would never have known had he approached them differently. At the bottom, pity was too deep in his soul to have permitted any other sentiment. All adored him and one, Pepita, a little Spanish model, loved him with the love of a dog for its master. For his part, he took no credit for this open charity. As a matter of fact, it was a privileged glance into a hidden life that interested him intensely, that roused in him long periods of meditation and revolt, that was as much a part of the architectural structure of his artistic conscience as his boyhood, his life

on the prairies, his wildness at college, or his rapid plunge through the dissipations of the brilliant world. He became known, not only as an artist of bold and daring originality but as a man who thought and reasoned.

In his third year, an event came which occasioned a new outburst of public curiosity. An aunt died and left him a legacy of fifty thousand dollars. He reappeared in society in a brilliant renaissance, took up his old habits just as though nothing had happened, reassembled the former acquaintances, gave dinners and balls, and won enormous sums at baccarat. This lasted for almost two months, at the end of which a streak of luck set in against him, and he found himself again bankrupt. Seven weeks after his departure from the studio of the Rue d'Assas, he returned penniless but happy, and announced,

"Now, if no more aunts die, I shall become an artist."

His return was made a gala night; the quarter packed in to hear his adventures, and, in the end, the renegade was received back into the sacred enclosure, while his dress clothes and the offending hat were burned with imposing ceremonies.

When the death of his mother brought him a fortune, he remained true to his oath and the left bank of the Seine. By this time he had won his medals in the Salon and had achieved the honor of a private exhibition of water-colors which he had brought back from Algeria and the East. There were some critics who complained of the theatrical quality of his art, but all conceded the individuality and the boldness of his new conceptions. His sudden spring into fame was as instantaneous as all the other phases of his existence. Everything seemed to open ahead of him for a long and brilliant career of highest achievement, when fate, which had played him a dozen queer turns, intruded once more into his existence.

He was motoring along the Riviera, on a trip he had long planned to Venice and the galleries of Florence, when, as his car swerved out and around a jutting corner of rock, a sudden gust of wind caught his hat and whirled it into the lap of a young woman who was passing in a phaeton. This gust of wind decided his whole life. He fell in love with her at the first sight of her

wistful, Madonna-like face and trusting eyes, that, strangely enough, reminded him of the idealized vision of his boyhood. She was a *divorcée*, scarcely twenty-one, from the South, who had resumed her maiden name, Louise Fortier. He knew absolutely nothing about her except the story she told of childish innocence and the whims of a selfish libertine. Two weeks later, they returned to Paris engaged. He had thrown himself into this new experience without the slightest distrust, with the rapturous idolatry of the boy he was. He would not have permitted her to be discussed even by his most intimate friends, though, in fact, several made hints which he was too blind to perceive. They were married a month later. One painful incident occurred. Pepita, the little Spanish model who had been devoted to him for years, attempted to take her life by swallowing poison, and though her act was detected in time to save her, the occurrence cast a shadow over the wedding.

During the first months, he found himself incomprehensibly, riotously happy. He was charmed and bewildered by his wife. They made a romantic trip through Italy and into the East, during which she assumed subtly a great influence over his moods and ambitions. When they returned to Paris, he was more in love than ever; only, there was one thing which had gone completely out of his day, of which he never thought—his work. Their coming to New York was her suggestion. The return home was a triumph for him. For the first time, he tasted the completeness of personal success. His friends of the quarter who had returned before him hailed him as a leader. He became a personality; his eccentricities of speech and thought, the dramatic wildness, even, of his past life were now registered in his favor. He took a studio and began to work, and success continued his. Yet, at the bottom, he became conscious of a growing restlessness, of an inability to enjoy what he had won.

Gradually, the obsession which had clouded his vision had begun to lift from his eyes. He saw her as she was, this woman to whom he had chosen to fasten the chains of his existence. He was proud of her, of her charm, of the magnetism she exerted over other men, of the admiration she evoked in the brilliant, formal society into which she had led him, but he perceived,

at last, that she neither understood what he was working for nor was able to assist him in the least. He found himself divided against himself, as it were, leading two opposite lives.

He began to ask himself questions. He said to himself that he was famous and envied, that everything he did succeeded, and that yet he was not happy. He sought in himself some explanation. He recalled two sayings—one, that of his uncle who, at the end of a life heaped with honors, could say, "I die a disappointed man," and the remark of his old professor: "In art, the critical age is forty. Up to then, one can promise; after then, one must achieve." He began to feel this crisis in his life, to ask himself whether he had in him the strength to revolt, or whether he would renounce the ambitious flights of his old ideals in the easy satisfaction of what the public called success. For he perceived clearly that the fault lay in him, that he no longer lived in his art, that he served two gods, and that in this divided allegiance lay the death of all his struggling toward true greatness. He sought to make his wife understand and found a blank incomprehension. Then he tried to order his life on new lines, to divide the year into two parts, and to regain in solitary summers on unfrequented islands something of the old enthusiastic concentration.

But he found the habits of home, of pleasant friends, of the woman who held him by mysterious impulses were too strong, and he came to the day when he understood his uncle and said to himself:

"It is ended. I shall not do what I want to do. It is beyond me, as my life has been cast."

A profound melancholy came over him, and, in his secret heart, undivined by his closest friends, the cancer of disillusionment began to grow. His eccentricities increased. He had scenes with his wife in which he burst into violent tirades or scornful laughter which she could not understand. Though he never accused her, he repeated often bitterly to himself that his career was a sacrifice to the woman, who neither appreciated nor perceived the sacrifice.

During these years, he had never, for an instant, entertained the slightest suspicion of his wife. He gave her absolute faith. His theory of marriage was not as a reciprocal tyranny but as a free union. He did not

The Woman Gives

claim any right over her actions or attempt to limit her interests in other men. In the beginning he had explained himself at length.

"If the day ever comes when you find that you love another man, come to me and tell me," he said. "I shall not stand in your way, no matter how I may feel. Marriage exists only so long as it is voluntary on both sides. All I demand is that there should be no deceit, that each should remember the dignity of the other."

"If you say that, you don't love me," she said, laughing, but a little anxious.

"You are wrong; I love you in my own way."

She was silent quite a while, watching him.

"And if—if the other thing should happen," she said, pretending to make a jest of it. "If I did deceive you, what would you do?"

"Don't joke about such things," he said frowning; "I am serious, Louise."

Several times, as though to tease him, she came back to this question, but each time peremptorily he refused to discuss it.

He was not jealous, or, rather, he held jealousy unworthy of him. He would have scorned to exercise the slightest supervision over his wife's actions. On one occasion, when he had taken up a branch telephone, he had cut in on a conversation which would have aroused anyone but a man as blind or as loyal as he was. He had replaced the receiver. He would have been ashamed to listen, and even referred to it jestingly, without notice of the alarm which showed in her eyes. One afternoon, coming home contrary to his habit, he let himself into his apartment and stopped at the sound of voices from his wife's salon. He listened and discovered, without shadow of a doubt, that the man with whom she was arguing was her lover.

XXII

THE discovery of his wife's infidelity was so swift, so convincing, so utterly unexpected that every mental function seemed to stop. Garford stood still a long moment, doing absolutely nothing. Then his whole body was seized with a confusing fever; his heart seemed to swell within him and to leap against its walls. In a flash, his head cleared as though swept by a gust of wind.

He felt a tingling, throbbing sensation throughout his body, accompanying this abrupt mental clarity; all other sounds without him ceased. It was as though only one thing existed, something which echoed through his brain—one question: "What am I going to do?"

If he had gone in, he would have killed them, then and there, under his hands, one after the other, blindly, unreasoningly, in brute instinct, without knowing just what he was doing. Only a door stood between him and a crime. At this moment, the bell rang. On such trivialities destinies turn. The shrill, piercing sound recalled him to the outer world. He was able to add to the obsessing question in the hollow of his consciousness one other thought: "Some one is coming." Registering two perceptions, he became again a reasoning man. He withdrew softly, mounted to the mezzanine floor of the apartment, and went out.

When he had, in some measure, recovered control over his reason, the first emotion was one of complete stupefaction. Why had she done this? He had given her everything. He had given her even the sacrifice of his deepest ambitions without ever reproaching her. And he had been rewarded with the lowest deceit.

"Has a woman no gratitude?" he asked himself, in man's eternal miscomprehension of feminine motives.

This was the one thing he could not comprehend. He could not forbid her loving another. This was something in the domain of the instincts which might conceivably happen. But he had a right to demand that she should not strike him in his private honor. At first, no other thought came to him than that his wife loved the man whose voice he had recognized. That she could have been actuated by any other emotion was too horrible to contemplate. Yet he could not comprehend the choice.

"She loves him—Reggie Bowden—Bowden, of all men! How is it possible?" he kept repeating to himself.

Of all the men who surrounded her and paid her court, the discovery that he had been betrayed for young Bowden wounded him most. For Bowden was of the type he particularly detested, a trifle in all things, drifting through life on a family name, a smiling face, and a well-groomed body, social jester and leader of cotillions, a tyrant of the ballroom. That this man could

he preferred to him curiously enough humiliated him more than if her choice had been one who was her intellectual equal. The more he analyzed the situation, the more a tormenting doubt returned. A hundred trivial incidents of the past thronged to his memory with a new significance, until he felt he should go mad unless he knew the truth.

In three months, it lay before him in its multiplied, shameful detail—not only the present but the past, the record of her first marriage and even before. He went to the friends who, he remembered, had dropped vague hints and forced from them what they knew or suspected. Then, for the first time, it flashed over him how his name had been bandied about, a thing of mockery and light contempt, even to the point that he might have been held cognizant, and he said to himself in dull rage, "I was wrong; I should have killed her—that would have been my justification."

During these three months, there were moments when he felt himself perilously close to the borders of his sanity. Added to the disillusion and melancholy of the artist, the blow to the man himself had been so crushing and so penetrating that every illusion had gone as completely from his mental outlook as though, at a stroke, all colors had been lifted from the visible world. Only one thought upheld him: the idea of vengeance and the cleansing of his name. When he was completely satisfied with his investigations, he left ostensibly on a hunting-trip, returned to New York secretly, and, advised by his detectives, came to his apartment-building at night.

He tried the door with his latch-key and found it barred. He mounted to the mezzanine floor, tried the door, and found it locked. At that hour, the servants would have left the apartment. He descended, had himself taken up by the service elevator, and entered by the kitchen. He knew where he would find them. On the second floor was a little salon which gave into his wife's bedroom, from which it formed the only exit. They had just returned from the opera, the young man's coat and hat on a chair, the odor of a cigar in the corridors.

Bowden was alone, in an armchair by the little lamp, skimming a paper while waiting for Mrs. Garford to return from her bedroom. All at once, a sense of something unusual in the air made Bowden lower his paper and

glance up. At his side, the husband was standing. He started to his feet with a smothered exclamation, but a hand restrained him.

"Not a sound; I want to give her a surprise."

There was a smile on Garford's lips as he laid his finger across them in warning, but this smile terrified the lover. He felt himself trapped, unable to warn the woman, forced helplessly to await the moment of her reentry and the shock of her surprise. He did not make a sound, because he still hoped and because he was a coward. The two men remained thus a full five minutes without moving, awaiting her return. All at once, from the further room, a light voice began to hum an aria of the evening, broke off, and called out,

"Getting impatient?"

At these words, Bowden felt the blood running out of his veins. Then there came the rustle of a dress, and Louise, in an Oriental negligée of gold blended with greens and reds, came lightly to the door.

Garford had placed himself so that he could observe Bowden's actions in the reflection of a mirror, while turning his back to him. The young man's hand went up in frantic warning.

At the sight of her husband, she stood transfixed, unable to move or utter a sound, and the color went out of her face so abruptly that the dabs of rouge on her cheeks stood hideously out.

"Quite a surprise, isn't it?" Garford said, with a laugh.

She murmured something inaudible.

"What! You don't kiss me?"

She looked at him a moment, looked at Bowden, and came slowly across the yellow Chinese rug, a long moment when she felt her knees sagging under her.

"He knows," she said to herself. "Will he strangle me?" And she reached him and offered up her cold lips. He kissed them. At the moment his arms touched her, she could not repress a shudder.

"What's the matter?" he asked, looking at her.

"You frightened me," she said, in a whisper, her hand to her heart, for the test had been almost beyond her strength.

"What! I frightened you?"

"You know sudden surprises affect me like this," she said, trying to recover her wits.

The Woman Gives

"You don't ask me why I have come," he said quietly.

"Bad news?" she forced herself to say.

"You might call it that."

This gave Bowden his opportunity. He rose hastily.

"I hope it's not serious," he said glibly. "If you'll permit me—" He offered his hand. "I know you wish to talk this over alone. Mrs. Garford, I hope your headache will be better to-morrow. It was a shame to miss that last act."

He had quite recovered himself with the prospect of a flight that providentially opened to him. He bowed a little doubtfully to Garford, but the husband nodded and sat down. Bowden exchanged glances with the wife, slipped on his coat, and took up his hat. The woman looked at him in terror; she saw to the bottom of his soul, and comprehended that he was deserting her. Garford, meanwhile, had risen, gone to the table and turned, his arms folded, leaning against its side.

Bowden made a final bow and went to the door. Almost immediately he came back.

"Why, it's locked!"

"What's that?" said Garford, lifting his head.

"Why, it's locked!" said Bowden, who felt the room beginning to reel about him.

"Yes; I locked it."

Despite the uncanny sense of terror which began to creep over him, the young man managed to blurt out,

"But why—what does this mean?"

The woman, who understood by this time that she was fighting for her life, joined in his remonstrances.

"Dan—are you crazy? You can't act this way—what do you mean?"

Garford returned to the chair, and this nervous shifting did not escape her, or the straining of his clasped fingers held against his lips as he answered, with forced calm,

"You should know."

She tried, while gaining time, to turn it off lightly while assuming an attitude of frankness.

"Surely you don't object to Mr. Bowden's coming in here for a nightcap and a cigar! You are not as prudish as that, and if you were, you know I have done it a hundred times; that would be too ridiculous, Dan! You aren't going to make a scene over this!"

"Is that all you have to say to me—that

I should know?" he asked, when she had finished.

She bit her lip, tried to answer, and succeeded only in staring at him. She also began to be horribly afraid.

"And you, Mr. Bowden?"

The young fellow had an answer ready, glib on his tongue, but, at the look in the husband's eyes, it vanished. In the palms of his hands the perspiration began to flow. Before the avenging dignity in the glance of this man whom he had so many times smiled at in the satisfied disdain of the social freebooter, he felt himself, all at once, insignificant, as a chip of wood swept under a great surf. Louise understood that she could expect no help from him, and desperately began to counterfeit anger.

"I will not be insulted like this!" she cried furiously. "I demand that you open that door and end this absurd, this humiliating scene. I——"

"Stop!" he said roughly, and she comprehended how completely he dominated the scene by the cold weakness, the powerless sense of inaction which fell on her at the sound of his voice. "Tell Mr. Bowden what I laid down to you as the rules of our marriage."

"What do you mean?" she stammered.

"Tell him what I have told you I expected from you as my due."

"But I don't understand why—why——"

"Tell him!"

"Why, you said—you said," she faltered, "in case either of us found—no—no—this is too absurd——"

"Either of us found we had come to love another," he took up; "go on!"

"That we should tell the other," she said, hardly able to get the words out.

"Honestly and loyally," he broke in, "and that there should be no restraint on this liberty of choice as there could be no deceit out of respect for the other. Is that right?"

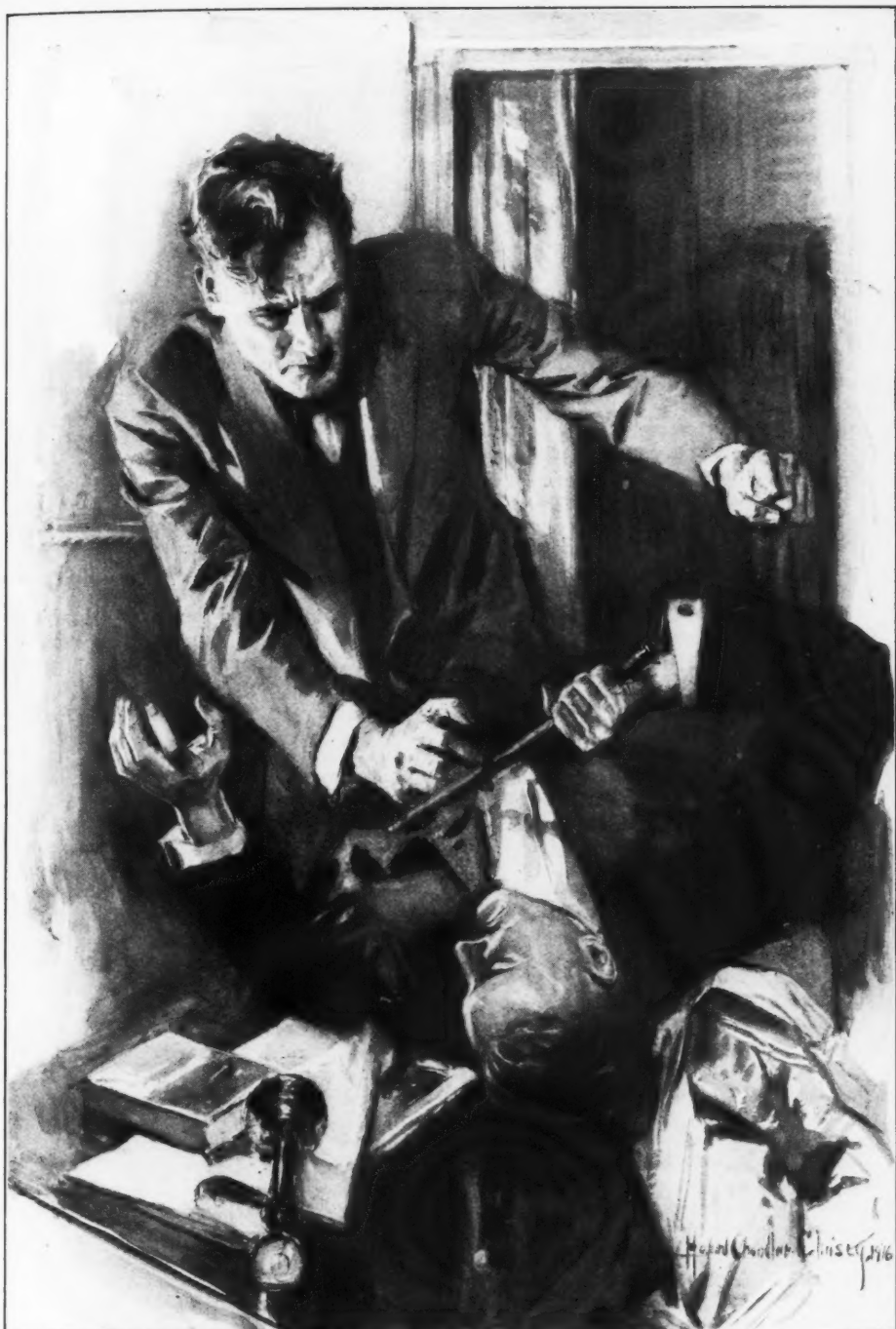
She nodded, staring at his arms and great hands, fearing their brute strength.

"You did not tell that to Mr. Bowden," he continued.

Bowden, who felt himself cornered, advanced, and said, with a last show of courage,

"Mr. Garford, I don't understand this scene in the least, and I must insist—insist, do you hear?—that you open that door."

Garford rose, and, though his voice still



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

He bent him backward over the table as though he had been a straw

The Woman Gives

maintained a certain calm, his hands twitched at his sides as he said,

"Bowden, you don't think this was an accident, do you?"

"Why, what—what do you mean?"

"I know!"

As he said this for the first time, the rage in his soul came thronging into the exclamation. He caught at a chair to steady himself. Bowden recoiled in terror; the woman, shrieking, flung herself at the feet of her husband, crying,

"Don't kill me, Dan; don't kill me!"

He stood swaying under the shock of her body against his knees, recovering his self-control, with a smile of contempt at the young coward shrinking against the wall, a moment that paid him back for the humiliation of months.

"I am not going to kill you—not yet," he said slowly. "Get up!"

She obeyed.

"This man is your lover, then?"

She looked at him, did not dare to equivocate, and bent her head in acquiescence.

"That is so, isn't it, Bowden?" he said, without doing him the honor to look at him.

"Yes."

"That is all that is necessary," he said; but the shock of the answers had been so intense that it was a moment before he could continue. "I shall trouble you only a minute. The case is quite plain. I am the third. You would have saved us all this if you had come to me openly."

Then she understood his object. She put out her hands frantically.

"You're going to divorce me!" she cried hysterically.

Bowden, by the table, still weak from the imminence of the horror which passed, took out his handkerchief and began to mop his brow.

"No. In our set, whatever happens, we do not fasten that stain upon the woman," Garford said. "You will divorce me—and at once. The cause will be desertion. After which, within forty-eight hours you will marry this man. These are my *orders*!"

"Marry—marry *him*!" she cried, suddenly perceiving the pitfall. "But I don't want—you can force a divorce—but you can't"—her voice broke—"you can't do that!"

Bowden, aghast before the prospect, cried,

"Absurd—no, no—absurd!"

"What!" said Garford, in a voice like thunder. "Do you mean to say you don't love him?"

She looked at her lover, bit her lip, started to speak, and all at once sat down, crossing her arms and looking at her husband as though she could murder him. She saw in a flash the completeness of his revenge, and she admired him that he could be so strong. Bowden, who did not seize the significance of the question as quickly as the woman, saw only the ridicule that would face him in a marriage with a woman whose intrigues had been common gossip. The fear of ridicule gave him a touch of courage which nothing else could have aroused. He broke out furiously.

"This is too ridiculous—and it's none of your business!"

"Bowden, look out!" said Garford, beginning to grow hot. "Do you mean to tell me that, when I eliminate myself, you refuse to marry her?"

"I refuse," he said doggedly; at which the woman swung about, mortally humiliated, and gave him a look of undying hatred.

"You refuse?" said Garford, between his teeth.

"I do."

"Then, just what have you been doing here, Mr. Bowden?" he said slowly, and gradually, with his eyes on the other, his feet crept over the rug. All at once he saw red, caught the young man as he turned to escape, and, his hands at his throat, bent him backward over the table as though he had been a straw. Louise, even at such a moment, with the dread of society before her eyes, was shrieking.

"Don't kill him; don't kill him, Dan!"

Bowden's eyes began to bulge and his face to go purple. He made a frantic sign of surrender and fell choking to the floor.

"Well?" said Garford.

"I will—anything—anything!"

"Within forty-eight hours after my name is freed, you marry this woman! What she does from then on will be on your name—not mine." He looked a moment, even with a fierce leap of triumph, at the cringing body of the man who had humiliated him in his secret pride. "I'm not going to take any promise from you—but I think you understand now what I will do if my orders are not carried out to the hour." And as

Bowden made no answer, he put out his foot in a crowning insult and stirred the abject body. "Do you?"

"Yes; yes!"

"Good!" He turned to the woman, who had waited this outcome in stubborn terror. "I have made certain investigations. Would you like your future husband to know what I know?"

"Quite unnecessary," she said, looking down.

"That means you will do exactly as I say."

She nodded.

"As for what you are thinking," he said, with a final quixotic disdain, "don't worry. You will not need for money. The day after your marriage I will settle my income on you." And as she looked up with a start she couldn't restrain, he added, with a scornful gesture of his thumb at Bowden, "I am buying him for you—to keep my name clean!"

XXIII

THE reaction from the finality of this scene drove Garford into a high fever. The shock to his nervous system, already under constant pressure during the preceding weeks, had culminated in the outburst of that moment when he had held Bowden's head in his hands and watched it go purple. For a week, the pulsation of his heart increased to such an alarming velocity, filling his lungs as fast as his gasping breathing could discharge the air, that the doctor, fearing for his life, had him conveyed to a hospital. It was here that Doctor Fortier, working behind the scenes of the consultation-room, had made his first attempt to have him placed in an asylum.

His wife's brother had consistently remained in the background. He had seen him only at rare intervals, and always with a sensation of dislike which amounted to a physical antipathy. Between the sister and brother, each a daring climber, filled with the contempt of petty obstacles, there were queer, unspoken comprehensions. Doctor Fortier had branched into other fields beyond the narrow limits of his profession. His name had been associated with land-development schemes and promoting syndicates. He had prospered, grown wealthy, risked too much, been bankrupted, and had

slowly wormed his way back along the speculative highway. He made no pretense at morality, disdaining, in the boldness of his nature, the cloak of hypocrisy that others assumed before the world. In the present case, he flung himself into the battle for his sister's future without a restraining scruple.

Among the crowd of admirers who surrounded Louise Fortier was a certain direct and unworldly person, David Macklin, made rich into the millions by a casual freak of nature, which stored treasures of oil beneath the tax-ridden farms of his ancestors. Louise Fortier, with the instinctive sense of defense of the woman, even toward the undivined dangers of the future, had assumed toward this blunt and simple nature an attitude of grateful comradeship. She consulted him on trivial decisions; she assumed the frank intimacy of a privileged confidant, and she confided in him the burden of her imaginary woes. He had the self-made man's contempt for conventionalities. When he fell in love with her, he thought of only one thing: carrying her off, breaking the chain that bound her, by a divorce he would try to make her his own. She checked him, well pleased, satisfied for the present to have him in reserve. When she had seen the apparition of her husband, after the first cold fear for her own safety, even mingled with her terror had been the thought: "If I can only escape, there is still Macklin." Hence her horror when she had perceived the full extent of Garford's revenge, and the ridicule which would fasten on her with a marriage to a social idler ten years her junior.

The crisis which faced her astute, practical mind left her under no illusions. She understood the society in which she moved, the enemies she had made, and the revenge they would attempt. With the gossip already clinging to her name, marriage to Bowden meant also social ostracism. In the catastrophe which threatened, she needed a cloak of at least twenty millions, for there are well-defined degrees in society's tolerance. To save herself by Macklin, she was ready for anything—any lie, or any humiliation.

Doctor Fortier, consulted, had immediately evolved the daring plan of having the husband declared insane, a course not so difficult as it seemed, on account of the many known eccentricities of his character

and the final disorder into which the discovery of his wife's true character had thrown him.

A chance remark of one of the attending nurses, the mere dropping of Doctor Fortier's name, had aroused Garford's suspicions. He questioned adroitly and learned that his brother-in-law was of the hospital staff. Once on his guard, he noticed the constant surveillance over his actions, his words, habits, even to the silent moods of the day. He divined the pitfall and the danger, not only to himself but to his cherished scheme of revenge, suddenly calmed the fever of excitement, and ended the torturing nights of insomnia. To the surprise of everyone, his pulse became normal again; he slept, and all signs of mental irritation vanished. Three days later, he walked out of the hospital, apparently cured.

The realization of the peril he had escaped left, however, a haunting memory, even an inner dread of the possibility of a mental breakdown. The shadow of Doctor Fortier seemed constantly close to him, spying on his movements with cynical, exultant expectancy, biding the opportune moment. Two further attempts had been made to seize him by force, one at the bachelor apartment where he had taken up his residence, and the second at his home, where he had been decoyed by an urgent message from his wife. Each attempt had failed—the first, due to the accidental arrival of friends; the second, to a warning which had come to him from some unknown source—from a servant, perhaps, to whom he had been kind. In the suspense in which he was living, he plunged into the oblivion of dissipation at a pace which only his extreme impulses could carry him, until his excesses had become notorious. His lawyers represented to him that such public outbursts could not fail but play into the hands of his enemies, who would be able to demand his commitment with every degree of plausibility. He then resolved to pursue his galloping way to destruction in some convenient hidden outpost of the city, and, seeking to hide his identity under the name of Dangerfield and to disappear completely, had come to Teagan's Arcade. Despite the pleadings of his lawyers, he had insisted on the full quixotic program of flinging his fortune into the faces of those who had wronged him, knowing well that they

would humiliate themselves to the point of accepting it in some convenient disguise. Also, he had come to hate the very idea of money, which had never come into his life but to disorganize it, which had so often dragged him from the inspired simplicity of his artist's isolation into the disillusioning and fatiguing notoriety of the brilliant, rushing world.

The suit for divorce had been forced on his wife by his threat to bring an action himself, with all the consequent publicity of details. She recoiled before this and accepted the inevitable. As a matter of fact, she comprehended that a divorce was necessary; indeed, she had welcomed it in her new-found ambition to marry Macklin. She hoped that, with time, the determination of her husband would turn from the ultimatum he had delivered, particularly as she knew that his lawyers, in their effort to save the quixotic artist from robbing himself, were urging him to be satisfied with a divorce which would carry with it no financial imposition. When gradually she perceived the character of his obsessed resolution, she determined on a decisive step. Whatever the advice of her counselors, she had never, for a moment, the slightest doubt what he would do in case she dared to disobey him. This was the situation the night of the boxing party, when the door had suddenly opened to Dangerfield upon the unwelcome figure of his wife.

The last visitor had crowded awkwardly out of the studio; the door had closed, and they remained standing, face to face. She turned, drew the bolt, flung back the heavy veil which protected her, and said gently, "Put on your things first, Dan."

"What do you want? Why do you come here?" he said, frowning, lowering angrily at her, the clumsy gloves still on his hands.

"To throw myself on your mercy," she said, dropping her hands in a hopeless surrender. "To do anything you want."

"Anything but one," he cut in.

"Anything but one," she said, in a whisper, and her hands closed in tension at the slender throat.

The evil passion of revenge momentarily possessed him, at the thought that this woman who had so often mocked him in her heart as an easy dupe had, at last, come here to taste the bitterness of humiliation herself, in order to escape the fate he had



She took her time, assuring herself that all trace
of her emotion had disappeared

commanded. He wished to enjoy this reversal of the rôles, and, in an ugly mood, turned his back on her, walked over to the couch, and flung himself into a sweater. She watched him, without moving, until he had returned and faced her, and, from the cruelty in his eyes and the smile over his lips, she comprehended how hopeless was her mission. An inspiration came to her. She said rapidly,

"Wait until you understand why I have come."

"Why have you come?" he said, smiling, expectant of the lie.

She was able to shudder, counterfeiting a physical repulsion so finely that he was half deceived.

"First, to tell you that I will not accept a cent of that money from you. I may be everything—but I am not—that!" she said, looking down to avoid his eyes. "You

can make me marry Bowden, but, if you do, I shall never touch a cent of your money."

"So you have made up your mind to marry him?"

"If you insist, I have no choice," she said, without resistance.

He thought,

"H'm, this is the first stage."

Aloud, he said,

"My dear

Louise, if you

do not marry

him, you admit that you are a——"

He hesitated, in his disgust, before the word to characterize her action.

"I admit it all," she said.

A flash of anger shook him at the thought. He said angrily:

"You may. I do not. I

do not admit to you, to Bowden, or to the world that the woman who bears my name can be such a creature. That is the point."

She sat down on the edge of a chair, checked at her first attempt, staring at the carpet, her lips compressed, her agile mind racing ahead, conscious of the cruel enjoyment with which he watched and waited.

"There is no use in going on," he said, after a moment's silence. "This interview is very painful to me."

She made no answer, though her slender-shaped eyebrows came into a closer contraction which sent little furrows shooting over her forehead and brought drawn lines down to her lips. He did not insist. He was curious, with the sense of some impending danger. Why had she come—the true, the final reason which would emerge at the end? At this moment, she raised her eyes and fixed her glance on him in a long, penetrating stare.

"She has come to see if I am drinking myself to death." The thought flashed over him. He smiled, and said coldly, "Never fear—I shall hold out!"

Whatever the thought in her mind, she rose, glanced around the room, and her fingers closed over her throat as though overcome with emotion.

"It's too frightful for words!" she said.

"What is?"

"What I have done," she said, in a whisper. "To find you here in such a place." She went to the window which gave over the roofs, raised the shade on that forlorn prospect, and pulled it down again with a shudder. Prepared as he was for duplicity, he did not, at that moment, suspect the motive of this reconnoitering. She came back, drawing her hand over her eyes.

"I deserve no mercy," she said, staring away from him.

"But you have come here to get it," he said cynically.

"Yes."

"It is useless."

"If I agree to the divorce—it is as good as granted—why do you insist on my marrying Bowden?"

"For the honor of my name," he said angrily. "I do not deny you the right to love another; but I do not acknowledge that you can soil my honor by a vulgar deception. If I had believed otherwise that night, I should have killed you."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Then kill me now."

"Then what you were had still power to hurt me," he said coldly.

She fell into silence again before this check to the outburst she had prepared. At the end, she said slowly,

"Is it to punish me or to cleanse your name?"

"To cleanse my name," he said emphatically.

A ray of light appeared to her.

"You wish whatever I do in the future to be done under another name than yours."

"Precisely."

"Very well; I am ready to marry immediately, in the forty-eight hours, as you require—but not Bowden."

He was caught unawares. He asked himself rapidly who it could be whom she had been able to dominate thus in her moment of peril, and, carried away by this curiosity, he said,

"Who is it?"

"Mr. David Macklin wishes to marry me the moment I am free."

"Macklin!" he exclaimed, his astonishment so visibly naive that she was hard put to it to check a smile. "Well, that is a surprise."

"Why?"

"I had not counted on Macklin," he said cynically. "If he is another one, I knew nothing of it."

"He has never been my lover—really—if that is what you mean," she said quickly.

He looked at her, at this strange woman who had lived so many years by his side, and even as she, in the scene of her confession, had yielded him an involuntary tribute for his mastery of the scene, he felt an almost animal admiration for the genius of fascination in her which could achieve such a stroke in the moment of her humiliation.

"I wonder what story you could have told him," he said, yielding frankly to this impulse.

"That is not the point," she said indifferently. "But, first, I want you to know me as I am. Your detectives have told you much. It is nothing to the reality."

"Is it possible there is more?" he said coldly.

"You shall judge; I shan't withhold anything," she said heavily, and lines of age and weariness came into her face as she doggedly came to her decision. "You will

loathe me, but you will understand why I am as I am. I don't ask you to take me back; I admit I cannot be true to any man."

Deceived by his silence, counting on the gentleness and charity in his nature, seeking the dramatic appeal to his sympathies, perhaps with a wild hope that she might paint such a picture that he would turn from his revenge by the very revulsion of his loathing, she began a story of a distorted childhood, of a corrupt and venal home, a terrible, incomprehensible history which he, held though he was by the whispered tragic procession of ghoulis memories, did not entirely believe. The first leaden, sullen attitude continued in the mechanical, colorless recital. The tears, one by one, rose in her eyes and traveled slowly down her cheeks without a note of suffering breaking into her voice. He listened, fascinated, incredulous, asking himself if human artifice could invent such a history.

"That was my childhood. The rest—nothing else matters," she said, with a shrug of her shoulder. "You know the rest—half of it. Could you expect anything else?" She took out her handkerchief—her voice had not risen—and carefully suppressed the tears gathered in her eyes. Then she extended her hands in a little movement of appeal.

"Well?"

There was a long, tense silence.

"What a monster!" he said, at last.

She believed that she had won, that she had humbled herself so low in this hideous confession that she was now beneath his contempt. She flung herself at his feet, clinging to them, crying,

"Dan, Dan, let me go—let me go—don't drag us both down!"

"Drag you down!" He burst into a wild laugh.

She rose, abruptly disillusionized, and looked at him as though she would spring at his throat.

"Keep on looking at me like that," he said coldly. "Now we have the truth!"

"I swear—" she began vehemently.

"Don't," he cut in. "I don't believe you, and if I did, a thousand times more reason why you should have played square with me."

She knew that she had lost, even at the moment when, in her self-admiration for the *tour de force* she had invented, she had

felt that success must be hers. She saw a side of the man she had never suspected, the side which no woman perceives until she is on the point of losing the man who has lived at her side, and she said to herself, "I have underrated him."

"Louise, I told you a lie," he said. "I wish to punish you. That is the truth. I have that in me, too." He felt the rapid mounting of his pulse, the inner, raging excitement starting up, and he checked the cruel words which were on his tongue, afraid of where an outburst of passion would fling him, saying instead, "Are you through?" She looked at him and began to laugh. "That is better," he said cynically.

"I did not lie to you," she said abruptly.

"Perhaps not entirely."

"You won't change, then?"

He shook his head.

She drew a long breath, went over to the dressing-table and rearranged her hair which, at the moment when she had thrown herself at his feet, had become disarranged. She took her time, adjusting many little trifles, assuring herself that all trace of her emotion had disappeared. When she returned to where he had waited motionless, she said:

"I'm sorry. It's all very foolish. You are ruining yourself." He took up her coat and held it to her. "I shan't trouble you again," she continued. "It is final, isn't it?"

He opened the door, aware of the hammering at his heart and the dangerous tension of all his nerves.

"Too late—I've said it—you've got just four days more."

"I've been a fool. It is useless to ask you to forgive me. I do, though," she said bitterly enough, yet to him the motion seemed counterfeit.

He laughed a scornful laugh.

"With all your cleverness, you're not clever enough. You should have known the man you're dealing with."

The next moment they were in the hall, and he perceived that they had been overheard.

The rest is known—her attempt to lure him down-stairs to where Doctor Fortier and his aides were waiting (an attempt frustrated by the intuition of Inga and the interference of O'Leary), Dangerfield's alarm at the menace he felt about him, his



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Her elbows on the table, her little curved chin on the backs of her hands, rather Egyptian in the immobility of



her pose and the baffling quality of her expression, she followed the dance without distinguishing the dancers

enforced abstinence, and the obsession that gradually took possession of him that he was being watched, an obsession which was justified by the subsequent attempt which nearly succeeded in delivering him into the hands of Doctor Forrier. The constant thought of the outer danger raised up in his soul the fear of the inner thing, that something worse than death which, at times, in his physical weakness seemed to cry out in the hollow of his brain. When he had whispered to Inga the thing he feared, he had but hinted at the inner torment through which he was passing. To hold on to himself a little longer, to realize the vengeance he had determined was his sole engrossing thought, and then, one way or the other, to pull the numbing clouds of oblivion about his head and sink out of sight—a failure. For he had reached that utterly hopeless point in the life of a man of talent when he has seen everything, been everything, hoped everything, and come to utter disillusionment, too profound in artistic vision to trick himself into vain hopes, too keen in worldly knowledge not to perceive the tragedy of what might have been. Had the wreck of his home come before the surrender of his vision, he would have reacted, forgotten all in the return to untrammelled simplicity and dedication to work. The contrary was true, and, in the whole world, there was nothing to fall back on—no object, and no living person. With Inga, he felt strange actions and reactions. In her presence, the quiet, unquestioning devotion of her personality roused him sometimes to moments of vain regret. He had even said to himself that such a personality, absolutely devoted, demanding nothing but to serve him, unflinching in her loyalty, would have been the companion he craved and needed. He often thought bitterly that it was the final irony of fate that, in the end, in such an abandoned corner of the world, he should have found her—too late.

Yet he was not conscious of any feeling of love. Inga was still an unknown and uncharted land to him, to which, at times, the instinct of self-preservation blindly inclined him. Nor could he fathom the feeling that had sent her to his assistance. He was grateful to the point that he would not for the world have left a bruising memory on her young life, and yet, at times, at the thought that in her silent watching, her

unquestioning devotion, there lay a deep, unfaltering determination to turn him aside from his fixed purpose, he felt a fierce revolt, an angry antagonism at her growing ascendancy. This was the situation on the night when, mercifully confused in memory and perceptions, he had stumbled back into his studio, mocking at destiny, and found her waiting.

XXIV

WITH the numbed sense of outlines and of jumbled conceptions which he felt, he had obeyed a sullen instinct of revolt when he had drawn her from the studio to plunge again into the heavy slumber of the city. He had a confused idea that, in this groping flight through deserted midnight regions, he would find some way to discourage her, to shake off this uncomplaining obstacle to his liberty of decision. The long stone flights of steps down which they groped their way put forth hollow, echoing protests which mounted behind them as they sank deeper into the cavernous descent, until they emerged into the arcade, wan and still with its faint, watery glass sides and dripping vines, and, ahead, Broadway yawning at the entrance.

Dangerfield strode on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and, following the whim of the moment, turned westward toward the river. A late car roared down the long vista and fled, retreating in softening rumbles. The street was empty, and the acute sound of their steps struck in fantastic distortion against the city of silence. A policeman, from the shadow of a doorway, studied them with suspicion. Above them, mysterious leviathans—swollen gas-towers—spread black bulks against the sprinkled night. He stopped and turned on Inga, seeing her white face dimly in the flickering street.

"So you are following me?" he said angrily.

"Please."

She moved a little closer, her hands clasped and at her throat, in her voice that low, almost guttural note of soothing appeal which she knew had the charm of quieting him. He stared at her blankly, confusing her with other voices and other memories, and, in the end, with a nervous shake of his head, strode away, apparently oblivious of her presence.

The tenements closed in over them, putting forth their heavy, crowded smells. A random fruit-stand glowed at their sides, its drowsy guardian snoring behind glass partitions; beyond him, a senseless body, wrapped in rags, huddled in the warmth of a "family entrance;" shouts, curses, laughter rolled out from a blinded back parlor, and, all at once, a stream of yellow shot across the oozing black of the street. They stopped abruptly; from the doorway an old man reeled forth, and by his side, guiding his hand, a child—an unearthly child with an aureole of golden hair. He came opposite, lurched almost on them, touched them with a groping hand, and passed, grumbling. He was blind. Dangerfield began to laugh with that short, blood-freezing laughter of his, which was the cry of all the bitterness within his soul. Inga shuddered and momentarily clung to his arm, turning to watch the child and the drunkard fading into the gloom.

"Afraid?" he said triumphantly.

"No, no—memories," she said involuntarily.

"You?" he said, staring at her.

She nodded, her grip on his arm tightening.

"I remember," she said, in a whisper.

"She remembers," he repeated to himself, incapable of ordering his ideas, vastly impressed by an emotion he could not have defined, for he added, "She, too—leading me." And, as though the figure of the child had become merged into the hundred and one shifting memories which walked, dissolved, and returned to his side, he stalked on, his hand on the girl's shoulder, heavy with his weight. Everything became confused in his mind—Paris, Rome, Florence, London, New York, the crowded Boulevards, the Thames Embankment, and the outer fortifications. The blurred uprise of the gas-works settled into the age-worn outline of the Forum, and the next moment, with the wet breath of the river on his face and the vigilant lights of the Palisades bright in the air, he was skirting the Arno, with Fiesole mingling with the stars.

The cold touch of the river wind momentarily revived him. Slowly the Arno faded from his vision. He stood, in puzzled, dawning comprehension, on the long waterfront, with its sleeping docks and nodding mastheads. Beyond lay the tragic depths of the river, rolling away like the tears of

multitudes, luminous insects crawling back and forth. At his feet, straggling trucks were rumbling heavily; a few all-night cafés, far-spaced, streaked the broad avenue with their gleaming fingers. He shrank back into the city, into the phantasmagoria which closed over his eyes and roared on his senses, back on Broadway once more, with its occasional taxi, bright with late revelers.

At Sixty-first Street, he halted before the revolving facets of the entrance to Costello's. The footman without saluted him and called him by name. A few parties, with sudden bursts of white satin and colored brilliance, were leaving the noisy salons. Others, returning from earlier rounds of gaiety, were pressing through like fluttering, many-tinted butterflies.

"I'm going in," he said sullenly.

"If you want to," she answered.

He had expected resistance. Compliance irritated him. The next moment, they were in the anteroom, dazed by their abrupt transition from the bleakness of the slums into this fragrant, warm nest of indolence and luxury, aware of perfumed currents, glowing bodies, and the seduction of rioting rhythms. They mounted in an elevator to a privileged room, where all sensations seemed mingled in the confusion of the awakening senses, where, for a moment, Inga was uncomfortably conscious of the dark, incongruous blot her sober attire made against the swarming flood of color. A waiter, unimpressed, was preparing a hostile answer when Costello himself came up with hand outstretched at the sight of Dangerfield. He turned to the girl, greeting her cordially.

"Glad to see you here again; haven't seen you for a long time."

"A table, Costello."

"Get you one right away, Mr. Garford."

At his magic touch, they found themselves advantageously placed by the open floor where the dancers crowded and swept against them. Dangerfield ordered a bottle of champagne and turned to her.

"Funny mistake Costello made."

"What?"

"Acted as though he knew you."

"Yes; I used to come here—it amused me occasionally."

"You, Inga?"

"Why not?" she said, opening her eyes.

"After all, why not? Queer, though," he said stupidly, but he continued to stare at

her as though this were a manifestation stranger than the riot of cities and the visions through which he had come.

She did not refuse the glass of champagne he poured her, but after raising it to her lips, put it down and did not touch it again. Among this incredible crowd, made up of the extremes of society—women of the world seeking refuge from boredom, and courtesans giving themselves the dignity and manners which, in their covetous ignorance, they associated with conventional society, there were many who knew Dangerfield, who stared in impudent amazement or discussed him in whispers with sidelong glances. A number of men came up and greeted him boisterously.

"Want to dance with them?" he asked, nodding to her.

She shook her head.

"Not to-night."

The spectacle began to bore him. He complained of the champagne and changed his order. She gave no word of suggestion, watching him with occasional stolen glances, wondering at his control. Her elbows on the table, her little curved chin on the backs of her hands, rather Egyptian in the immobility of her pose and the baffling quality of her expression, she followed the dance without distinguishing the dancers, quite unconscious of the curiosity she awoke, serious, and on her guard. When friends of his sought her as a partner or tried to engage her in conversation, she answered in a few quiet words without looking at them. They soon unde stood, from a glance at her companion, what her rôle must be, and importuned her no further. When she least expected it, Dangerfield rose impatiently and departed.

"How futile that all is!" he said angrily, when they were again on the sidewalk. "Think they're having a good time—bah!" He swayed for the first time and caught her shoulder, drawing his fingers tightly over his temples. "My brain is rocking," he said.

"The air will do you good. Walk a little."

He made an effort, took a long breath, and opened his eyes.

"You still here?" he said, frowning.

She nodded.

"Why do you follow me like this?" he said peevishly.

"Because I care what happens to you."

"That is ridiculous!" he said loudly.

He stared a moment at her with his wild-animal stare, and, all at once, as though he had found a way to get rid of her, started down Eighth Avenue. They arrived at Columbus Circle with the first muddled grays of the dawn creeping in above the whitening electric signs, then passed under the elevated as a train shrieked and roared above them in its burning flight. A touring car went whirring past them, defiant of speed-laws, skidded dangerously, righted itself, and disappeared. Scavengers were already turning over the refuse in waiting ash-cans as they struck into a side street and stopped before an iron grill under the colored electric sign, "Mantell's." A little man with ratty eyes and black wisps of hair streaking the bald dome of his head shuffled to the gate and squinted at them cautiously before slipping the chain.

The low rooms were swept with drifting gray-blue smoke clouds; upholstered benches were against the walls, where oldish women, worn with the fatigue of the night, were smiling their red smiles at fatuous youngsters. Three or four foreign-looking groups, swarthy men with enormous women, were in corners, placidly engaged in their own affairs as though this were the most respectable of family resorts. A mechanical piano in a further room drummed out hideous dance-music to swirling groups in frank abandon. Dangerfield was no longer conscious of anything but an angry determination to revolt, to be free of all encumbrance. It seemed to his fuddled imagination that it was no longer Inga at his side, but something strangely akin to his conscience, defiantly pursuing him out of the past of his youth and illusions, malignantly and maliciously clinging to him. Somehow, somewhere, he must rid himself of this impossible burden, crush it down, and cast it aside.

The more Inga continued silent and without remonstrance, the wilder his resentment mounted. He continued to drink of the poisonous, rank beverages served at extortionate prices. Many stared at them and discussed them openly, but no interference was offered. There was something so combustible and wild in his attitude that there, at least, no one was under illusions as to the danger. In half an hour, the spirit of restlessness in him drove him out into the streets again. He was so befuddled now that he could not remember her name,



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

All at once, Inga awoke with a sense of fear. Dangerfield was standing by her chair

calling her Pepita, imagining that she was the little Spanish model of the Latin Quarter who had tried to kill herself.

All at once, a horror of the city, of its sham brilliance paling against the graying sky, of its oppressive stone prisons, possessed him with a longing for flight. He strode down into the subway and took a West Farms train. In the car which they entered, a score of persons were wearily grouped, half of them asleep. Dangerfield seated himself in a corner, nodded, and went to sleep. When they reached the end of the line, Inga awoke him with the help of the guard, and asked him what he wanted to do.

He got up suddenly and walked down the long steps to the street. They were in the open spaces of the upper city; a few milk-wagons were passing at rare intervals; about them was the feeling of the rediscovered earth in long, empty, grass-grown lots. He had not spoken a word. Suddenly he stopped and turned, with a new menace in his voice.

"Well—had enough?"

"I'm not tired," she said, shaking her head and meeting his look steadily.

"We'll see," he said, and started off so furiously that, for a time, she was put to it to keep up with him. At the end, from the need of taking breath himself, he stopped and wheeled on her.

"What—you're still there!"

"Yes."

She forced a smile, and this smile completed his exasperation.

"Why won't you let me go?" he cried, in an outburst of rage. "You let me go, do you hear? Dogging and sneaking about me! What right you got—what business is it what I do? No one shall stop me—no one, do you hear?" He advanced threateningly on her. "Had enough of interference—d'you understand? You let me go now—let me go or I'll—"

The next instalment of *The Woman Gives* will appear in the June issue.

Midway in a gesture, as he raised his hand to seize her, his legs shook under him, his voice stopped in his throat, he heaved forward, backward, then down on his face, and lay still in a crumpled mass.

She bent down swiftly, examined him, perceived that he was completely drunk, and rose to look for help. It was nearing six o'clock, but the houses were still closed against the night. Near her, at a corner saloon, a studded glass sign announced,

BOSTWEILER'S PRIVATE HOTEL.

She hesitated a moment before the squalor and sordidness of the hotel entrance, divining the hideousness into which she had chanced, shuddered, and rang the night-bell. A colored doorman, sleeping somewhere in the green-lit hallway, called sleepily,

"Come right in!"

She knocked again and again with insistent, angry knocks until he came, stumbling and rubbing his eyes, to the door. He smelt horribly of cheap whisky. With his aid, she got Dangerfield in and up-stairs. The watcher grinned knowingly, and, rather than enter into explanations, she hastily thrust a bill into his hand and dismissed him. Dangerfield, on the bed, was still unconscious. The room was tawdry, the carpet in shreds, the gas-fixture bent, and the blistered furniture covered with cheap, soiled imitation lace. She locked the door and drew a sofa before it, opened the windows, and sat down in a rocking-chair, her head racked with weary pains, watching the drabs and grays as they scurried before the gorgeous cavalcade of the victorious sun.

All at once, Inga awoke with a sense of fear. Dangerfield was standing by her chair, or rather the specter of Dangerfield looked at her with drawn lips and pasty face, with twitching nerves. It was late afternoon.

George Ade's next Fable in Slang,

which tells of *Prince Fortunatus who moved away from Easy Street* and *Silas the Saver who moved in*, will appear in

June *Cosmopolitan*.

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

Elsie and the Great Sacrifice



PHOTOGRAPH BY
VICTOR ADAMS

ELSIE FERGUSON has scored another big success in Hall Caine's drama, "Margaret Schiller." She plays the part of a girl who sacrifices her life for love.

Dainty



862

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

May Naudain

CAMPBELL
STUDIOS



MAY NAUDAIN has re-
turned to the musical-
comedy stage as the charming
heroine of the opera, "Katinka."

PROPOSED BY H. H. HITE

CAMPBELL STUDIOS

863

A



PROTAGONISTI DI NELLE

Singing Sybil



PHOTOGRAPH BY KADANE



PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

JULIA SANDERSON, in "Sybil," is again a member of the famous triple-star combination, "Julia and Donald and Joe," as George M. Cohan's song has it. She plays an English girl who ensnares the heart of a Russian army officer.

Very Good

WITH her Arline Chase sings and dances comedy, "Very Good good in a vaudeville came to her to do even



Arline!

auburn hair and dark eyes, is a captivating picture as she through the new musical Eddie. She was making very sketch when this opportunity better on the legitimate stage.



The Summer Girl



MARION DAVIES, who impersonates Summer in "Stop! Look! Listen!" is a chestnut-haired, blue-eyed beauty, whose appearance on the stage is the realization of a childhood dream.

The Soul-Analysis

Psychoanalysis is a method of treatment for nervous disorders of psychic origin by which the causes are revealed by the patient's own testimony. In this story, Craig Kennedy makes some application of it in order to get a clue to the "soul-wound" from which an unfortunate woman is suffering. With this knowledge, the aid he is able to extend is successful, thanks to a new scientific instrument, the possibilities of which the reader will be able to appreciate.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Treasure-Train," "The Truth-Detector," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"**H**ERE'S the most remarkable appeal," observed Kennedy, one morning, as he tossed over to me a letter. "What do you make of that?" It read:

Montrose, Conn.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR KENNEDY:

You do not know me, but I have heard a great deal about you. Please, I beg of you, do not disregard this letter. At least try to verify the appeal I am making.

I am here at the Belleclaire Sanatorium, run by Doctor Bolton Burr, in Montrose. But it is not a real sanatorium. It is really a private asylum.

Let me tell my story briefly. After my baby was born, I devoted myself to it. But, in spite of everything, it died. Meanwhile, my husband neglected me terribly. After the baby's death I was a nervous wreck, and I came up here to rest.

Now I find I am being held here as an insane patient. I cannot get out. I do not even know whether this letter will reach you. But the chambermaid here has told me she will post it for me.

I am ill and nervous—a wreck, but not insane, although they will tell you that the twilight-sleep treatment affected my mind. But what is happening here will eventually drive me insane if some one does not come to my rescue.

Cannot you get in to see me as a doctor or friend? I will leave all to you after that.

Yours anxiously,

JANET (MRS. ROGER) CRANSTON.

"What do you make of it yourself?" I returned, handing back the letter. "Are you going to take it up?"

He slowly looked over the letter again.

"Judging by the handwriting," he remarked thoughtfully, "I should say that the writer is laboring under keen excitement—though there is no evidence of insanity on the face of it. Yes; I think I'll take up the case."

"But how are you going to get in?" I asked. "They'll never admit you willingly."

Kennedy pondered a minute.

"I'll get in, all right," he said, at length; "come on—I'm going to call on Roger Cranston first."

"Roger Cranston?" I repeated, dumfounded. "Why, he'll never help you! Ten to one he's in on it."

"We'll have to take a chance," returned Kennedy, hurrying me out of the laboratory.

Roger Cranston was a well-known lawyer and man about town. We found him in his office on lower Broadway. He was young and distinguished-looking, which probably accounted for the fact that his office had become a sort of fashionable court of domestic relations.

"I'm a friend of Doctor Bolton Burr, of Montrose," introduced Kennedy. Cranston looked at him keenly, but Kennedy was a good actor. "I have been studying some of the patients at the sanatorium, and I have seen Mrs. Cranston there."

"Indeed!" responded Cranston. "I'm all broken up by it myself."

I could not resist thinking that he took it very calmly, however.

"I should like very much to make what we call a psychoanalysis of Mrs. Cranston's mental condition," Kennedy explained.

"A psychoanalysis?" repeated Cranston.

"Yes; you know it is a new system. In the field of abnormal psychology, the soul-analysis is of first importance. To-day, this study is of the greatest help in neurology and psychiatry. Only, I can't make it

The Soul-Analysis

without the consent of the natural guardian of the patient. Doctor Burr tells me that you will have no objection."

Cranston thoughtfully studied the wall opposite.

"Well," he returned slowly, "they tell me that without treatment she will soon be hopelessly insane—perhaps dangerously so. That is all I know. I am not a specialist. If Doctor Burr—" He paused.

"If you can give me just a card," urged Kennedy, "that is all Doctor Burr wishes."

Cranston wrote hastily on the back of one of his cards what Kennedy dictated.

Please allow Doctor Kennedy to make a psychanalysis of my wife's mental condition.

"You will let me know—if there is—any hope?" he asked.

"As soon as I can," replied Kennedy, "I'll let you have a copy of my report."

Cranston thanked us, and bowed us to the door suavely.

"Well," I remarked, as we rode down in the elevator, "that was clever. He fell for it, too. You're an artist. Do you think he was posing?"

Kennedy shrugged his shoulders.

We lost no time in getting the first train for Montrose, before Cranston had time to reconsider, and call up Doctor Burr.

The Belleclair Sanatorium was on the outskirts of the town. It was an old stone house, rather dingy, and surrounded by a high stone wall surmounted by sharp pickets.

Doctor Bolton Burr, who was at the head of the institution, met us in the plainly furnished reception-room which also served as his office. Through a window we could see some of the patients walking or sitting about on a small stretch of scraggly grass between the house and the wall.

Doctor Burr was a tall and commanding-looking man with a Vandyke beard, and one would instinctively have picked him out anywhere as a physician.

"I believe you have a patient here—Mrs. Roger Cranston," began Kennedy, after the usual formalities. Doctor Burr eyed us askance. "I've been asked by Mr. Cranston to make an examination of his wife," pursued Craig, presenting the card which he had obtained from Roger Cranston.

"H'm," mused Doctor Burr, looking quickly from the card to Kennedy with a searching glance.

"I wish you would tell me something of the case before I see her," went on Kennedy, with absolute assurance.

"Well," temporized Doctor Burr, twirling the card, "Mrs. Cranston came to me after the death of her child. She was in a terrible state. But we are slowly building up her shattered nerves by plain, simple living and a tonic."

"Was she committed by her husband?" queried Kennedy unexpectedly.

Whether or not Doctor Burr felt suspicious of us I could not tell. But he seemed eager to justify himself.

"I have the papers committing her to my care," he said, rising and opening a safe in the corner.

He laid before us a document in which appeared the names of Roger Cranston and Julia Giles.

"Who is this Julia Giles?" asked Kennedy, after he had read the document.

"One of our nurses," returned the doctor. "She has had Mrs. Cranston under observation ever since she arrived."

"I should like to see both Miss Giles and Mrs. Cranston," insisted Kennedy. "It is not that Mr. Cranston is in any way dissatisfied with your treatment, but he thought that perhaps I might be of some assistance to you."

Kennedy's manner was ingratiating but firm, and he hurried on, lest it should occur to Doctor Burr to call up Cranston. The doctor, still twirling the card, finally led us through the wide central hall and up an old-fashioned winding staircase to a large room on the second floor.

He tapped at the door, which was opened, disclosing an interior tastefully furnished.

Doctor Burr introduced us to Miss Giles, conveying the impression, which Kennedy had already given, that he was a specialist and I his assistant.

Janet Cranston was a young and also remarkably beautiful girl. One could see traces of sorrow in her face, which was exceedingly, though not unpleasingly, pale. The restless brilliancy of her eyes spoke of some physical if not psychical disorder.

She was dressed in deep mourning, which heightened her pallor and excited a feeling of mingled respect and interest. Thick brown coils of chestnut hair were arranged in such a manner as to give an extremely youthful appearance to her delicate face. Her emotions were expressed by the constant motion of her slender fingers.



DRAWN BY WILL PORTER

"Judging by the handwriting," he remarked thoughtfully, "I should say that the writer is laboring under keen excitement"

Miss Giles was a striking woman of an entirely different type. She seemed to be exuberant with health, as though nursing had taught her not merely how to take care of others but had given her the secret of caring, first of all, for herself.

I could see, as Doctor Burr introduced us to his patient, that Mrs. Cranston instantly recognized Kennedy's interest in her case. She received us with a graceful courtesy, but she betrayed no undue interest that might excite suspicion, nor was there any hint given of the note of appeal. I wondered whether that might not be an instance of the cunning for which I had heard that the insane are noted. She showed no sign of insanity, however.

I looked about curiously to see if there were evidences of the treatment which she was receiving. On a table stood a bottle and a glass, as well as a teaspoon, and I recalled the doctor's remark about the tonic.

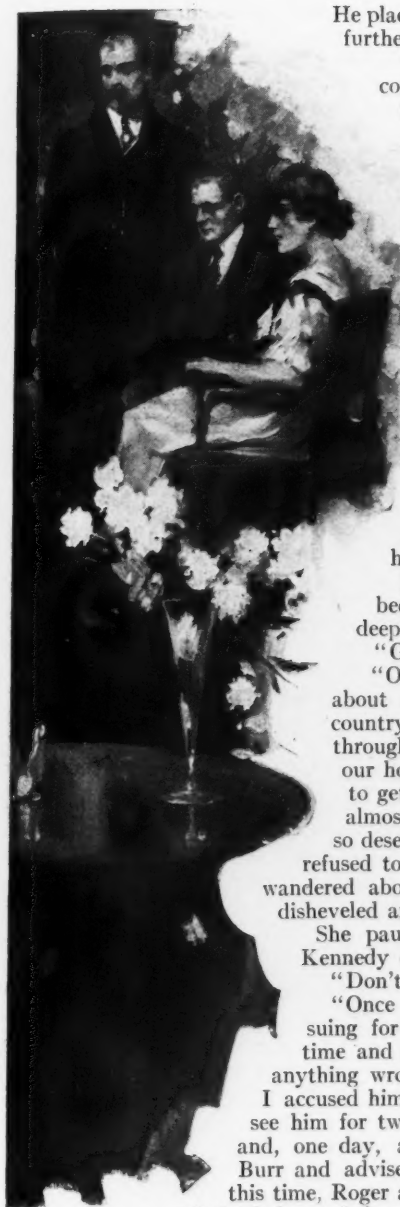
"You look tired, Mrs. Cranston," remarked Kennedy thoughtfully. "Why not rest while we are here, and then I will be sure my visit has had no ill effects."

"Thank you," she murmured, and I was much impressed by the sweetness of her voice.

As he spoke, Kennedy arranged the pillows on a *chaise longue* and placed her on it with her head slightly elevated. Having discussed the subject of psychoanalysis with Kennedy before, I knew that this was so that nothing might distract her from the free association of ideas.



"I am thinking of my husband," Mrs. Cranston began finally, in a dreamy tone



He placed himself near her head, and motioned to us to stand further back of him, where she could not see us.

"Avoid all muscular exertion and distraction," he continued. "I want you to concentrate your attention thoroughly. Tell me anything that comes into your mind. Tell all you know of your symptoms. Concentrate, and repeat all you think of. Frankly express all the thoughts that you have, even though they may be painful and embarrassing."

He said this soothingly, and she seemed to understand that much depended upon her answers and the fact of not forcing her ideas.

"I am thinking of my husband," Mrs. Cranston began finally, in a dreamy tone.

"What of him?" suggested Kennedy.

"Of how the baby—separated us—and—" She paused, almost in tears.

From what I knew of the method of psychoanalysis, I recalled it was the gaps and hesitations which were most important in arriving at the truth regarding the cause of her trouble.

"Perhaps it was my fault; perhaps I was a better mother than wife. I thought I was doing what he would want me to do. Too late I see my mistake."

It was easy to read into her story that there had been other women in his life. It had wounded her deeply. Yet it was equally plain that she still loved him. "Go on," urged Kennedy gently.

"Oh yes," she resumed dreamily; "I am thinking about once, when I left him, I wandered through the country. I remember little except that it was the country through which we had passed on an automobile trip on our honeymoon. Once I thought I saw him, and I tried to get to him. I longed for him, but each time, when I almost reached him, he would disappear. I seemed to be so deserted and alone. I tried to call him, but my tongue refused to say his name. It must have been hours that I wandered about, for I recall nothing after that until I was found, disheveled and exhausted."

She paused and closed her eyes, while I could see that Kennedy considered this gap very important.

"Don't stop," persisted Kennedy.

"Once we quarreled over one of his clients who was suing for a divorce. I thought he was devoting too much time and attention to her. While there might not have been anything wrong, still I was afraid. In my anger and anxiety, I accused him. He retorted by slamming the door, and I did not see him for two or three days. I realized my nervous condition, and, one day, a mutual friend of ours introduced me to Doctor Burr and advised me to take a rest-cure at his sanatorium. By this time, Roger and I were on speaking-terms again. But the death of the baby and the quarrel left me still as nervous as before. He seemed

anxious to have me do something, and so I came here."

"Do you remember anything that happened after that?" asked Craig, for the first time asking a mildly leading question.

"Yes; I recall everything that happened when I came here," she went on. "Roger came up with me to complete the necessary arrangements. We were met at the

station by Doctor Burr and this woman, who has since been my nurse and companion. On the way up from the station to the sanatorium, Doctor Burr was very considerate of me, and I noticed that my husband seemed interested in Miss Giles and the care she was to take of me."

Kennedy flashed a glance at me from a note-book in which he was apparently busily engaged in jotting down her answers. I did not know just what interpretation to put on it, but surmised that it meant that he had struck what the new psychologists call a "complex," in the entrance of Miss Giles into the case.

Before we realized it, there came a sudden outburst of feeling.

"And now—they are keeping me here by force!" she cried.

Doctor Burr looked at us significantly, as much as to say, "Just what might be expected, you see." Kennedy nodded, but made no effort to stop Mrs. Cranston.

"They have told Roger that I am insane, and I know that he must believe it or he would not leave me here. But their real motive, I can guess, is mercenary. I can't complain about my treatment here—it costs enough."

By this time she was sitting bolt upright, staring straight ahead as though amazed at her own boldness in speaking so frankly before them.

"I feel all right at times—then—it is as though I had a paralysis of the body but not of the mind—not of the mind," she repeated tensely. There was a frightened look on her face, and her voice was now wildly appealing.

What would have followed I cannot guess, for, at that instant, there came a noise outside from another of the rooms as though pandemonium had broken loose. By the shouting and confusion, one might easily have wondered whether keepers and lunatics might not have exchanged places.

"It is just one of the patients who has escaped from his room," explained Doctor Burr; "nothing to be alarmed about. We'll soon have him quieted."

Doctor Burr hurried out into the corridor while Miss Giles was looking out of the door.

Quickly Kennedy reached over and abstracted several drops from a bottle of tonic on the table, pouring it into his handkerchief, which he rolled up tightly and stuffed into his pocket. Mrs. Cranston

watched him pleadingly and clasped her hands in mute appeal, with a hasty glance at Miss Giles.

Kennedy said nothing, either, but rapidly folded up a page of the note-book on which he had been writing and shoved it into Mrs. Cranston's hand, together with something he had taken from his pocket. She understood, and quickly placed it in her corsage.

"Read it—when you are absolutely alone," he whispered, just as Miss Giles shut the door and turned to us.

The excitement subsided almost as quickly as it had arisen, but it had been sufficient to put a stop to any further study of the case along those lines. Miss Giles's keen eyes missed no action or movement of her patient.

Doctor Burr returned shortly. It was evident from his manner that he wished to have the visit terminated, and Kennedy seemed quite willing to take the hint. He thanked Mrs. Cranston, and we withdrew quietly, after bidding her good-by in a manner as reassuring as we could make it under the circumstances.

"You see," remarked Doctor Burr, as we walked down the hall, "she is quite unstrung still. Mr. Cranston comes up here once in a while, and we notice that after these visits she is, if anything, worse."

Down the hall, a door had been left open, and we could catch a glimpse of a patient rolled in a blanket, while two nurses forced something down his throat. Doctor Burr hastily closed the door as we passed.

"That is the condition Mrs. Cranston might have gotten into if she had not come to us when she did," he said. "As it is, she is never violent and is one of the most tractable patients we have."

We left shortly, without finding out whether Doctor Burr suspected us of anything or not. As we made our way back to the city, I could not help the feeling of depression such as Poe mentioned at seeing the private madhouse, in France.

"That glimpse we had into the other room almost makes one recall the soothing system of Doctor Maillard. Is Doctor Burr's system better?" I said.

"A good deal of what we used to think and practise is out of date now," returned Kennedy. "I think you are already familiar with the theory of dreams that has been developed by Doctor Sigmund Freud, of

Vienna. But perhaps you are not aware of the fact that Freud's contribution to the study of insanity is of even greater scientific value than his dream-theories, taken by themselves.

"Hers, I feel sure now, is what is known as one of the so-called 'border-line cases,'" he continued. "It is clearly a case of hysteria—not the hysteria one hears spoken of commonly, but the condition which scientists know as such. We trace the impulses from which hysterical conditions arise, penetrate the disguises which these re-

pressed impulses or wishes must assume in order to appear in the consciousness. Such transformed impulses are found in normal people, too, sometimes. The hysteric suffers mostly from reminiscences which, paradoxically, may be completely forgotten.

"Obsessions and phobias have their origin, according to Freud, in sexual life. The obsession represents a compensation or substitute for an unbearable sexual idea and takes its place in consciousness. In normal sexual life, no neurosis is possible, say the Freudists. Sex is the strongest impulse, yet subject to the greatest repression, and hence the weakest point of our cultural development. Hysteria arises through the conflict between libido and sex-repression.

Often sex-wishes may be consciously rejected but unconsciously accepted. So when



Kennedy at once set to work, studying the drops of tonic which he had absorbed in the handkerchief

they are understood, every insane utterance has a reason. There is really method in madness.

"When hysteria in a wife gains her the attention of an otherwise inattentive husband, it fills, from the standpoint of her deeper longings, an important place, and, in a sense, may be said to be desirable. The great point about the psychoanalytic method, as discovered by Breuer and Freud, is that certain symptoms of hysteria disappear when the hidden causes are brought to light and the repressed desires are gratified."

"How does that apply to Mrs. Cranston?" I queried.

"Mrs. Cranston," he replied, "is suffering from what the psychoanalysts call a psychic trauma—a soul-wound, as it were. It is the neglect, in this case, of her husband, whom she deeply loves. That, in itself, is sufficient to explain her experience wandering through the country. It was the region which she associated with her first love-affair, as she told us. The wave of recollection that swept over her engulfed her mind. In other words, reason could no longer dominate the cravings for a love so long suppressed. Then, when she saw, or imagined she saw, one who looked like her lover, the strain was too great."

It was the middle of the afternoon when we reached the laboratory. Kennedy at once set to work, studying the drops of tonic which had been absorbed in the handkerchief. As Kennedy worked, I began thinking over again of what we had seen at the Belleclair Sanatorium. Somehow or other, I could not get out of my mind the recollection of the man rolled in the blanket and trussed up as helpless as a mummy. I wondered whether that alone was sufficient to account for the quickness with which he had been pacified. Then I recalled Mrs. Cranston's remark about her mental alertness and physical weakness. Had it anything to do with the "tonic?"

"Suppose, while I am waiting," I finally suggested to Craig, "I try to find out what Cranston does with his time since his wife has been shut off from the world."

"That's a very good idea," acquiesced Kennedy. "Don't take too long, however, for I may strike something important here any minute."

After several inquiries over the telephone, I found that, since his wife had been in Montrose, Cranston had closed his apart-

ment and was living at one of his clubs. Having two or three friends who were members, I did not hesitate to drop around.

Unfortunately, none of my friends happened to be there, and I was forced, finally, to ask for Cranston himself, although all that I really wanted to know was whether he was there or not. One of the clerks told me that he had been in, but had left in a taxi-cab only a short time before.

As there was a cab-stand outside the club, I determined to make an inquiry and perhaps discover the driver who had had him. The starter knew him, and when I said that it was very important business on which I wanted to see him, he motioned to a driver who had just pulled up.

A chance for another fare and a generous tip were all that was necessary to induce him to drive me to the Trocadero, a fashionable restaurant and cabaret, where he had taken Cranston a short time before. It was crowded when I entered, and, avoiding the head waiter, I stood by the door a few minutes and looked over the brilliant and gay throng. Finally, I managed to catch a glimpse of Cranston's head at a table in a far corner. As I made my way down the line of tables, I was genuinely amazed to see that he was with a woman. It was Julia Giles!

She must have come down on the next train after we did, but, at any rate, it looked as though she had lost no time in seeking out Cranston after our visit. I took a seat at a table next them.

They were talking about Kennedy, and, during a lull in the music, I overheard him asking her just what Craig had done.

"It was certainly very clever in him to play both you and Doctor Burr the way he did. He told Doctor that you had sent him, and told you that Doctor Burr had sent him. By whom do you suppose he really was sent?"

"Could it have been my wife?"

"It must have been, but how she did it is more than I can imagine."

"How is she, anyway?" he asked.

"Sometimes she seems to be getting along finely, and then, other days, I feel quite discouraged about her. Her case is very obstinate."

"Perhaps I had better go out and see Burr," he considered. "It is early in the evening. I'll drive you out in my car. I'll stay at the sanatorium to-night, and

then, perhaps, I'll know a little better what we can do."

It was his tone rather than his words which gave me the impression that he was more interested in being with Miss Giles than with Mrs. Cranston. I wondered whether it was a plot of Cranston's and Miss Giles'. Had he been posing before Kennedy, and were they really trying to put Mrs. Cranston out of the way?

As the music started up again, I heard her say,

"Can't we have just one more dance?"

A moment later, they were lost in the gay whirl on the dancing-floor. They made a handsome couple, and it was evident that it was not the first time that they had dined and danced together. The music ceased, and they returned to their places reluctantly, while Cranston telephoned for his car to be brought around to the cabaret.

I hastened back to the laboratory to inform Craig what I had seen. As I told my story, he looked up at me with a sudden flash of comprehension.

"I am glad to know where they will all be to-night," he said. "Some one has been giving her henbane—hyoscyamin. I have just discovered it in the tonic."

"What's henbane?" I asked.

"It is a drug derived from the hyoscyamus plant, much like belladonna, though more distinctly sedative. It is a hypnotic used often in mania and mental excitement. The feeling which Mrs. Cranston described is one of its effects. You recall the brightness of her eyes? That is one of the effects of the mydriatic alkaloids, of which this is one. The ancients were familiar with several of its peculiar properties, as they knew of the closely allied poison hemlock.

"Many of the text-books at the present time fail to say anything about the remarkable effect produced by large doses of this terrible alkaloid. This effect can be described technically so as to be intelligible, but no description can convey, even approximately, the terrible sensation produced in many insane patients by large doses. In a general way, it is the condition of paralysis of the body without the corresponding paralysis of the mind."

"And it's this stuff that somebody has been putting into her tonic?" I asked, startled. "Do you suppose that is part of Burr's system, or did Miss Giles

lighten her work by putting it into the tonic?"

Kennedy did not betray his suspicion, but went on describing the drug which was having such a serious effect on Mrs. Cranston.

"The victim lies in an absolutely helpless condition, sometimes with his muscles so completely paralyzed that he cannot so much as move a finger, cannot close his lips or move his tongue to moisten them. This feeling of helplessness is usually followed by unconsciousness and then by a period of depression. The combined feeling of helplessness and depression is absolutely unlike any other feeling imaginable, if I may judge from the accounts of those who have experienced it. Other sensations, such as pain, may be judged, in a measure, by comparison with other painful sensations, but the sensation produced by hyoscyamin in large doses seems to have no basis for comparison. There is no kindred feeling. Practically every institution for the insane used it a few years ago for controlling patients, but now better methods have been devised."

"The more I think of what I saw at the Trocadero," I remarked, "the more I wonder if Miss Giles has been seeking to win Cranston herself."

"In large-enough doses and repeated often enough," continued Kennedy, "I suppose the toxic effect of the drug might be to produce insanity. At any rate, if we are going to do anything, it might better be done at once. They are all out there now. If we act to-night, surely we shall have the best chance of making the guilty person betray himself."

Kennedy telephoned for a fast touring car, and in half an hour, while he gathered some apparatus together, the car was before the door. In it he placed a couple of light silk-rope ladders, some common wooden wedges, and an instrument which resembled a surveyor's transit with two conical horns sticking out at the ends.

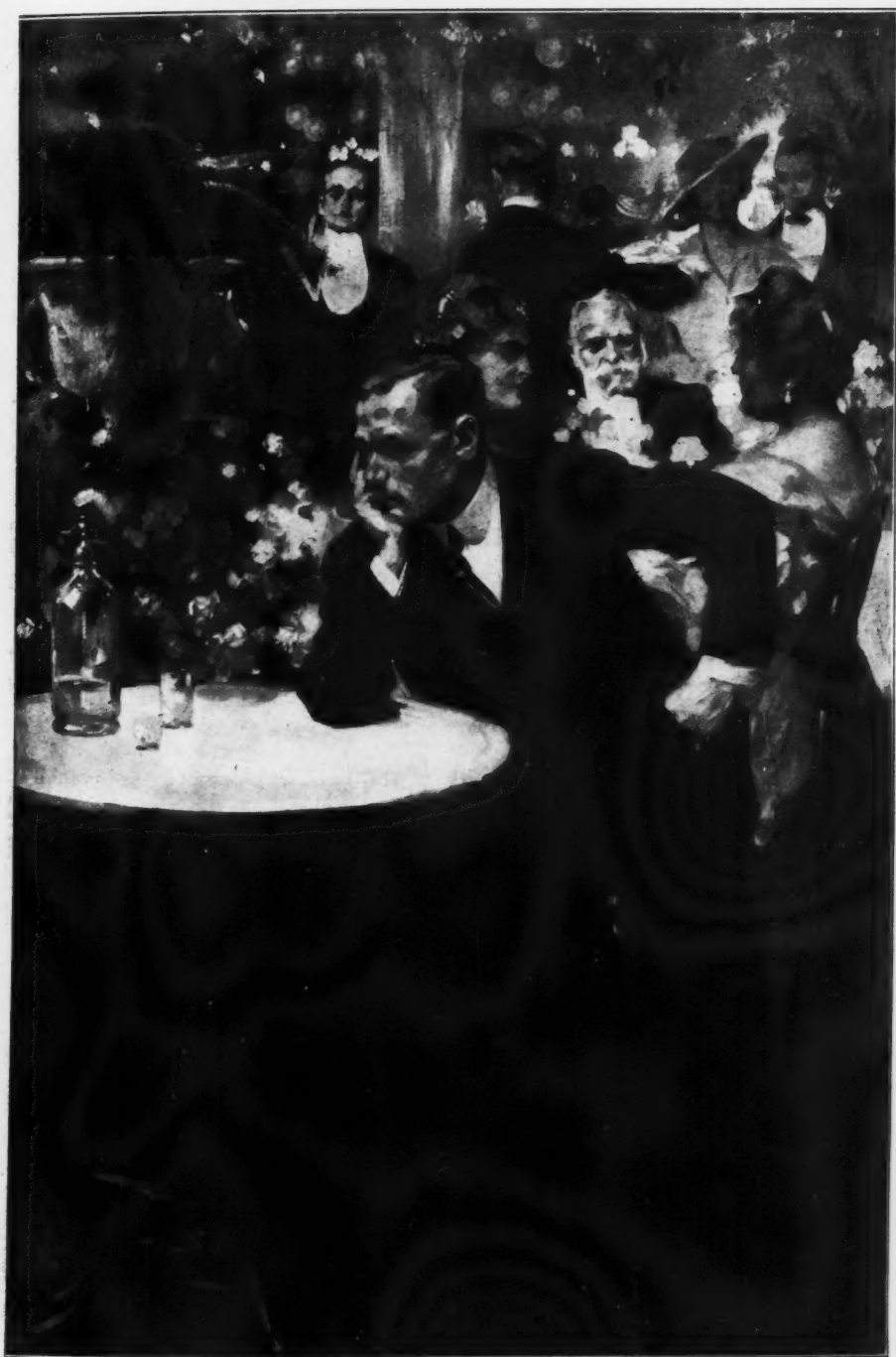
We made the trip out of New York and up the Boston post-road, following the route which Cranston and Miss Giles must have taken some hours before us. In the town of Montrose, Kennedy stopped only long enough to get a bite to eat and to study up on the roads in the vicinity.

It was long after midnight when we struck up into the country. The night was very



DRAWN BY WILL FORSTER

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before Kennedy, and were they really trying to put Mrs. Cranston out of the way?

The Soul-Analysis

dark, thick, and foggy. With the engine running as muffled as possible and the lights dimmed, Kennedy quietly jammed on the brakes as we pulled up along the side of the road.

A few rods further ahead, I could make out the Belleclaire Sanatorium surrounded by its picketed stone wall. Not a light was visible in any of the windows.

"Now that we're here," I whispered, "what can we do?"

"You remember the paper I gave Mrs. Cranston when the excitement in the hall broke loose?"

"Yes," I nodded, as we moved over under the shadow of the wall.

"I wrote on a sheet from my note-book," said Kennedy, "and told her to be ready when she heard a pebble strike the window; and I gave her a piece of string to let down to the ground."

Kennedy threw the silk ladder up until it caught on one of the pickets; then, with the other ladder and the wedges, he reached the top of the wall, followed by me. We pulled the first ladder up as we clung to the pickets, and let it down again inside. Noiselessly we crossed the lawn.

Above was Mrs. Cranston's window. Craig picked up some bits of broken stone from a walk about the house and threw them gently against the pane. Then we drew back into the shadow of the house, lest any prying eyes might discover us. In a few minutes the window on the second floor was stealthily opened. The muffled figure of Mrs. Cranston appeared in the dim light; then a piece of string was lowered.

To it Kennedy attached a light silk ladder and motioned in pantomime for her to draw it up. It took her some time to fasten the ladder to one of the heavy pieces of furniture in the room. Swaying from side to side, but clinging with frantic desperation to the ladder while we did our best to steady it, she managed to reach the ground. She turned from the building with a shudder, and whispered:

"This terrible place! How can I ever thank you for getting me out of it?"

Kennedy did not pause long enough to say a word, but hurried her across to the final barrier, the wall.

Suddenly there was a shout of alarm from the front of the house under the columns. It was the night watchman, who had discovered us.

Instantly Kennedy seized a chair from a little summer-house.

"Quick, Walter," he cried, "over the wall with Mrs. Cranston, while I hold him! Then throw the ladder back on this side. I'll join you in a moment, as soon as you get her safely over."

A chair is only an indifferent club, if that is all one can think of using it for. Kennedy ran squarely at the watchman, holding it out straight before him. Only once did I cast a hasty glance back. There was the man pinned to the wall by the chair, with Kennedy at the other end of it and safely out of reach.

Mrs. Cranston and I managed to scramble over the wall, although she tore her dress on the pickets before we reached the other side. I hustled her into the car and made everything ready to start. It was only a couple of minutes after I threw the ladder back before Craig rejoined us.

"How did you get away from the watchman?" I demanded breathlessly, as we shot away.

"I forced him back with the chair into the hall and slammed the door. Then I jammed a wedge under it," he chuckled. "That will hold it better than any lock. Every push will jam it tighter."

Above the hubbub, inside now, we could hear a loud gong sounding insistently. All about were lights flashing up at the windows and moving through the passageways. Shouts came from the back of the house as a door was finally opened there. But we were off now, with a good start.

I could imagine the frantic telephoning that was going on in the sanatorium. And I knew that the local police of Montrose and every other town about us were being informed of the escape. They were required by the law to render all possible assistance, and, as the country boasted several institutions quite on a par with Belleclaire, an attempt at an escape was not an unusual occurrence.

The post-road by which we had come was therefore impossible, and Kennedy swung up into the country, in the hope of throwing off pursuit long enough to give us a better chance.

"Take the wheel, Walter," he muttered. "I'll tell you what turns to make. We must get to the state line of New York without being stopped. We can beat almost any car. But that is not enough. A

telephone message ahead may stop us, unless we can keep from being seen."

I took the wheel, and did not stop the car as Kennedy climbed over the seat. In the back of the car, where Mrs. Cranston was sitting, he hastily adjusted the peculiar apparatus.

"Sounds at night are very hard to locate," he explained. "Up this side road, Walter; there is some one coming ahead of us."

I turned and shot up the détour, stopping in the shadow of some trees, where we switched off every light and shut down the engine. Kennedy continued to watch the instrument before him.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"A phonometer," he replied. "It was invented to measure the intensity of sound. But it is much more valuable as an instrument that tells with precision from what direction a sound comes. It needs only a small dry battery and can be carried around easily. The sound enters the two horns of the phonometer, is focused at the neck, and strikes on a delicate diaphragm, behind which is a needle. The diaphragm vibrates, and the needle moves. The louder the sound, the greater the movement of this needle.

"At this end, where it looks as though I were sighting like a surveyor, I am gazing into a lens, with a tiny electric bulb close to my eye. The light of this bulb is reflected in a mirror which is moved by the moving needle. When the sound is loudest, the two horns are at right angles to the direction whence it comes. So it is only necessary to twist the phonometer about on its pivot until the sound is received most loudly in the horns and the band of light is greatest. I know then that the horns are at right angles to the direction from which the sound proceeds, and that, as I lift my head, I am looking straight toward the source of the sound. I can tell its direction to a few degrees."

I looked through it myself to see how sound was visualized by light.

"Hush!" cautioned Kennedy.

Down on the main road we could see a car pass along slowly in the direction of Montrose, from which we had come. Without the phonometer to warn us, it must inevitably have met us and blocked our escape over the road ahead.

The next *Craig Kennedy* story will be *The Mystic Poisoner*.

That danger passed, on we sped. Five minutes, I calculated, and we should cross the state line to New York and safety.

We had been going along nicely, when, "Bang!" came a loud report back of us.

"Confound it," muttered Kennedy; "a blowout always when you least expect it."

We climbed out of the car and had the shoe off in short order.

"Look!" cried Janet Cranston, in a frightened voice from the back of the car.

The light of the phonometer had flashed up. A car was following us.

"There's just one chance!" cried Kennedy, springing to the wheel. "We might make it on the rim."

Banging and pounding, we forged ahead, straining our eyes to watch the road, the distance, the time, and the phonometer all at once.

It was no use. A big gray roadster was overtaking us. The driver crowded us over to the very edge of the road, then shot ahead, and, where the road narrowed down, deliberately pulled up across the road in such a way that we had to run into him or stop.

Quickly Craig's automatic gleamed in the dim beams from the side lights.

"Just a minute," cautioned a voice. "It was a plot against me, quite as much as it was against her—the nurse to lead me on, while the doctor got a rich patient. I suspected all was not right. That's why I gave you the card. I knew you didn't come from Burr. Then, when I heard nothing from you, I let the Giles woman think I was coming to Montrose to be with her. But, really, I wanted to beat that fake asylum—"

Two piercing headlights shone down the road back of us. We waited a moment until they, too, came to a stop.

"Here they are!" shouted the voice of a man, as he jumped out, followed by a woman.

Kennedy stepped forward, waving his automatic menacingly.

"You are under arrest for conspiracy—both of you!" he cried, as we recognized Doctor Burr and Miss Giles.

A little cry behind me startled me, and I turned.

Janet Cranston had flung herself into the arms of the only person who could heal her wounded soul.



DRAMA BY FRANK CRAIN

She opened her eyes and murmured drowsily: "I have need of prayer,
Mr. Halkett. Let me pray—for us—both"

(*The Girl Philippa*)

The Girl Philippa

A Strange Adventure in Love and War

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Business of Life," "Athalia," etc.

Illustrated by Frank Craig

ON the first day of August, 1914, James Warner, an American painter living in Paris who has a summer art school at Sais, in northeastern France, finds himself burdened with the care of a young girl—the result of an extraordinary adventure that befell him the day before in the neighboring town of Ausone. He met there a British secret-service agent named Halkett, who asked him to take temporary charge of an envelop containing a part of the plans of the Harkness shell, which had been acquired by the British government, and which he and a companion named Gray have recovered from German agents who had stolen them in America. The reason for this request is that Halkett had been, since his arrival in Europe, repeatedly attacked by German agents who are trying to obtain the secret of the shell. Warner, who is of an adventurous nature, takes the envelop.

The two men visit a café and cabaret kept by one Con Wildresse, who is playing the double rôle of a French and German spy. His cashier is a girl named Philippa, who knows nothing of her origin and has been brought up by Wildresse. Her attractions make her useful to him in his work of espionage, which is a business that she loathes. Warner manages to spend part of the afternoon with her, and finds her frank and ingenuous, and he is satisfied that she is virtuous. Philippa has never met a man who treated her as Warner has, and his manner makes a deep impression on her. Halkett is attacked by German agents in the café, but Warner, who now has the envelop, takes him back to Sais in his dog-cart. On the way, the men are fired upon from a touring car, but decoy their assailants into a swamp and make their escape.

At Sais, Halkett gets into telephonic communication with Gray, who is carrying the rest of the plans, and tells Warner that his companion will join him. But he gets word, next day, that Gray's cap has been picked up on the highway close to some blood stains (Gray, riding a motor-cycle, had also encountered the touring car.) A letter comes for Halkett. It informs him that Great Britain will enter the general European war which is about to begin.

In Sais, two Sisters of Charity keep a school for the quarrymen's children. One of them is Sister Eila, a beautiful Irishwoman who has been brought up in France. Warner takes Halkett to the school. Here he discovers a German poster intended to convey information to an invading army. He gets Sister Eila to write a letter to the French authorities about this. Halkett learns that Sisters of Charity are bound only by yearly vows.

That afternoon, Warner is surprised by the appearance of Philippa. She has run away from Wildresse, and tells the painter that she intends to remain with him. Warner is at a loss to know what to do with her, but decides that, for the time being, he will use her as a model, and he takes her to the inn where he and Halkett are staying. In the evening, another attack is made on Halkett's life by a number of men, but the assailants are finally driven away. War with France is now inevitable, and the Germans are becoming more desperate in their attempts to obtain the secret of the Harkness shell. The next morning, an English-speaking man on a motor-cycle appears and hands Halkett an envelop which he says is from Gray, who is lying wounded at his house. Halkett takes it, and the next instant is knocked down by the stranger, who attempts to take both envelops from Halkett, who is now carrying the packet he had entrusted to Warner. But Philippa appears and drives the man away at the point of Halkett's pistol, while Halkett, partly stunned, hands her the two envelops and tells her to take them to Sister Eila immediately. The Sister has agreed to take charge of Halkett's documents if anything should happen to him. Philippa rushes out and makes off on the stranger's motor-cycle. But he punctures a tire with a pistol-shot, and Philippa is thrown at the side of the road. Just then, Wildresse and three men in an automobile dash up, seize the girl, and, thrusting her into the car, drive off at top speed. Philippa, unnoticed by her captors, drops the two envelops into the road, where Halkett, who has seen the whole thing with Warner, picks them up.

The two men determine that they will rescue Philippa before everything else, and prepare to start for Ausone. Before leaving, Halkett sends for Sister Eila, and gives her the two envelops. Warner and Halkett reach Ausone, where their horse and cart are registered for possible military use. The German invasion has begun.

Warner locates Philippa. She is imprisoned in a room over Wildresse's café, and, after a thrilling

The Girl Philippa

adventure in which he encounters Wildresse, as well as two hired ruffians, Asticot and Squelette, who, it would appear, acting under Wildresse's orders, are about to kill the girl, put her body in a weighted sack, and throw it into the river, he rescues her, and, with Halkett, takes her back to Saïs. He tells Philippa not to worry about the future; he will be her friend always. He tries to get her to tell him something about herself, but all she knows is that she is a foundling—or so Wildresse has told her.

Halkett now leaves, summoned to his colors, but not until after a touching farewell visit to Sister Eila, in the course of which she gives him back his documents. Troops in great numbers begin to pass through Saïs, marching eastward, and Warner becomes more occupied with the problem of what to do with Philippa. Finally, he places her under the care of his friend, the Comtesse de Moidrey, the American widow of a French officer, whose château, where she lives with her sister, Peggy Brooks, is close to the town. Madame de Moidrey and Peggy become greatly attached to the girl. Philippa is warned by an anonymous letter to return to Wildresse or she will be shot, and, in consequence, the countess asks Warner to come and stay at the château. Sounds of cannonading are heard, and the sky, at night, in the north and east is red. The invaders apparently are not far off. A detail of French cavalry arrives at the château and takes the horses and automobiles, to which the owner says they are very welcome. The commander is the young Vicomte d'Aurès, in whom Peggy Brooks becomes greatly interested.

Wildresse's hirelings, Asticot and Squelette, are caught spying around the château. They are seeking to find out if Philippa is there. Squelette escapes but Asticot is given a terrible beating by Warner, whereupon the wretched creature, like a whipped animal, becomes the painter's abject slave and refuses to be driven from the place. Sister Eila telephones Warner that Halkett's companion, Gray, is lying ill and wounded, at her school. After the attack by the German agents, he was found by a quarryman, and lay for days helpless from fever and his injuries in his rescuer's cottage until discovered and taken in charge by the Sisters of Charity. The Comtesse de Moidrey has him brought to this château, and Sister Eila comes with him. That afternoon, Warner decides to go to Ausone for some of his canvases. Philippa begs to go with him, and, thinking there is no danger, he consents. They make the trip in the girl's punt. But the German advance is closer than Warner imagined, and shortly after reaching the town, the first of the enemy's bombs explodes in the streets. They start immediately back to their boat.

BEFORE Philippa and Warner could make their way to the river, three more shells came plunging into the town, one exploding with a deafening din in the empty market, another stripping a shop open from roof to basement and literally disemboweling it, and the third blowing up the eastern end of the Rue d'Auros, where its whistling fragments tore right and left through a huddled group of women and children.

Then, as they ran toward the quay, the soldiers on guard there came hastening up to them, warning them back. For a few moments, the Place d'Ausone streamed with terrified people in confused and purposeless flight, forced back from the river by line-soldiers, who kept shouting something which Warner could not understand.

But in another moment he understood, for the old stone bridge across the Récollette split in two, vomiting great masses of stone into the air, and the earth rocked with the roar of dynamite.

Half stunned, balked, hesitating, Warner stood in the market-place with his arm around Philippa, looking about him for a chance, while shell after shell fell into the town, and the racket of their explosion resounded from the railway station to the boulevard.

"The river," he said; "it's the best way out of this, I think."

She nodded, clasped his arm, and they started once more toward the quay.

Below the parapet, their punt, still tied fast, lay tossing and rocking on the agitated river. Down the stone stairs they ran; Philippa sprang on board, and the next moment Warner cast off and drove the punt swiftly out into the current of midstream.

Then, directly ahead of them, parallel to the Impasse d'Alcyon, a shell fell with the whistling screech of a steamer's siren. There came a deadened roar; a geyser of water and gravel rose in mid-river, hurling rocks, planks from the landing, and splintered rowboats in every direction.

Great limbs from the willow trees hurtled earthward; a muddy maelstrom of foam whirled their punt, caught it on a comb of seething water, flung it from wave to wave.

Warner, beaten from his balance, had fallen to his knees. As the plunging punt swept down-stream, he continued to use his pole mechanically. Around them, débris still rained into the discolored river branches, fragments of sod; the surface of the water was covered with floating boards, sticks, green leaves, uprooted reeds and rushes; a mangled and bloody swan floated near, its snowy neck and head under water.

Philippa crouched on the bottom of the punt, deadly pale, her hands over her ears, her gray eyes riveted on Warner. When his voice was under control, he said,

"Are you all right, dear?"

She read his lips, nodded, tried to smile, fell to trembling, with both hands still convulsively crushed over her ears.

Current and pole had already swept the punt out past the *banlieu*, past the suburban cottages, past the farms and the cattle and the clothes-lines, where the wash hung drying.

Behind them lay the town, amid a hell of exploding shells; the hills and woods reechoed the infernal crash, and, high overhead, above the dreadful diapason of the guns, rose the crazy treble hooting of incoming projectiles, dominating the awful roar on earth with a yelling bedlam in the sky.

Again and again Warner looked aloft, fearfully attempting to trace and trail and forestall some whistling screech, growing louder and louder and nearer and nearer, until the shattering crash of the explosion in the town behind them relaxed the nerve-breaking tension.

Farther out in the green countryside, he no longer looked up and back. Philippa still lay huddled at his feet, gazing up out of gray eyes that quivered and winced sometimes, but always opened again, steady and clear with faith.

On the Ausone road, fugitives from every farm and hamlet were afoot again; but he could not see them very distinctly through the dust that hung there. Also, clouds now obscured the declining sun; the world had turned gray around them, and the *Récollette* flowed away ahead with scarcely a glimmer on its tarnished flood save where a dull and leaden sparkle came and went along the water-weeds inshore.

It was as though the subtle poison of war itself had polluted material things, killing out brightness and health and life, staining sky and water and earth with its hell-distilled essence.

Then a more concretely sinister omen took shape, floating under the trees in a deep, still cove—a dead cavalry horse, saddled and bridled, stranded there, barely awash, and a hooded crow already walking busily about over the level gravel of the shoal.

As they neared Saïs, the quarry road across the river became visible. Dust eddied and drifted there, and they could distinguish the slanted lances of cavalry in rapid motion and catch the muffled roar of hoofs.

They were galloping north, a dusty, interminable column enveloped in an endless gray cloud of their own making, and in the thickening evening mist already hanging over land and water.

There was scarcely a tint of color left in the east, and that pale hue died out under clotted clouds as he looked. And after a while they were aware of a vague rumor in the air, which seemed to come from the east—a vibration, low, indefinite, almost inaudible, yet always there to challenge their attention.

The Vosges lay beyond—and the barrier forts.

Duller and duller grew the twilight. Warner drove the punt forward into dusky reaches shrouded in mist, where not a ripple glimmered and the trees and river-reeds stood motionless in the fog.

There were no stars, no lights ashore. On his left, they could hear the unbroken trample of cavalry riding north; far beyond, the air was heavily unsteady with the dull rumor beyond the hills; behind them, the shriller tumult had died away and the deadened booming of the guns sounded like the heavy thunder of surf on sand.

Philippa had risen to a sitting position, and now she was lying back comfortably extended among the cushions.

They exchanged a few words; her voice was calm, cheerful, untroubled. She offered to take the punt-pole, said that, at first, she had felt more bewildered and dazed than frightened, explained that real fear had first possessed her when the dead and bloody swan floated past, and that then she had been horribly afraid of the sky-noises—the shrieking, hooting, whistling approach of the unseen.

Warner had been under fire in the Balkans; Lule Burgas had blunted for him the keener edge of terror.

"It's war all around us now," he said, driving his punt-pole steadily, and straining his keen eyes into the shadows beyond. "There are stirring days ahead for France in this region, I fear. A great war is beginning, Philippa, the greatest that the earth has ever faced. I never supposed that I should live to see such a war—the greatest of all wars—the last great war, I think. I don't know what good I'd be to anybody, but if anybody wants me—"

"We both can offer ourselves," said Philippa.

The Girl Philippa

"Dear child, I'd like to catch you wandering into this sort of—"

"I shall volunteer if you do."

"You shall *not*! You'll go to Paris with Madame de Moidrey."

"Jim, that is absurd. If I'm wanted, I shall volunteer for hospital service, anyway. And if you offer yourself, I shall wait until I find out where you are to be sent, and then I shall beg them to take me at the nearest field-ambulance."

"No good, Philippa. They do that sort of thing in romance, but in real life a course of hospital-training is required of volunteers."

"I can scrub floors and sew and cook," she said serenely.

"There's no use discussing it," he said. "Only trained women will be wanted—tolerated, and, I suppose, only trained men. The amateur nurse and warrior were utterly and definitely discredited in South Africa. There'll be no more of that. There's no room for us, Philippa; the firing-line would reject me with derision, and the base-hospital would politely bow you out." He laughed rather mirthlessly. "There remains for us," he said, "the admirable, but somewhat monotonous thinking rôles of respectable citizens—items in the world-wide chorus which marches harmlessly hither and thither during the impending drama, and forms pleasing backgrounds for the principals when they take their curtain-calls."

She felt the undertone of slight bitterness in his voice, understood it, perhaps, for, when the punt was turned and driven gently ashore among the foggy rushes, she retained the supporting arm he offered, clung to it almost caressingly.

"I know you," she murmured, as they mounted the grassy bank together; "you have no need to tell me what you are—dearest, best among men!"

He answered almost impatiently:

"I don't want you to think that of me! You must not believe it, Philippa. Keep your head clear, and your judgment independent of that warm, sweet heart of yours. I'm a most ordinary sort of man, little distinguished, not in any way remarkable—"

"Don't!" she said. "You only hurt me, not yourself. Of what use is it saying such things to a girl when the whole world would be a solitary place if you were not in it—if your living mind did not make the

earth a real and living place to me? I tell you that, to me, life itself—the reality of the living world depends on you. If you die, all dies. Without you there is nothing—absolutely nothing—not even myself!"

Calm, passionless, clear, her voice serenely pronounced and emphasized her childish creed. And, impatient, restless, disturbed at first, yet, in this young girl's exaggerated and obstinate devotion, he found no reason for mirth, no occasion for the suppressed amusement of experience. He said:

"I can try to be what you think me, Philippa. Yours is a very tender heart, and noble. Perhaps your heart may gradually lend me a little of its own quality, so that the glamour with which you invest me shall not be all unreal."

There was a short silence; then Philippa laughed. It was a happy, confused little laugh. She made an effort to explain it.

"The greatest thing in the world," she said, "the *only* thing—"

"What, Philippa?"

"Our friendship."

It was still early evening as they entered the house together.

The Comtesse de Moidrey, a book on her lap, was seated by a lighted lamp in the billiard-room, gazing out of the open windows, through which the thunder of the cannonade, wave after wave, came rolling in from the north.

"Madame—" began the girl timidly.

"Philippa!" she exclaimed, rising.

The girl came forward shyly, the unuttered words of explanation still parting her lips, and the Comtesse de Moidrey drew her into her arms.

"My darling," she whispered unsteadily, "my darling child!"

Suddenly Philippa's eyes filled and her lips quivered; she turned her face away, stood silent for a moment, then slowly she laid her cheek on the elder woman's breast, and a faint sigh escaped her.

Madame de Moidrey looked at Warner over the chestnut head which lay close and warm against her breast.

"Jim," she said, "they told me where you had taken this child. Can you imagine what my state of mind has been since that horrible uproar began over there in Avsone?"

"I must have been a lunatic to take her,"

he admitted; but Philippa's protesting voice interrupted, unruffled:

"The fault was mine, *madame*. I was very willful; I made him take me. I'll try not to be willful any more."

"Darling! He ought to have known better. Do you understand how far you have crept into all our hearts? It was as though a child of my own were out there, among the cannon." She bent and kissed the girl's flushed cheek. "I'm not inclined to forgive Mr. Warner, but I shall, if you want me to. Now, run up-stairs, darling, and speak to Peggy. She's still sitting at her bedroom window, I fancy, and perfectly miserable over you."

"Oh," cried Philippa, lifting her head, "you are all so dear! I shall hasten immediately." She stooped swiftly and touched her lips to the hands that held and caressed her, then turned and mounted the stairs with flying feet. Warner gazed rather blankly at Madame de Moidrey.

"I must have been crazy to risk taking her. But, Ethra, I hadn't any reason to suppose there was any danger."

"Were you in Ausone when the fort began firing? Didn't you know enough to come home?"

"Yes; I didn't realize it was the Ausone fort. We were at tea in the Boule d'Argent when the Taube appeared. Then everything was in a mess, Ethra. I think a number of people have been killed. We saw a shop blown up across the street. After that, the cupola guns on the fort opened and the town shook; and before we could cross the Rue d'Auros to find our punt, where we had left it tied under the river-wall, the big German shells began to fall all over the town. It was certainly a rotten deal—"

"Jim, I am furious at you for taking that child into such a place! I wish you to understand now, from this moment, that I love her dearly. She is adorable—and she's mine! You can't take her about with you without ceremony, anywhere and everywhere. Anyway, it's sheer madness to go roaming around the country in such times as these. Hereafter, you will please ask my permission and obtain my sanction when you are contemplating any further harebrained performances."

Warner took his rebuke very humbly, kissed the pretty hand that, figuratively,

had chastised him, and went away to dress, considerably subdued.

"By the way," he asked, when half-way up the stairs, "how is that man, Reginald Gray?"

"I think he is better, Jim. Sister Eila is with him. Poor child, she has been superintending the placing of the cot-beds which have arrived, and she is really very tired. If you are going to stop in and speak to Mr. Gray, please say to Sister Eila that I shall relieve her in a few moments."

He met Peggy with Philippa in the upper hall.

"You brute!" remarked Peggy, turning up her nose; and Philippa laughed and closed the girl's lips with her soft hand.

"You may chase me about and kick me, too," said Warner contritely. "Anyway, I'm not to go anywhere with Philippa any more, it seems."

"What!" exclaimed Philippa, then smiled and flushed as Peggy said scornfully:

"You couldn't keep away from her if you tried. But hereafter you'll include me on your charming excursions in quest of annihilation." And she tightened her arm around Philippa's waist and swung her with her toward the farther end of the hall.

Very conscious of his temporary unpopularity, he went in to see how Gray was feeling, and found him sitting up in bed and Sister Eila preparing his dose for him.

So Warner gave the Sister of Charity the message from Madame de Moidrey and offered to sit beside Gray until the countess arrived. When Sister Eila had retired, Gray said rather wistfully:

"I shan't know how to thank these people for taking me in. It's really a beastly imposition—"

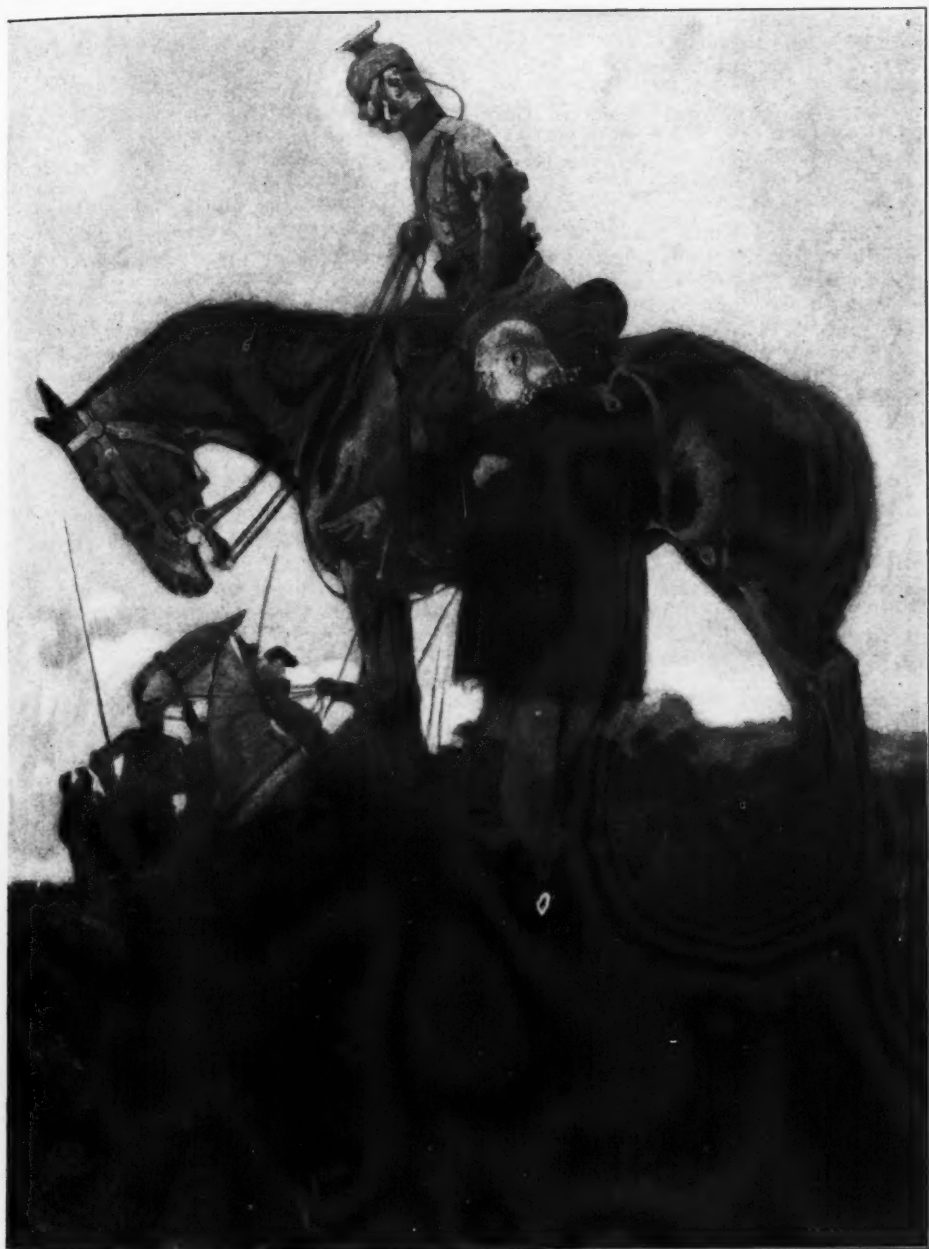
"Nonsense, my dear fellow! They like it. All women adore a hero. How do you feel, anyway?"

"Much fitter, thanks. I don't know what medicine they're giving me, but it is evidently what I needed. And do you know that the Comtesse de Moidrey has been kind enough to visit me and read to me, and even write a letter to Halkett for me? I sent it to London. They'll get into touch with him there." His sunken eyes rested on the window, through which, far away over the Ausone fort, the flicker and flare of the guns lighted up the misty darkness, throwing a wavering red glare over the clouds.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

"Where does that road lead?" the officer demanded, with a nod toward the quarry road raised his arm and pointed, tracing the quarry road north and



below. "To Drieux, *Excellenz*." "Point out the direction of Dreslin." Wildresse
west. "So! How deep is the river? Is there a bridge?"

Boom—boom—rumble—rumble—boom! came the dull thundering out of the north. Every window was shaking and humming.

"A devil of a row!" remarked Gray restlessly.

"You've heard that the German shells are already falling in Ausone?"

"No. Are they?"

Warner drew a brief picture of what he had seen that afternoon in Ausone, and the Englishman listened, intensely interested.

"And I don't know," he ended, "what is to prevent the Germans from battering the Ausone fort to pieces if they have silenced those big Belgian fortresses around Namur. In that case, we'll have their charming uhlands here in another forty-eight hours—"

He checked himself as Madame de Moidrey knocked and entered, followed by a maid with Gray's dinner on a tray.

"Thank you, Jim; you may go and dress now. Mr. Gray, you are to dine a little earlier, if you don't mind."

"Thanks, so much; but I am detaining you from dinner."

"No, indeed. Let me help you a little"—arranging a napkin for him and uncovering his cup of fragrant broth.

That night, at dinner, Sister Eila was absent.

Certain prescribed devotions made her attendance at any meal an uncertainty. The private chapel in the east wing had now become a retreat for her at intervals during the day; the kitchen knew her when Gray's broth was to be prepared; she gently directed the servants who had been setting up the hospital cots in the east wing, and she showed them how to equip the beds, how to place the tables, how to garnish the basins of running water with necessities, where to pile towels, where to assemble the hospital stores, which had arrived with the cots in cases and kegs and boxes. Besides this, she had not forgotten to give Gray his medicine and to change his bandages.

It had been a busy day for Sister Eila. And now, in the little chapel where she had crept on tired feet to her devotions, she had fallen asleep on her knees, the rosary still clinging to her fingers, her white-bonneted head resting against the pillar beside which she had knelt.

Warner, wandering at hazard after dinner, discovered her there and thought it best to awaken her. She opened her eyes and murmured drowsily:

"I have need of prayer, Mr. Halkett. Let me pray—for us—both."

For a long while Warner stood motionless, not daring to stir. Then, moving cautiously, he left her there on her knees, her white cheek against the pillar, the wooden prayer-beads hanging from her hands.

XXXII

THE first streak of tarnished silver in the east aroused the sleeping batteries beyond Ausone. Warner, already dressed and out of doors, felt the dim world around him begin to shake again, as, one by one, the distant guns awoke and spoke to the ruined fort of doom.

He had slept badly. What might be transpiring in the north had haunted his troubled slumber, had broken it continually, and finally had driven him from his hot and tumbled pillows to dress and go out into the dark obscurity.

To see for himself, to try to form some conclusion concerning the approaching situation of the people in the Château des Oiseaux was his object.

The first gray tint in the east woke up the guns; from the northern terrace he could see the fog all rosy over Ausone; pale flashes leaped and sparkled far beyond as the deep waves of sound came rolling and tumbling toward him, breaking in thunderous waves across the misty darkness. Now and then a heavier concussion set the ground shaking, and a redder glare lighted the north and played shakily over the clouds. Ausone was still replying.

On the other side of the Récollette there was a hill, terraced to the summit with vineyards. From its western slope he knew that part of Ausone town was visible, and from there he believed that, with his field-glasses, he could see for himself now much of the town was really on fire, how near to it and to the fort were those paler flashes reflected on the clouds which ringed the northern sky.

Nobody was astir in the house as he left it, nobody in the roadway. At the lodge, he rapped on the dark window until the old man peered out at him through the diamond-shaped panes, yawning and blinking under

his Yvetot nightcap, and a candle trembling in his hand.

Outside the wall he crossed the road, climbed the hedge-stile, and struck across a field of stubble. Over the darker eastern hills, a wet sky lowered; the Récollette ran black under its ghostly cerements of vapor; lapwings were calling somewhere from the foggy sky, and their mournful and faint complaint seemed to harmonize sadly with the vague gray world around him.

A trodden path twisted through the grass down to the reedy shore where the punt lay. Peering about for it, his foot struck the pole, where it lay partly buried in the weeds; he picked it up and went down among the rushes. But until he laid his hand on the boat he did not notice the man asleep there. And not until the man sat up with a frightful yawn, rubbing his sleep-swollen lids, did he recognize Asticot.

"What the devil—" he began, but Asticot stumbled to his large, flat feet with a suppressed yelp of apprehension, as Warner's dreaded grasp fell on his collar.

"*Mon Dieu*," moaned the young ruffian, "may I not even sleep without offending *monsieur*?"

Warner shook him, not roughly.

"Now, answer me—once and for all! Why are you hanging around Saïs?"

The tiny, mousy eyes of Asticot became fixed; a grin of terror stiffened the pasty features.

"I—I am too f-frightened to tell you."

"Get over your fright. Listen, Asticot: I'm not going to hurt you. But you've got to answer me. Come, compose yourself." He relaxed his grasp on the coat collar and stepped aside.

"*Monsieur* will not believe me—God knows I do not know how to explain it to myself—but since that frightful beating bestowed upon me, I do not know how to get along without the protection of *monsieur*."

"What do you mean?"

"I am afraid. I do not know why. I desire to be taken under the patronage of him I fear. *C'est plus fort que moi*. *Tenez, monsieur*, like a dog owned by nobody, I once ran about at random and not afraid, until caught and nearly killed by *monsieur*. And now I desire to be his. It is natural for me to follow him—even though I remain afraid of him, even risking his anger and another beating—"

"Asticot?"

"*Monsieur*?"

"Do you nourish any agreeable dreams that you may one day live to insert your knife in my back?"

The sheer astonishment in the young ruffian's visage was sufficient answer for Warner. He realized then that this yellow mongrel would never again try to bite—that he might collapse and succumb under violence, but never again twist and try to mangle the hand of punishment which once had broken him so mercilessly.

"Get into the punt, anyway!" said Warner, much perplexed.

Asticot turned and crept into the stern.

"Sit down!"

The young man squatted obediently. Warner shoved off, sprang aboard, and sent the punt shooting out across the misty water.

"So you don't want to murder me any more?" he asked humorously.

"No," said Asticot, with sullen but profound conviction.

"What's become of your delightful friend, Squelette?"

Asticot looked up, bared every tooth.

"*Figurez vous, monsieur*, a dragoon patrol caught him yesterday stealing a goose from a farm. Me, I hid in a willow tree. It's the battalion of Biribi for Squelette—his class having been called a year ago—and he over the Belgian line with his fingers to his nose! *Hé—hé!*" laughed Asticot, writhing in enjoyment of the prospect before his recent comrade. "Me, I have done my time in Biribi. And the scars of it—God! Hot irons on the brain—and the heart a cinder. Biribi! Is there a priest's hell like it?" He spat fiercely into the river. "And Squelette, who always mocked me for the time I did in Biribi! *Tenez, monsieur*, now they've caught him and he'll do a tour for himself in that dear Biribi! *Hé—hé! C'est bien fait. Chacun à son tour*. As for me"—his voice suddenly relapsed into a whine—"I shall now be well protected by *monsieur*, and I shall be diligent and grateful in his service, ready always with brush and black soap or with knife and noose—"

"Thanks," said Warner dryly; "you may stick to the bowl of black soap until your class is summoned."

Asticot looked at him earnestly.

"If I have to go with my class, will

monsieur speak a word for me that it shall be the line and not Biribi again?"

"Yes; if you behave yourself."

Asticot squirmed with delight. And Warner, poling steadily up-stream, saw him making his toilet in the gray light, dipping his fists into the water, scrubbing his battered features, carefully combing out *favoris* and *rouflaquette*, and greasing both from the contents of a knotted bandana handkerchief which he drew from the capacious pocket of the coat which the charity of Warner had bestowed upon him.

He was as merry as a washer-raccoon over his ablutions; all care for the future had fled, and an animal-like confidence in this terrible young *patron* of his reigned undisturbed in the primitive brain of Asticot.

There was now only one impelling force in life for him—the instinctive necessity of running rather close to Warner's heels, wherever that might lead him. Anxiety for personal comfort and well-being he dismissed; he would eat when his master thought best; he should find shelter and warmth and clothing when and where it pleased the man after whom he tagged. He was safe; he was comfortable. That dominating physical strength which had nearly destroyed him, coupled with that awesome intellectual power which now held him in dumb subjection, would, in future, look out for him and his needs. So much the better! Let his master do the worrying.

Carefully combing out his *favoris* with a broken comb and greasing them with perfumed pomade flat over his sunken cheek-bones, he fairly wriggled with his new sense of security and bodily comfort.

Now and then he scratched his large, outstanding ears, trying to realize his good fortune; now and then, combing his *rouflaquette* with tenderness and pride, he lifted his mean, nasal voice in song.

"*Depuis que j'suis dans c'te p—n d'Afrique
Affaire l'chameau avec une bosse su' l'dos,
Mon vieux frangin, j'suis sec comme un coup d'trique;
J'ai b'entôt p'us que d'la peau su' les os!
Et c'la l'bat d'Af qui passe!
Ohé! Ceux d' la classe—*"

He was still chanting when the punt glided in among the rushes of the eastern bank. He followed Warner to the land, aided him to beach the punt, then trotted docilely at heel as the American struck out across the quarry road and mounted the

retaining wall of the vineyard-clad hill. Up they climbed among the vines; and Asticot, with a leer, but keeping his mousy eyes on Warner, ventured to detach a ripe bunch here and there and breakfast as he trotted along.

The thunder of the cannon had become very distinct; daylight came slowly under the heavy blanket of gray clouds; the foggy sky was still stained with rose over Ausone; red flashes leaped from the fort; the paler glare of the German guns played constantly across the north.

And now, coming out on the hill's crest among the vines, Warner caught sight of Ausone town far below, beyond the château forest. Here and there houses kindled red as coals in a grate; the sluice and wheel of a mill by the Récollette seemed to be on fire; beyond it, haystacks were burning and smothering all the east in smoke.

"*Mazette!*" remarked Asticot, with his mouth full of stolen grapes. "It appears to Bibi that their church of Sainte Cassilde is frying the stone saints inside."

And then, adjusting his field-glasses, Warner discovered what the mouse-eyes of Asticot had detected: Sainte Cassilde, the beautiful, was merely a hollow shell within which raged a sea of fire, crimsoning the gaping doors and windows, glowing scarlet through cracks and fissures in the exquisitely carved façade, mounting through the ruined roof in a whirl of rosy vapors that curled and twisted and glittered with swarming golden sparks.

Another fire burned in the ruins of what had been the Châlons Railway station; the Café and Cabaret de Biribi were level wastes of stones and steaming bricks, over which fire played and smoke whirled upward; the market was a long heap of live coals; even trees were afire by the river, and Warner could see flames here and there among the bushes and whole thickets burning fiercely along the river.

As day broke, a watery light illuminated the still landscape. Smoke hung heavy over Ausone fort; the great cupola guns flashed redly through it; a wide, high bank of vapor towered above Ausone, stretching away to the west and north. Whole rows of burning houses in Ausone glowed and glimmered, marking the courses of streets; the *hôtel de ville* seemed to be intact, but the Boulevard d'Athos was plainly on fire; and, over the Rue d'Auros, an infernal light

flickered as flame and smoke alternately lighted the street or blotted it from view.

"The town is done for," said Warner calmly. "The fort is still replying, but very slowly. It looks rather bad to me. It looks like the end."

Asticot scratched one large ear and furtively helped himself to another bunch of grapes. Warner seated himself on the ground and raised his field-glasses. Asticot squatted on his haunches, his little, mousy eyes fixed wistfully on the burning town. Looting ought to be good in Ausone—dangerous, of course, but profitable. A heaven-sent opportunity for honest pillage was passing. Asticot sighed and licked his lips. After a while, and imbued now with the impudent confidence of a tolerated mongrel, he ventured to rise and nose around a bit, keeping, however, his new master carefully in sight.

The sour little wine-grapes had allayed his thirst and hunger; he prowled at random around the summit of the hill, surveying the river valley and the hills beyond. By chance, he presently kicked up a big hare, which cleared out at full speed, doubling and twisting before the shower of stones hurled after it by Asticot.

He ran after it a little way among the vines, hoping that a chance missile might have bowled over the toothsome game. Craning his neck, he peeped discreetly down the hillside, reconnoitering, then suddenly ducked, squatted for a moment as though frozen to a statue, and, dropping on his belly, he crawled back to Warner, who still sat there with his field-glasses bracketed on Ausone.

"Monsieur!"

Warner turned at the weird whisper, lowering his glasses.

"*Les Boches!*" whispered Asticot.

"Where?" demanded Warner incredulously.

"Riding up this very hill where we are sitting! I saw them—six of them on their horses!"

"They must be French!"

"No; *Boches*—uhlans!"

"Did they see you?"

"No."

Along the upper retaining wall of the vineyard, a line of low bushes grew in patches, left there, no doubt, so that the roots might make firmer the steep bank of

earth and dry-laid stone. Warner rose and, stooping low, ran toward this thatch of cover, followed by Asticot. Under the bushes they crept, stretched themselves flat, and lay listening.

They had not long to wait. Straight through the rows of vines toward the crest of the hill rode an uhlan, walking his big, hard-breathing horse to the very verge of the northern slope.

He was so near that Warner could see the gray uniform in detail—the *Ulanka* piped with dark crimson, shoulder-straps bearing the number 2, collar with the eagle-button insignia of the Guard. A gray helmet-slip covered the mortar-board and leather body of the *Schapska*; boots and belt were of russet leather.

Another uhlan rode up, showing the star of an *Oberleutnant* on the *pattes d'épaules*.

Four others followed, picking their way among the vines, cautiously yet leisurely. At the stirrups of the *Oberleutnant* strode a man on foot—a big, shambling, bald-headed man wearing a smock and carrying a felt hat in his huge hand. And when he turned to wipe his hairless face on his sleeve, Asticot clutched Warner's arm convulsively. The man was *Wildresse!*

The officer of uhlans sat very straight in his saddle, his field-glasses sometimes focused on the burning town, sometimes sweeping the landscape to the north and west, sometimes deliberately studying the valley below. Presently he lowered his glasses and turned partly around to look down at *Wildresse*, who was standing among the vines by his stirrup.

"Where does that road lead?" the officer demanded, with a nod toward the quarry road below.

"To Drieux, *Excellenz*."

"Point out the direction of Dreslin."

Wildresse raised his arm and pointed, tracing the quarry road north and west.

"*So!* How deep is the river? Is there a bridge?"

The harsh, deep rumble of *Wildresse's* voice, the mincing, nasal tones of the Prussian, the snort of horses receded as the uhlans rode slowly over toward the right—evidently a precaution to escape observation from the valley below. For a while they sat their big horses there, looking out over the valley; then, at a signal from the *Oberleutnant*, they turned their mounts and rode slowly off down the

eastern slope of the vineyard, taking with them the double traitor, Wildresse.

Asticot's eyes were like two minute black sparks; he was shivering now from head to foot as he lay there, and it became very evident to Warner that this young ruffian had had no knowledge of that sort of villainy on the part of Wildresse.

"Ah, the swine!" hissed Asticot, grasping two fistfuls of earth in his astonishment and fury. "Is he selling France, then, to the Boches?"

"Didn't you know it?" inquired Warner coldly.

"I? *Nom de Dieu!* For what do you take me, then? Whatever I am, I am not that! Ah, Wildresse—*fumier, viande à corbeau, caserne à puces, gadou, morceau d'chaussell's russes—que j'te dis que j'tengeule et que j'tabomine, vermine malade, canard boiteux—*"

Ashy white, his mouth twisted with rage, Asticot lay shivering and cursing the treachery of his late employer, Wildresse. And Warner understood that, low as this creature was, ignorant, treacherous, fierce, ruthless, and cowardly, the treason of Wildresse had amazed and horrified and enraged him.

"It's the last depths of filth!" stammered Asticot. "*Ah, non, nom de Dieu;* one does not do that—whatever else one does! I'll have his skin for this. It becomes necessary to me that I have his skin! *Mince de Marseillaise! Viv' la république! En avant l'armée! Gare au coup d'scion, eh, vache d'apache! Les couteaux sont faits pour les chiens, mince de purée! C'est vrai qu' Squelette—c'est un copain à moi—mais lui et le père Wildresse, et bon!—faut leur-z y casser la geule—*"

"That's enough!" interrupted Warner, who, for a moment, had been struck dumb by the frightful fluency of an invective he never dreamed existed, even in the awful argot of *voyous* like Asticot.

He rose. Pale and still trembling, Asticot stumbled to his feet, his pasty face twisted with unuttered maledictions.

Moving cautiously to the eastern edge of the vineyard, they saw, far below them, six uhlans riding slowly eastward toward the Bois de Sais, and a gross figure on foot, shuffling ahead and evidently acting as pilot toward the wilder uplands of the rolling country beyond.

Warner watched them through his

glasses until they disappeared in the woods, then he turned, looked at the burning town in the north for a few moments, closed his field-glasses and slung them, and, nodding to Asticot, descended the western slope toward the river.

There were no people visible anywhere, either on the quarry road or across the river. The fugitives from Ausone must have gone west toward Dreslin.

Asticot crawled into the punt; Warner shoved off and poled for midstream, where he let the current carry him down toward Sais, using his pole only to steer.

"Asticot?"

"*Monsieur?*"

"That was only one small scouting party of uhlans. Perhaps there are more of them along the river."

Asticot began to curse again, but Warner stopped him.

"Curb that charmingly fluent flow of classic eloquence," he said. "It may sound well on the outer boulevards, but I don't care for it."

The *voyou* gulped, swallowed a weird oath, and shivered.

"Asticot, that man Wildresse ought to be apprehended and shot. Have you any idea where his hiding-place is?"

"In the Bois d'Ausone. It was there. Animals travel."

"Could you find the place?"

Asticot shrugged and rubbed his pock-marked nose. The Forest of Ausone was too near the cannon to suit him, and he said so without hesitation.

"Very well," said Warner; "when we meet any of our soldiers or gendarmes, you can explain where Wildresse has been hiding. He won't come out, I suppose, until the occupation of Ausone by the Germans reassures him. He ought to be caught and executed."

"If the cannon would only stop their ugly noises I'd go myself," muttered Asticot. "*Tenez, monsieur;* it would be a pleasure for me to bleed that treacherous hog."

"I don't doubt it," said Warner pleasantly, "but, odd as it may appear to you, Asticot, I have a personal prejudice against murder. It's weak-minded of me, I know. But if you have no objection, we'll let martial law catch Wildresse and deal with him if it can."

Asticot looked at him curiously.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIN

An officer of hussars rode up and asked if the German cavalry had been there that morning

"Is it, then, distasteful to *monsieur* that I bleed this *espèce de cochon* for him?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"You do not desire me to settle the business of this *limace*?"

"No."

"For what purpose is an enemy?" inquired the *voyou*. "For revenge. And of what use is revenge, if you do not use it on your enemy?"

"You can't understand me, can you, Asticot?"

"No," said Asticot naively; "I can't."

XXXIII

It was still very early as Warner walked up to the Golden Peach, but Magda and Linette were astir, and a delicious aroma of coffee floated through the hallway. Warner surveyed his most recent acquisition with a humorous and slightly disgusted air. As it appeared impossible to get rid of Asticot, there seemed nothing to do but to feed him.

So he called out Linette and asked her to give some breakfast to the young *voyou*; and Linette showed Asticot into the bar and served breakfast with a scorn and aloofness which fascinated Asticot and also awed him. None of the leering impudence, none of the easy effrontery of the outer boulevards aided Asticot to assert himself or helped him toward any attempt at playfulness toward this wholesome, capable, businesslike young woman.

As for Warner, he had sauntered into the kitchen, where Madame Arlon greeted him heartily, and was prettily confused and flattered when he seated himself and insisted on having breakfast with her.

Over their *café au lait* they discussed the menace of invasion very quietly, and the stout, cheery landlady told him that she had concluded to keep the inn open in any event.

"What else is there for me to do?" she asked. "To leave my house is to invite robbery, perhaps even destruction, if the Prussians arrive. I had rather remain and protect my property if I can. At any rate, it will not be for long, God willing!"

"I do not believe it will last very long, this headlong rush of the Germans into France," he said thoughtfully. "It seems to me as though they had the start of us, but nothing more serious. I'm very much

afraid we are going to see them here in the Récollette valley before they are driven back across the frontier."

Linette's cheeks grew very red.

"I had even rather serve that frightful *voyou* in there than be forced to set food before a Prussian," she said, in a low voice.

"Wait a bit longer," said Warner, "a little patience, perhaps a little more humiliation, but, sooner or later, surely, surely the liberation of the Vosges—the return of her lost children to France. It's worth waiting for, worth endurance and patience and sacrifice."

"It is worth dying for," said Magda simply.

"If," added Linette, "one only knew how best to serve France by offering one's life."

"It is best to live if that can be accomplished honorably," said Madame Arlon. "France is in great need of all her children."

The three women spoke thoughtfully, naturally, with no idea of heroics, expressing themselves without any self-consciousness whatever. After a silence, Warner said to Linette, with a smile,

"So you don't admire my new assistant, Monsieur Asticot?"

"Monsieur Warner—that dreadful *voyou* in your service?"

Warner laughed.

"It seems so. I didn't invite him. But I can't get rid of him."

"Send him about his business—which doubtless is to pick pockets!" cried Linette. "*Monsieur* has merely to whisper, '*Gendarmes*' to him, and he does not stop running until he sights the Eiffel Tower!"

Madame Arlon smiled.

"He really is a dreadful *type*," she said. "Monsieur Warner had better get rid of him before articles begin to be missed."

"Oh, well," remarked Warner, "he'll probably scuttle away like a scared rabbit when the Germans come through Saïs. I'm not worrying. Meanwhile, he carries my field-kit and washes brushes—if I ever can make up my mind to begin painting again. That heavy, steady thunder from the north seems to take all ambition out of me."

"It affects me like real thunder," nodded Madame Arlon. "The air is lifeless and dead; one's feet drag and one's head grows heavy. It is like the languor which comes over one before a storm."

"Do the guns seem any louder to you since last night?"

"I was wondering. Well, God's will be done! But I do not believe it is in his heart to turn the glory of his face from France. Magda, if we are to make the preserves to-day, it will be necessary for you to gather plums this morning. Linette, is that *type* still eating?"

"He stuffs himself without pause," replied the girl scornfully. "Only a guinea-pig can eat like that!"

She went into the bar-café and bent a pair of pretty but hostile eyes upon Asticot, who stared at her with his mouth full, then, still staring, buttered another slice of bread.

"*Voyons*," she said impatiently, "do you imagine yourself to be at dinner, young man? Permit me to remind you that this is breakfast—*café au lait, pardieu!*—not a banquet at the *hôtel de ville*."

"I am hungry," said Asticot simply.

"Really?" she retorted, exasperated. "One might almost guess as much, what with the *lartines* and *branches* you swallow as though you had nothing else to do. Come; stand up on what I suppose you call your feet. Your master is out in the road already, and I don't suppose that even you have the effrontery to keep him waiting."

Asticot arose; a gorged sigh escaped him. He stretched himself with the satisfaction of repletion, shuffled his feet, peeped cunningly and sideways out of his mousy eyes at Linette.

"*Allons*," she said coldly; "it's paid for. *Fichez moi le camp!*"

There was a vase of flowers on the bar. Asticot shuffled over, sniffed at them, extracted the largest and gaudiest blossom—a yellow dahlia—and, with a half-bold, half-scared smirk, laid it on the table as an offering to Linette. The girl was too much astonished and incensed to utter a word, and Asticot left so hurriedly that when she had recovered her power of speech, he was already slouching along down the road, a few paces behind Warner.

The latter had hastened his steps because ahead of him walked Sister Eila; and he meant to overtake and escort her as far as the school, and then back to the château, if she were returning.

As he joined her and they exchanged grave but friendly greetings, he suddenly remembered her as he had last seen her,

kneeling asleep by the chapel pillar. And then he recollected what she had murmured, still drowsy with dreams; and the memory of it perplexed him.

"How is your patient, Sister?" he inquired, dropping into step beside her.

"Much better, Mr. Warner. A little care is all he needs. But I wish his mind were at rest."

"What worries him?" inquired Warner.

"The prospect of being taken prisoner, I suppose."

"Of course. If the Germans break through from the north, they'll take him along. That would be pretty hard luck—wouldn't it?—to be taken before one has even a taste of battle!"

Sister Eila nodded.

"He says nothing; but I know that is what troubles him. When I came in this morning, I found him up and trying to walk. I sent him back to bed. But he tells me he does not need to use his legs in his branch of the British service, and that if he could only get to Châlons, he would be fit for duty. I think, from things he has said, that both he and Mr. Halkett belong to the Flying Corps."

Warner was immensely interested. Sister Eila told him briefly why she suspected this to be true; then, casting a perplexed glance behind her, she asked, in a low voice, who might be the extremely unprepossessing individual shuffling along the road behind them. And Warner told her humorously; but she did not smile, and said very gently:

"My duties have led me more than once into the *faubourgs*. There is nothing sadder to me than Paris. Always I have believed that sin and degradation among the poor should be treated as diseases of the mind. Poor things—they have no doctor, no medicines, no hospital to aid them in their illness—the most terrible illness in the world, which they inherit at birth—poverty! Poverty sickens the body, and, at last, the mind; and from a diseased mind, all evil in the world is born. They are not to blame who daily crucify Christ, for they know not what they do."

He walked silently beside her. She spoke again of crippled minds, and of the responsibility of civilization, then looked up at his gloomy visage with a faint smile, excusing herself for any lack of cheerfulness and courage.

The Girl Philippa

"Indeed," she said almost gaily, "God is best served with a light heart, I think. There is no paladin like good humor to subdue terror and slay despair, no ally of Christ so powerful as he who laughs when evil threatens. Sin is most easily slain with a smile, I think; its germs die under it as bacilli die in the sunlight. *Tenez*, Monsieur Warner, what do you think of my theories of medicine, moral, spiritual, and mundane? Is it likely that the Academy awards me palms?"

He laughed, and assured her that her views were sound in theory and in practise. A moment later, they came in sight of the school.

"It is necessary that I make some little arrangements with Sister Félicité for my absence," she explained. "I scarcely know what she is going to do all alone here, if the children are to remain."

They went into the schoolroom, where exercises had already begun, and the droning, minor singsong of children filled the heavy air.

Sister Félicité greeted Warner, then, dismissing the children to their desks, withdrew to a corner of the schoolroom with Sister Eila. Their low-voiced consultation lasted for a few minutes only; the little girls, hands solemnly folded, watched out of wide, serious eyes.

On the door-step outside, Asticot sat and occasionally scratched his large ears with a sort of bored embarrassment.

Warner went out to the door-step presently and looked up at the sky, which threatened rain. As he stood there, silent, preoccupied, Sister Eila came out with Sister Félicité, nodding to Warner that she was ready to leave. And, at the same instant, two horsemen in gray uniforms rode around the corner of the school, pistols lifted, lances without pennons slanting backward from their arm-slings.

Asticot, paralyzed, gaped at them; Warner, as shocked as he, stood motionless as four more uhlands came trotting up and coolly drew bridle before the school.

Already three of the uhlands had dismounted, stacked lances, abandoning their bridles to the three who remained on their horses.

As they came striding across the road toward the school, spurs and carbines clinking and rattling, a child in the schoolroom caught sight of them and screamed.

Instantly the room was filled with the terrified cries of little girls. Sister Eila and Sister Félicité, pale but calm, backed slowly away before the advancing uhlands, their arms outstretched in protection in front of the shrieking, huddling herd of children. Behind them, the terrified little girls crouched under desks, hid behind the stove, or knelt, clinging hysterically to the gray-blue habits of the Sisters, who continued to interpose themselves between the uhlands and their panic-stricken pupils.

The uhlands glanced contemptuously at Asticot as they mounted the door-step, looked more closely at Warner; then one of them walked clanking into the schoolroom, lifting his gloved hand to his helmet in salute.

Sister Félicité tried vainly to quiet the screaming children; Sister Eila, her head high, confronted the uhlands.

"Stop where you are!" she said coolly. "What do you wish, gentlemen? Don't you see that you are frightening our children? If you desire to speak to us, we will go outside."

An uhlan clumsily tried to reassure and make friends with a little girl who had hidden herself behind the stove. She fled from him sobbing and threw herself on her knees behind Sister Eila, hanging to her skirts.

"*Pas méchant*," repeated the big cavalryman, with a good-natured grin; "*moi, père de famille! Beaucoup enfants à moi. Pas peur de moi. Vous êtes bonnes Françaises.*"

Another uhlan pointed inquiringly at Warner, who had placed himself beside Sister Félicité.

"*Anglais?*" he demanded.

"American," said Sister Eila calmly.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a wry grin. "Americans are our friends. Frenchmen have our respect. We salute them as brave enemies. But not the English! Therefore, do not be afraid. We Germans mean no harm to peaceful people. You shall see; we are not barbarians. Tell your children we are not ogres."

He stood tall and erect in his gray, close-fitting uniform, looking curiously about him. The plastron of the tunic, or *Ullanka*, was piped with yellow, and bore the galloons and the heraldic buttons of a *Feldwebel*. The shoulder-strap bore the number 3; boots and belt were of tan-colored leather; all metal work was mat silver; spurs, saber,

were oxidized, and the oddly-shaped helmet, surmounted by the mortar-board, was covered with a brown-holland slip bearing the regimental number.

The children had become deathly silent, staring with wide and frightened eyes upon these tall intruders; the Sisters of Charity stood motionless, calm, level-eyed; Warner, wondering why the uhlands had entered the school, had drawn Sister Eila's arm through his and remained beside her, watching the Germans with undisturbed curiosity and professional interest. Afterward, his well-known picture of the incident was bought by the French government.

The *Wachtmeister* in charge of the squad turned to him with a sort of insolent civility.

"How many kilometers is it to Ausone?"

Warner made no reply.

"What's this place called?" The *Wachtmeister* had raised his voice insolently.

"Saïs," replied Warner carelessly.

"Have any German troops passed through here?"

Warner remained silent.

"Are there German troops in the woods?"

"There is no use asking an American for information," said Warner bluntly. "You'll get none from me."

Instantly the man's face changed.

"So! Very well; whoever tries to evade will be shot!" he went on, in excellent French. "Unlock every door in the house! If there are any dogs, tie them up! If they bark, you will be held responsible. Don't move! Keep those children where they are until we have finished!"

He nodded to a trooper behind him. The uhlan instantly drew a short hammer and a cold-chisel from his pouch, knelt down, and, with incredible rapidity, ripped up a plank from the hard-wood floor, laying bare to view the solid concrete underneath.

"Sound it!"

The trooper sounded the concrete with the heavy butt of his chisel.

"All right!" The non-com touched his *Schapska* in salute to the Sisters of Charity.

"Take your children away before noon! We need this place. German troops will occupy it in half an hour." Then he swung around and shot an ugly glance at Warner. "If you are as neutral as you pretend to be, see that you are equally reticent toward the French when we let you go.

You may be American, but you behave like an Englishman. You annoy me—do you understand?"

Warner shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you mean by that gesture of disrespect?" demanded the uhlan sharply.

"I mean that you ask improper questions, and you know it!"

"I ask what I choose to ask," he said angrily. "I think I shall take you with us, anyway, and not leave you here."

"You'll only get into trouble with my government and your own."

"Take that man!" shouted the uhlan in a passion. "I'll find out what he is——"

A shot rang loudly from the road outside; the uhlands turned in astonishment, then ran for the door, where their comrades flung them their bridles. They seized their lances and scrambled into their saddles, still disconcerted and apparently incredulous of any serious danger to themselves. Then another uhlan, who had cantered off down the road, suddenly fired from his saddle; the others, bending forward, scanned the road intently for a moment; then the whole squad swung their horses, spurred over the ditch and up the grassy bank, trotted in single file through the hedge-gate, and, putting their horses to a gallop, headed straight across the meadow toward the river and the quarry bridge beyond.

They had reached the river willows and were already galloping through them when, far away toward the south end of the meadow, a horseman trotted into view, drew bridle, fired at the uhlands, then launched his horse into a dead run toward them, disengaging his lance, from which a pennon flew gaily. After him, bending forward in their saddles, came two-score riders in pale-blue jackets, lances advanced, urging their wiry horses, spurring hard to intercept the uhlands. But the Germans, who had gained the bridge, were now galloping over it, and they disappeared amid a distant racket of shots.

To the spectators at the school door, it all looked like a pretty, harmless, unreal scene, artistically composed and arranged for moving-picture purposes; the wide, flat meadow was now swarming with the pale-blue and white-laced dolmans of French hussar-lancers. Everywhere they were galloping, trotting, maneuvering; a section of a light battery appeared, drew rapidly

The Girl Philippa

nearer, went plunging across the meadow hub-deep in wild flowers, swung the guns, and dropped them at the bridge, making the *demi-tour* at a gallop.

Back came the caissons, still at a gallop; the dark, distant figures of the cannoneers moved rapidly for a moment around each gun; a tiny figure held up one arm, dropped it. Crack! echoed the report of the field-piece; up went the arm, down it jerked. Crack! went the other.

From a front room overhead, Warner and Sister Eila were leaning out and watching the lively spectacle along the river.

"It looks to me," he said, "as though the Germans were in the cement-works. By George, they are! The yards and quarries are alive with their cavalry! Look! Did you see that shell hit the stone-crusher? There goes another! The big chimney on the Esser Works is falling—look—down it comes! Our gunners have knocked it into dust."

Another section of artillery came plunging into view across the meadows, the drivers spurring and lashing, the powerful horses bounding forward, and the guns jumping and bouncing over the uneven ground.

For a while, the lively rattle of the fusillade continued, but in a few minutes a six-gun battery arrived and went into ear-splitting action, almost instantly extinguishing the German fire from the quarry. A few more ragged volleys came, then only dropping shots from their carbines as the hussars rode forward and broke into a gallop across the quarry bridge.

More cavalry were arriving all the while, dragoons and *chasseurs-à-cheval*, all riding leisurely toward the quarry. More artillery was coming, too, clanking and bumping up the road, a great jolting column of field-batteries, not in a hurry, paying little attention to the lively proceedings across the river, where the German cavalry was retreating over the rolling country toward the eastern hills and the blue hussars were riding after them.

The artillery passed the school and continued on toward Ausone. Behind them came infantry with their swinging, slouchy stride, route-step, mildly interested in the doings of the cavalry in the meadow, more interested in the Sisters of Charity leaning from the schoolhouse windows and the excited children crowding at the open door.

Not very far beyond the school a regi-

ment turned out into a stubble field and stacked arms. Other regiments swung out east and west along the Saïs road, stacked arms, let go sacks, and went to work with picks and spades.

More artillery rumbled by; then came some engineers and a pontoon train which turned out toward the river opposite the school after the engineers had opened a way through the hedge-stile.

Sister Eila and Warner had returned from the upper story to stand on the doorstep among the children.

"One thing is certain," he said, in her ear: "Sister Félicité will have to take the children away to-night. The infantry yonder are entrenching, and all these wagons and material that are passing mean that the valley is to be defended."

The young Sister nodded and whispered to Sister Félicité, who looked very grave.

Some odd-looking, long, flat motor-trucks were lumbering by; the freight which they carried was carefully covered with brown canvas. Other trucks were piled high with sections of corrugated iron, hollow steel tubes, and bundles of matched boards and planking. For these vehicles there was a dragoon escort.

"Aeroplanes and material for portable sheds," said Warner. "They intend to erect hangars. There is going to be trouble in the valley of the Récollette."

He turned and looked out and around him, and saw the valley already alive with soldiers. Across the river, on the quarry road, they were also moving now, cavalry and artillery, and, as far as he could follow eastward with his eye, red-legged soldiers were continuing the lines of trenches already begun on this side of the river.

An officer of hussars rode up, saluted the Sisters and Warner, glanced sharply at Asticot, who had flattened himself against the vines on the schoolhouse wall, and, leaning forward from his saddle, asked if the German cavalry had been there that morning.

"Six uhhlans, *mon capitaine*," said Warner. "They ripped up a plank from the floor; I can't imagine why. You can see it through the door."

The officer rode up close to the steps and looked into the schoolroom.

"Thank you, *monsieur*. You see what they've done, I suppose?"

"No; I didn't understand."

"It is simple. The Esser cement-works across the river built this school two years ago. It's a German concern. While they were about it, they laid down a few cement gun-platforms—with an eye to the very moment which confronts us now." He shrugged his shoulders. "The Esser cement-works over there are full of gun-emplacements in cement, masquerading as pits, retaining walls, foundations, and other peaceful necessities. A British officer discovered all this only a few days ago."

"Captain Halkett!" exclaimed Warner, inspired.

The hussar glanced at him, surprised and smiling:

"Yes, *monsieur*. Are you acquainted with Captain Halkett?"

"Indeed, I am! And," he turned to the Sisters of Charity, "he is a good friend of all of us."

"He is my friend, also," said the hussar warmly. "He has told me about Sais and how, masquerading as a quarry workman one evening, he discovered gun-platforms along the Récollette and among the quarries. You understand they were very cunning, those Germans, and the cement-works and quarries of Herr Heinrich von Esser are all ready to turn those hills yonder into a fortress—which," he added, laughing, "we may find very convenient."

Sister Eila, standing beside the horse's head, stroked it, looking up at the officer.

"Is Captain Halkett well?" she asked calmly.

"I think so, Sister. I saw him yesterday."

"If you see him again, would you say to him that Captain Gray is at the Château des Oiseaux, recovering from an accident?"

"Yes; I will tell him, Sister. But he must be around here somewhere——"

"Here!" exclaimed Warner.

The next instalment of *The Girl Philippa* will appear in the June issue.

"Why, yes! Our aeroplanes have just passed through. A British Bristol biplane is among them, in charge of a flight-lieutenant—Ferris, I think his name is. Captain Halkett ought to be somewhere about. Possibly he may be superintending the disembarkment and the erection of the sheds." He pointed northwest. "However, I shall give him your message, Sister—if I meet him," he said, saluted them ceremoniously in turn, cast another puzzled and slightly suspicious glance at Asticot, and rode away.

"I should like to find Halkett," said Warner. "I certainly should like to see him again. Shall we walk back that way across the fields, Sister Eila?"

Sister Eila turned to Sister Félicité. Her color was high, but she spoke very calmly.

"Had I not better remain with you and help you close the school?"

Sister Félicité shook her head vigorously.

"I can attend to that if it becomes necessary. I shall not budge unless I am called to field-duty."

"But the children? Had I not better take some of them home?"

"There's time enough. If there is going to be any danger to them, I can arrange all that."

Sister Eila hesitated, her lovely head lowered.

"If we could find Halkett on our way back," said Warner, "I think he would be very glad to hear from us that Gray is alive."

Sister Eila nodded in silence; Warner made his adieux. The Sisters of Charity consulted together a moment; then the American and Sister Eila went out through the rear door and through the little garden. And at their heels shuffled Asticot, furiously chewing a purloined apple.

"Day-Dreams" by Harrison Fisher

This month's cover-picture is entitled *Day Dreams*, and has been reissued, as usual, without printing or advertising, on 14x11-inch pebbled paper. Copies of this picture will be sent, post-paid, to any address in the United States on receipt of 15 cents (10 cents additional for foreign countries).

We have just issued a new, revised, and complete catalogue of our pictures by **Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, C. Coles Phillips, Jessie Willcox Smith, Penrhyn Stanlaws, and Mrs. E. Benson Knipe**. All the latest pictures, many of which have not previously been listed, are included, together with nearly one hundred miniature half-tone reproductions. If you have not already received a copy, send for one. *It is free.* Address,

Room 119, Cosmopolitan Print Department
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The Life of CHARLES FROHMAN

*by Daniel Frohman
and Isaac F. Marcossou*



Maude Adams and

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this has ever been presented. Her the sacrifice and renunciation real achievement may be the

The

FOR over a year Barrie had been at work on a play for Miss Adams. Now came his whimsical satire, "What Every Woman Knows." Afterward, in speaking of this play, he said that he had written it because "there was a Maude Adams in the world." Then he added, "I could see her dancing through every page of my manuscript."

Maude Adams as Maggie Wylie, in
"What Every Woman Knows"

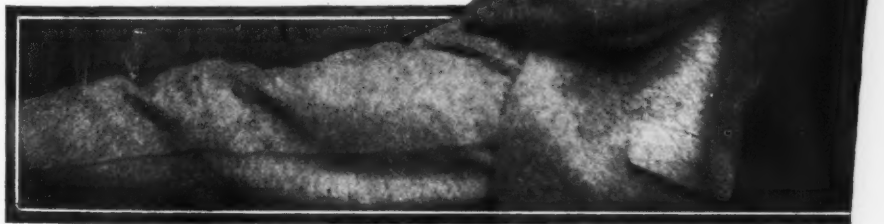


Richard Bennett, in a scene from "What Every Woman Knows"

instalment we have the most complete study of Maude Adams that elusive personality is explained. It is interesting to reflect upon that must be made in lines of artistic endeavor in order that striver's reward. The path of true art is indeed long and lonely.

Real Maude Adams

Indeed, "What Every Woman Knows" was really written around Miss Adams. It was a dramatization of the roguish humor



James M. Barrie, author of "What Every Woman Knows," dramatized the roguish humor and exquisite womanliness of Maude Adams in the character of Maggie Wylie.

The Life of Charles Frohman

and exquisite womanliness that are her peculiar gifts.

As Maggie Wylie, she created a character that was a worthy colleague of Lady Babbie. The rôle opposite her, that of John Shand, the poor Scotch boy who literally stole knowledge, was interesting. The marriage between Maggie and John, according to an agreement entered into between the girl's brothers and the boy. The brothers agree to educate him, and, in return, he weds the sister. Maggie becomes John's inspiration, although he refuses to realize or admit it. He is absolutely without humor. He thinks he can do without her, only to find, when it is almost too late, that she has been the very prop of his success. At the end of the play, Maggie finally makes her husband laugh when she tells him:

"I tell you what every woman knows: that Eve wasn't made from the rib of Adam but from his funny-bone."

Curiously enough, in "What Every Woman Knows" Miss Adams has a speech in which she unconsciously defines the one peculiar and elusive gift which gives her such rare distinction. In the play she is supposed to be the girl "who has no charm." Of course, in reality she is all charm; but, in discussing this quality with her husband's brothers, she says:

"Charm is the bloom upon a woman. If you have it, you don't have to have anything else. If you haven't it, all else won't do you any good."

"What Every Woman Knows" was an enormous success, in which Richard Bennett, who played John Shand, shared honors with the star. Miss Adams'

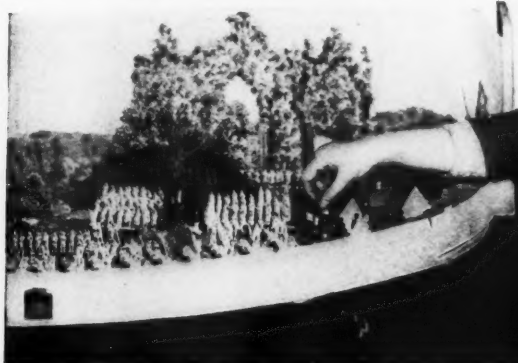


© CHARLES FROHMAN

Maude Adams as Joan of Arc, in her famous pageant-production of Schiller's drama, "The Maid of Orleans"

success in this play emphasized the extraordinary affinity between her and Barrie's delightful art. Commenting on this, the playwright himself has said:

"Miss Adams knows my characters and understands them. She really needs no



directions. I love to write for her and see her in my work."

Nor could there be any more charming comment on Miss Adams' appreciation of all that Barrie has meant to her than to quote her remark that,

"Wherever I act, I always feel that there is one unseen spectator, James M. Barrie."

Maude Adams was now the best beloved of American actresses, and was, without doubt, the best box-office attraction in the country. She had made her way to this eminence by an industry and a concentration that were well-nigh incredible; yet people began to say, "What marvelous things Charles Frohman has done for Miss Adams!"

As a matter of fact, the career of Miss Adams emphasizes what a very great author once said, which, summed up, was that neither nature nor man did anything for any human being that he could not do for himself.

Miss Adams paid the penalty of her enormous success by an almost complete isolation. She concentrated on her work; all else was subsidiary.

Charles Frohman had an enormous ambition for Miss Adams, and that ambition now took form in what was, perhaps, his most remarkable achievement in connection with her. It was the big production



Miss Adams working over the model of her pageant-production of "The Maid of Orleans"

of "The Maid of Orleans" in the Harvard Stadium.

John D. Williams, for many years business manager for Charles Frohman, is a Harvard alumnus. Realizing that the business with which he was associated had been labeled for years with the "commercial" brand, he had an ambition to associate the profession with something really esthetic. The pageant idea had suddenly come into vogue. "Why not give a magnificent pageant?" he said to himself.

One morning, he went into Charles Frohman's office and put the idea up to him, adding that he thought Miss Adams as Joan of Arc would provide the proper medium for such a spectacle. With a quick wave of the hand and a swift, "All right," Frohman assented to what became one of

the most distinguished events in the history of the American stage.

Schiller's great romantic tragedy, "The Maid of Orleans," was selected. In suggesting the battle-heroine of France, Mr. Williams had touched upon one of Maude Adams' great admirations. To her, Joan was the very idealization of all womanhood. Bernhardt, Davenport, and others had tried to present this most appealing of all tragedies in the





Miss Adams' only appearance in "As You Like It." Greek Theatre of the University of California, 1910

several times during the play, and ride at the head of her charging army.

This equestrianism gave Charles Frohman the greatest solicitude. He greatly feared that she would be injured in some way, and he kept cabling from Europe warnings to her to be careful, and to her associates who were responsible for her safety.

Miss Adams, a good horsewoman, determined to be better, and, for more than a month, she practised every afternoon at a riding-academy in New York. Since the horse had to move amid clanging armor and in all the tumult of battle, she rehearsed every day with all sorts of noisy apparatus hanging about him. Shots were fired; colored banners



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Maude Adams as Rosalind, in "As You Like It"

and flags were flaunted about her, and pieces of metal were fastened to her riding-skirt, so that the steed would be accustomed to the constant contact of a sword.

"The Maid of Orleans" was presented on the evening of June 22, 1909, in the presence of over fifteen thousand people. A magnificent and thrilling success, it proved to be the greatest theatrical pageant ever staged

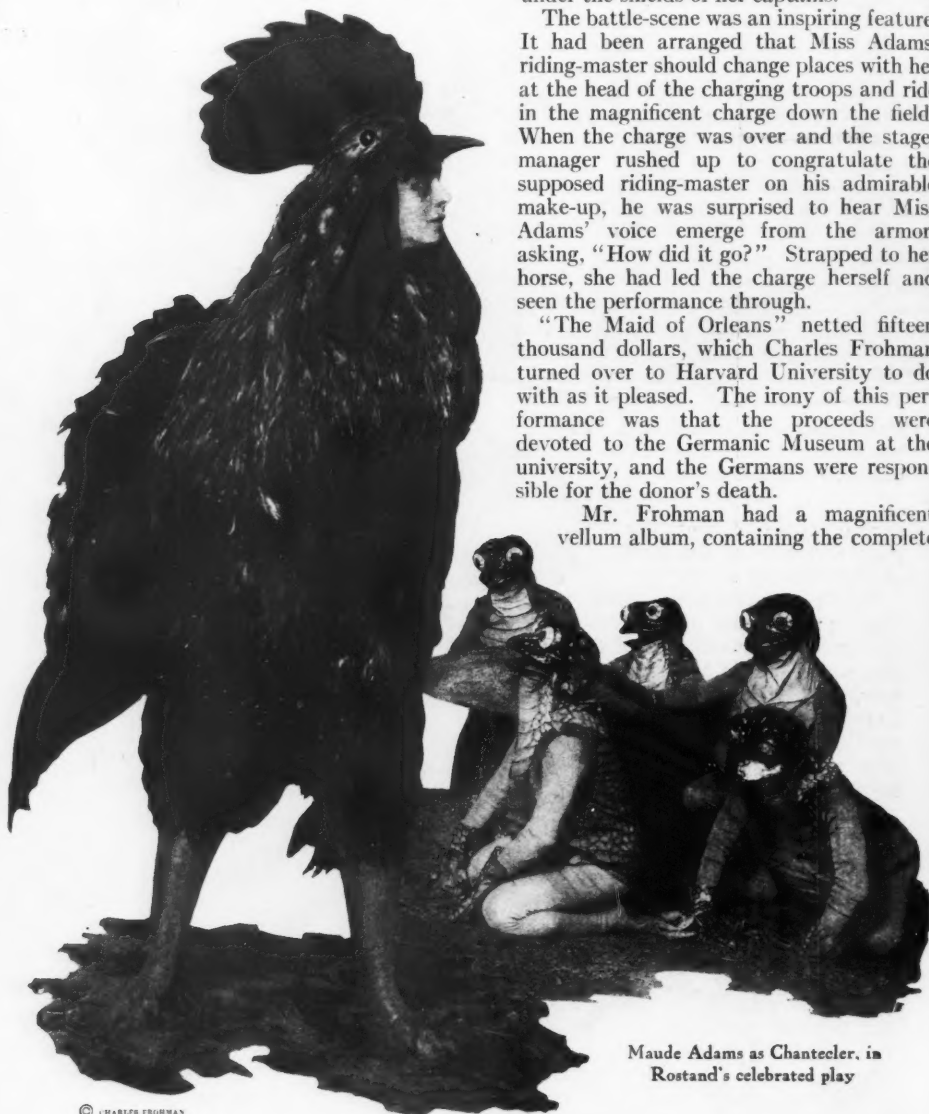
in this country. The elaborate settings were handled mechanically. Forests dissolved into regal courts; fields melted into castles. A hidden orchestra played the superb music of Beethoven's "Eroica."

The first scene showed the maid of Domremy wandering in the twilight with her vision; the last revealed her dying of her wounds at the spring, soon to be buried under the shields of her captains.

The battle-scene was an inspiring feature. It had been arranged that Miss Adams' riding-master should change places with her at the head of the charging troops and ride in the magnificent charge down the field. When the charge was over and the stage-manager rushed up to congratulate the supposed riding-master on his admirable make-up, he was surprised to hear Miss Adams' voice emerge from the armor, asking, "How did it go?" Strapped to her horse, she had led the charge herself and seen the performance through.

"The Maid of Orleans" netted fifteen thousand dollars, which Charles Frohman turned over to Harvard University to do with as it pleased. The irony of this performance was that the proceeds were devoted to the Germanic Museum at the university, and the Germans were responsible for the donor's death.

Mr. Frohman had a magnificent vellum album, containing the complete



Maude Adams as Chantecler, in
Rostand's celebrated play

photographic record of the play, made and sent it to the German emperor with the following inscription:

To His Majesty, the German Emperor—
This photographic record of the first English performance in America of Friedrich von Schiller's dramatic poem, "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," given for the building fund of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, under the auspices of the German Department, in the Stadium, Tuesday, twenty-second of June, 1900, is respectfully presented by Charles Frohman.

There is no doubt that Joan of Arc was the supreme effort of Miss Adams' career. When she was told that Charles



William Faversham and Maude Adams
as Romeo and Juliet

Miss Adams' Juliet was wistful,
appealing, romantic, lovely.

Frohman had refused
an offer of fifty
thousand dollars
for the motion-
picture rights,
she said:

"Of course it
was refused. This

©
CHARLES
FRAGMAN



Scene from Act I,
"Leonora," written by James

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Miss Adams and her mother,
Mrs. Annie Adams

performance is all poetry
and solemnity."

The following June, in the Greek Theatre of the University of California, at Berkeley, Miss Adams made her first and only appearance as Rosalind in "As You Like It." This achievement illustrates the extraordinary and indefatigable quality of her work. She rehearsed "As You Like It" during her transcontinental tour of "What Every Woman Knows," which extended from ocean to ocean and lasted thirty-nine weeks.

Most managers would have been content to rest with the laurels that "Joan of Arc" had won. Not so with Charles Frohman. Every stupendous feat that he recorded merely whetted his desire for something greater. Now he came to the point where he projected what was in many respects the most unique and original of all his

efforts. It was the production of Rostand's classic, "Chantecler."

It was on March 30, 1910, that Charles Frohman crossed over from London to Paris to see this play.

It thrilled and stirred him, and he bought it immediately.

He realized that it would be either a tremendous success or a colossal failure, and he was willing to stand or fall by it. In

Paris, the title-rôle, originally written for the great Coquelin, who died just before the production, had been played by Guitry. It was essentially a man's part. But Frohman, with that sense of the spectacular which so often

characterized him, immediately cast Miss Adams for it.

When he announced that the elflike girl, the living,

breathing Peter Pan to millions of theatergoers, was to assume the feathers and strut of the barnyard Romeo, there was a wide-spread feeling that he was making a great mistake and that he was putting Miss Adams into a rôle, admirable artist though she was, for which she was absolutely unsuited. But he said:

Maude Adams, in the title-rôle of "The Legend of Leonora"



"The Legend of M. Barrie for Maude Adams



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"'Chantecler' is a play with a soul, and the soul of a play is its moral. This is the secret of 'Peter Pan'; this is why Miss Adams is to play the leading part."

Miss Adams was in Chicago when Frohman bought the play and she learned that she was to do the title-part. She afterward declared that this news changed a dull, dreary, soggy day into one that was brilliant and dazzling. "To play 'Chantecler,'"

she said, "is an honor international in its glory."

The preparations for the production were carried on with the usual Frohman magnificence. A huge fortune was spent on it. The costumes were made in Paris; J. W. Alexander supervised the scenic effects.

The casting of the parts was in itself an enormous task. Frohman amused himself by having what he called "casting

Yale University Dramatic Association



PRESENTS

MISS MAUDE ADAMS

Through the kindness of Mr. Charles Frohman

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

New Haven

FRIDAY EVENING 1908

parties." For example, he would call up Miss Adams by long distance telephone and say:

"I've got ten minutes before my train starts for Atlantic City. Can you cast a peacock for me?"

Whereupon Miss Adams would reply, "Ten minutes is too short."

Never, perhaps, in

(Right) Maude Adams as Viola, in "Twelfth Night," played at Harvard and Yale Universities, 1908

the history of the American stage was the advent of a play so much heralded. The name "Chantecler" was on every tongue. Long before the piece was launched, hats had been named after it, controversies had arisen over its Anglicized spelling and pronunciation. All the genius of publicity which was the peculiar possession of Charles Frohman was employed to pave the way for this extraordinary production. It was a nationwide sensation.

PRODUCTION OF "CHANTECLER"

The Empire stage was too small; so the play was produced at the Knickerbocker. For the first time in his life, Charles Frohman had to postpone an opening. It was originally set for the thirteenth of January, 1911, but the first night did not come until the twenty-third.

The demand for seats was unprecedented. A line began to form at four o'clock in the afternoon preceding the day the sale opened. Within twenty-four hours after the window was raised at the box-office, as high as two hundred dollars was offered in vain for a seat on the opening night.

At this great *première*, Frohman, as usual, sat in the back seat in the gallery and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his star distinguish herself in a performance which, in many respects, revealed Miss Adams as she had never been revealed before. "Chantecler" literally crowed and conquered.

Just how much "Chantecler" meant to Charles Frohman is attested by a remark he made soon after its inaugural. A friend was discussing epitaphs with him.

"What would you like to have written about you, C. F.?" asked the man.

The brilliant smile left Frohman's face for a moment, and then he said solemnly:

"All that I would ask is this: 'He gave "Peter Pan" to the world and "Chantecler" to America.' It is enough for any man."

The last important original production that Charles Frohman made with Maude Adams was "The Legend of Leonora," in which she returned once more to Barrie's exquisite and fanciful satire, devoted this time to the woman question. In England, it had been produced under the title of "The Adored One."

It was in the part of Leonora that James M. Barrie saw Maude Adams act for the first time in one of his plays. He had come to America on a brief visit to Frohman, and Miss Adams was, at the moment, playing her annual New York engagement.

Of course, Barrie had Miss Adams in mind for the American production, and it is a very interesting commentary on his admiration for the American star that about the only instructions he attached to the manuscript of the play was this:

Leonora is an unspeakable darling, and this is all the guidance that can be given to the lady playing her.

On her last starring tour under the personal direction of Charles Frohman, Miss Adams combined with a revival of "Quality Street" a clever skit by Barrie called "The Ladies' Shakespeare," the sub-title being, "One Woman's Reading of 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" With an occasional appearance in Barrie's "Rosalind," it rounded out her stellar career under him.

AN ELUSIVE FIGURE

Miss Adams' career unfolds a panorama of artistic and practical achievement unequaled in the life of any American star. It likewise reveals a paradox all its own. While millions of people have seen and admired her, only a handful know her. The aloofness of the woman in her personal attitude toward the public represents Charles Frohman's own ideal of what stage artistry and conduct should be.

This is expressed in what was perhaps the greatest epigram he ever made. He was talking about people of the stage who constantly air themselves and their views to secure personal publicity. It moved him to this remark:

"Some people prefer mediocrity in the limelight to greatness in the dark."

Herein he summed the reason why Miss Adams has been an elusive and almost mysterious figure. By tremendous reading, solitary thinking, and extraordinary personal application, she rose to her great eminence. With her, it has always been a case of career first. Like Charles Frohman, she has hidden behind her activities, and they are a worthy rampart.

The next instalment of *The Life of Charles Frohman* tells the story of the formation of the "Theatrical Syndicate" and the development of a group of Frohman stars.



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

As the great truth sank into her consciousness, she closed her eyes and fainted in his expectant arms

(The Hamlet Special)

The Hamlet Special

A New Adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Wallingford and Blackie Daw are, after all, satirists of a most practical nature, and here they find a subject really worthy of their talents. We think you will agree that charities often suffer from such activities as the Butterfly Club indulges in, and that its members were not undeserving of their fate.

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

"**S**ORRY, sir," said the lean-faced clerk, sliding a key in the rack and handing mail to a guest and blotting something, all without looking up; "not a room in the house."

The huge J. Rufus Wallingford removed the goggles from his cap and turned down the velvet collar of his auto duster, so that his big, round, pink face might have a chance to beam.

"I refuse to go." He leaned affably over the edge of the desk. "The best hotel in a town is my regular home; so you'll have to nudge me in. Haven't you a spare kennel on the roof?"

For the first time, the lean-faced clerk looked up, and he smiled. It was not the valuable diamond cravat-pin which told him that this was a desirable guest for any hotel, but the pinkness of the round countenance. That particular ruddiness came from a lifetime of choice foods and rare wines.

"There's only one chance." Professional urbanity now, as he grabbed the 'phone and looked at the clock. "There might be a suite vacated in—Hello! Nine-twelve."

"What's the boom?" asked Wallingford. "Race-week."

"Race-week? I didn't know this place was on any circuit, horse, mule, or dog."

"Society," grinned the clerk, his ear to the receiver. "Amateur races for gentlemen riders."

"Oh! Sounds like a town full of the sons of fathers."

"And the daughters of mothers. Hello, Mrs. Ayers!" The clerk's face took on the

sudden sweetness of his voice. "Did you say you were leaving us to-day?" He looked speculatively at Wallingford as he listened. "Oh, thank you; I hope you decide to remain." He hung up the receiver. "She'll know in half an hour—when her husband gets back."

"I have a hunch I'm home." And, glowing with optimism, J. Rufus took off his duster. "My rabbit's foot was caught in a steel trap on a murderer's grave at exactly—"

A deafening babble suddenly filled the lobby as an excited group of ladies and gentlemen in gay sporting apparel swept down the marble stairs and across to the desk. The focus of their agitation was a quiet gentleman in their midst, a gentleman with firm lips and a collar which buttoned behind.

"We're through!" crackled a voice which wavered between treble and bass, as a young fellow with a fuzzy mustache and a checkered hatband slammed a key on the desk.

"There will be no more rehearsals!" boomed a thick-cheeked man with gray burnsides.

The clerk was deeply concerned, but nobody cared; and no one answered his repeated inquiries about what had happened, and why, and if the ballroom was unsatisfactory.

"I cannot understand your attitude, Doctor Timberly!" A haughty lady with a lorgnette. The quiet gentleman remained quiet.

"Insulting!" A rejuvenated brunette in a red sweater.

"The charities of this city are most ungrateful!" A thin-nosed lady, wearing an enameled complexion; and on this there came the suspicion of a glint into the quiet gentleman's eye. The thick-cheeked man puffed his burnside.

"I'll never donate another dollar!"

"Oh, Doctor Timberly will reconsider, I am sure!" This was a coy one, a blonde; and she giggled engagingly.

The glint in the quiet gentleman's eye became a glitter.

"I do not feel that the Children's Fresh Air Fund can afford a Butterfly Club benefit."

"Oh!"

"Well!"

"That settles it!"

"Why, Doctor Timberly!"

"We're through!"

Thus rose the chorus, and it swelled and it grew.

"My dear people!" implored the clerk.

"Mr. Persing! Mr. Rodney! Doctor Timberly!"

"We're through!" Cholly, first bass, then treble.

"There will be no Hamlet!" now proclaimed the voice of Authority, and an ample lady with a snub nose pushed through the throng to confront the reverend doctor. "You asked us to contribute to the Children's Fresh Air Fund, Doctor Timberly. We dropped all our social engagements; we devoted our time to arranging this benefit, which was to have been the leading society entertainment of the season; we consented to lay aside our dignity to amuse the public— Why, Dr. Timberly, are you aware that I had agreed to play Ophelia? Yet the Children's Fresh Air Fund, through you, has the effrontery to refuse our services!" She took an indignant step toward him. "Will you tell me why?"

"Since you insist, Mrs. Tobbs, I will! The reason you cannot induce any charity in this city to accept a Butterfly Club benefit is that you usually take in four thousand dollars, spend three thousand nine hundred for expenses, and turn over one hundred to the unfortunate charity. And that charity can never collect another cent because of your monster benefit."

Amid the storm which rose there was a chuckle—J. Rufus Wallingford, who stood on the restless edge of the riot, his broad shoulders heaving, his eyes half closing, and

his round face reddening. Suddenly his primary instinct sobered him. This crowd had money! Money was a pleasant thing. Mr. Wallingford had a great respect for it, even an affinity. So they couldn't find a charity to stand for their benefits! Just then he saw a long, lank individual in expensive auto togs enter the door. Chuckling, he rushed over to the chauffeur-looking person and grabbed him by the arm.

"Beat it!" he husked, and hastily led the way to the sidewalk.

"Is it a pinch?" The astonished Blackie Daw pulled his goggles over his eyes and turned up his collar.

"No; business," explained Wallingford, leading him away from the door. "You can't stop in my expensive hotel, Horace G. While I'm indulging in hothouse melon and terrapin, you may go to some cheap dump and eat goulash."

"Whatever you had, it's gone to your head," retorted the erstwhile happy Blackie. He had just returned from putting their car in the garage, and his mind was set pleasantly on a bath, clean linen, a drink, and a fastidious lunch. "Say, you big bologna, what is it?"

A gleeful grin from the fat member of the firm.

"You're a charity!"

II

THE president of the Butterfly Club was an active wage-earner who came to his father's factory every morning at nine o'clock and stayed until four, with only three hours off for lunch. Cholly had scarcely more than glanced at his day's work when a neat secretary entered.

"Horace G. Daw—by my appointment—charities!" she announced.

Charities! Cholly Persing, who had been feeling dull, smoothed his fuzzy mustache and brightened immediately. He shoved aside his sporting journals, his society journals, and his theatrical journals; then, being no drone in the hive of industry, he completed his day's work. He took up a bundle of time-reports and gave them to the neat secretary to file.

"I'll see Mr. Daw."

He was on his feet to greet the welcome caller, when Mr. Daw came in—a tall, lean, and lanky gentleman, with down-pointed black mustaches, beady black eyes, and in

a severe black Prince Albert coat topped by a wide-brimmed black-felt hat. He wore a white bow tie, and carried his hands in front of him, the finger-tips pressed together.

"Happy to meet you," said Cholly cordially, extending his hand for a frigid and loose clasp. "Will you be seated?"

"Thank you," intoned Mr. Daw solemnly, and he bent himself in two places, hips and knees, to sit on the edge of the luxurious leather chair. He stared gravely at Cholly, with no expression on his countenance.

"You represent a charity, I believe." And the president of the Butterfly Club threw himself comfortably in his own chair, waiting anxiously for the details.

A little silence ensued; then came, in sepulchral tones,

"Quite so."

"Oh!" Cholly began to fidget. He glanced out of the long row of windows, hung with velure and fluttering with white curtains; he glanced down at the rich Oriental rug. Nothing came. "What is your charity?"

Mr. Daw, still staring gravely, separated his thumb-tips and brought them together again, separated the tips of his two forefingers and brought them together again, middle-finger tips, third-finger tips, little-finger tips—all the finger-tips.

"The Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities."

"The—" Cholly Persing stopped and knitted his brows and placed his left hand to his forehead and waited for aid.

"Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities," finished Mr. Daw, after a well-nigh endless silence.

"Oh, yes!" And the young man's voice broke, first treble, then bass. The strain was telling on him. "What is the object of your charity, Mr. Daw?"

"Helpfulness," solemnly intoned the representative, "helpfulness to the worthy needy, to those worthy needy—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Cholly, pulling at his fuzzy mustache and adjusting his stern business cravat. "I understand—or, at least, I think I do. Your purpose is to seek out individuals—"

"The worthy needy," interpolated Mr. Daw.

"Yes," accepted the president of the Butterfly Club, "yes; the worthy needy—"

he paused, and his eyes widened; then he finished feebly—"not provided for by specific charities."

"Quite so." All the finger-tips separated and came together; then they did it a pair at a time. "Any small donation, Mr. Persing, or any large donation, Mr. Persing, or any effort you may see fit to contribute will be most gratefully received by those worthy needy not—"

"Yes, yes!" All treble, this time. Cholly Persing seemed to have a horror of hearing any portion of that title repeated. He studied abstractedly the imposing list of references on the card Mr. Daw had handed him: the Honorable Paul Pollet, the Honorable W. O. Jones, the Honorable Timothy Megsen, the Honorable C. C. Williams. "Just let me think a moment, Mr. Daw." And he left the room, his hand to his brow.

When he came back, Mr. Daw, bent in two places, hips and knees, was sitting on the edge of the chair, his finger-tips touching, and he was staring expressionlessly at the exact spot where Mr. Persing's eyes had been.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Mr. Daw," Cholly began, as he dropped comfortably in his chair. "I've called up some of my fellow members of the Butterfly Club, and, if you'll accept it, we'll give your philanthropy a monster society benefit. We'll—we'll produce Hamlet!"

"Indeed!" The solemn Mr. Daw separated his finger-tips and reached in his hip-pocket for a handkerchief. "I am overwhelmed, Mr. Persing!" And he touched a corner of his snowy white handkerchief to a corner of his beady black eye. "Your munificent generosity, Mr. Persing, is more than I had dared hope for." He rose, and sniffled once; he sniffled twice. "I accept with gratitude the unselfish offer of the Butterfly Club, accept it with joy on behalf of those worthy needy not provided for by specific charities."

III

THERE was a new public character in the city, and a conspicuous one—the millionaire idler. He was a large, broad-chested gentleman, with a huge, round, pink face, and an air of great importance, and clothing to fit every occasion; and his name was J. Rufus Wallingford.

Every morning he drove in the park, in rough tweeds, greatcoat, and derby, behind the Royal livery's best team—and alone. At noon, clad in a smooth business suit, he lunched in the Royal Café—alone. In the afternoon, he motored alone to the races, in sporting top-coat and beaver, with his field-glasses swung over his shoulder, and he sat in the most conspicuous box of the grand stand—alone. He took tea in the Royal Lounge, sedately and circumspectly, in his cutaway, spats, and puff, with no lingering glances for the ladies—and alone. He dined in the Royal Lilac Room, entirely surrounded by head waiters, captains, and ordinary waiters, with delicacies especially prepared by the chief cook himself, and, by his side, a small bottle from the deepest cellar—and he dined alone. At the theater, in swallowtail, broad, white frontage, and smoothly plastered hair, he sat in a proscenium box—alone. He supped in the Royal Grill, looking on at the dancers with calm tolerance—alone. Wherever social idlers flocked, they found him there, impressive, dignified, aristocratic of appearance, and—alone.

On the first day of this busy program, he was noticed; on the second, he was discussed; on the third, he was a sensation, and on the fourth, Cholly Persing asked the manager of the Hotel Royal to introduce him to the distinguished guest.

"Mr. Persing?" queried the millionaire idler, affixing his monocle in his right eye to gaze searchingly at the man who had ventured inside the barrier of his icy reserve. "I do not know any Persings. What is the name of Mr. Persing's maternal family?"

"Macraw," replied the manager promptly. "Her father was Thaddeus Macraw, who made his fortune in grain-elevators."

"Oh, yes, yes!" The cautious Mr. Wallingford removed his monocle and beamed judiciously, to the great relief of Manager Deffery. "I shall be indeed delighted to meet Mr. Persing." And while the polite manager went after Cholly, J. Rufus rehearsed again what he had learned the night before from Burke's "Peerage." He was extremely affable to young Mr. Persing. "So delighted," he observed, affixing his monocle. "I understand that your grandfather was Thaddeus Macraw."

"Yes." Cholly sought for more to say,

but the tremendous impressiveness of the millionaire idler was upon him.

"Thaddeus is quite a common name in the English branch of the Macraws," resumed Mr. Wallingford reminiscently. "I fancy that you must be related to them. My friend, Lord Burrington, married a Macraw. Haw-haw!" The chum of nobility swung his monocle ribbon round and round his thick forefinger. "Queer fellow, Lord Burrington! Used to put Worcestershire sauce on his ice-cream. Haw-haw!"

Young Mr. Persing, after a stunned moment, took that bait, hook, line, and sinker. He had never heard of any Macraws beyond Thaddeus, much less an English branch, far much less Lord Burrington; but there was no use in cheating Thaddeus out of a family.

"Yes," said Cholly. "Ha-ha!" He smoothed at his fuzzy mustache, and wondered how the deuce the millionaire idler managed his monocle. "I say, shall we have a B. & S.?"

Wallingford suppressed a convulsive heave of his shoulders. He had marked Cholly carefully, and thought well of him, but he had not expected him to acquire an English accent in three minutes.

"Not quite my hour for a brandy and soda," he responded, "but for any kinsman of my old friend, Lord Burrington, I shall have to make an exception. Haw-haw! Unique character, Lord Burrington! Used to travel any distance to get his nap every evening in the greenroom of the old Drury Lane Theatre. Haw-haw!"

Cholly distinctly brightened as they walked back to the bar.

"The taste for theatricals seems to run in the family," he laughed. "You know, I am to play Hamlet in a forthcoming society charity."

"Hamlet!" J. Rufus stopped in the corridor. "Hamlet, my boy?" He put both hands on Cholly's shoulders, and his eyes moistened. This was easy, because he had sat up until daybreak posting himself on Hamlet. "The greatest play the world has ever produced. Why, I managed a fortnight's tour of Hamlet with a cast composed entirely of titled amateurs. That is where I first met Lord Burrington. Haw-haw! He gave a most wonderful interpretation, but he would insist on playing him with a touch of Danish dialect. Haw-haw!"



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities," finished Mr. Daw, after a well-nigh endless silence

I'd be pleased to show you some of Lord Burrington's bits of business—if you wouldn't consider it a presumption."

"Quite the contrary!" Cholly hastily assured him. "Won't you come up to our rehearsal in the Louis Quinze ballroom? I'm on my way there now."

There was a tremendous sensation when Cholly introduced the millionaire idler in the rehearsal-room. The cast had been somewhat impatient with Hamlet for the delay; but now all was forgiven. The unapproachably aloof J. Rufus Wallingford was at last captured, and the ample Ophelia, the tilt of whose snub nose had been encouraged by the fact that she was an indirect descendant of the Revolution, was especially gracious until she discovered that Cholly Persing was a kinsman of the millionaire idler's friend, Lord Burrington; then her nose turned hot. An astute person, Mr. Wallingford, who could pick out his particular trouble in any crowd, and he was just devising a line to connect Mrs. Tobbs with Napoleon Bonaparte, when from behind the ghost of Hamlet's father there stepped a long, lean, and lanky gentleman, who wore a white bow tie with his Prince Albert—the representative of the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities.

It was a wonderful tableau of solemnity and dignity to see these two reserved gentlemen meet. They shook hands frigidly; then Mr. Wallingford inserted his monocle into his right eye and stared into the coldly staring orbs of Mr. Daw.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Daw," condescended the friend of nobility, finding that he was to be compelled to break the ice. "Your charity is most fortunate."

Mr. Daw stiffly touched his fingertips together, and did his particularly aggravating trick of separating and re-touching.

"Quite so," he gloomily admitted; "but there is something which distresses me, Mr. Walsingford. I appeal to you. I wish to affect the sympathies of the public in behalf of the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities. Is it not possible, Mr. Wilmington, to introduce somewhere into this theatrical production eight dear little orphans in tattered clothes?"

The reserved Mr. Wallingford's monocle

dropped with a click, and the pink of his round countenance suddenly deepened.

"No, sir!" he declared, and shot a baleful glare at Mr. Daw, beneath whose down-drooping black mustaches there lurked the trace of a devilish grin.

"Those orphans again!" boomed the thunderous voice of the ghost.

"Orphans, indeed!" snapped Ophelia. "Why, do you know where he just wanted to put them? In my mad scene! Wanted me to stop and kiss them, then go on with my song. Said it would make me seem madder!"

Wallingford's face was purple by this time.

"No orphans!" he blared; then he remembered to bow to the Butterfly Club. "That would be my decision."

That was also the unanimous decision of the Butterflies, and they proceeded immediately to a rehearsal of Hamlet without orphans. Thereupon, the millionaire idler backed the representative of the worthy needy into the serving-pantry, and hissed at him:

"You spindle-shanked imbecile! There's nothing in your gourd but dried seeds—or you wouldn't rattle so much!"

The spindle-shanked imbecile displayed all his white teeth in a grin of ferocity.

"Now look here, you big dirigible: If you annoy me too much, I'll bite you, and you'll die of hydrophobia! What's the matter with you?"

"This 'orphan Maggie' hokum, you poor gnat!" snarled Wallingford. "Why can't you ever put through a game straight, and without tacking on lugs that belong in the asylum? What pipe-dream ever gave you the vision of eight tattered orphans in that mad scene? Why do you do it?"

"To keep crape off Violet Bonnie's hat!" retorted Blackie savagely. "Oh, yes; a gaudy game you frame up for us, don't you? You have the use of two tiled bathrooms, and wear three clean shirts a day, eat grouse and drink champagne, and spend our money like a busted fire-hose; while I share a tin tub with nineteen other boarders and have tripe for breakfast! You frame it, you overgrown Edam, so that you're the hub of all the excitement, and I don't dare say a human word to a human creature! Now, I'm going to have eight orphan Maggies in that play, or I'll crab the show! And—hear me! I'm going to

have them in tattered little red shawls, all eight—no, sixteen—and I'm going to drill them in an Amazon march!"

"Look here, Blackie!" J. Rufus's voice quivered with suppressed fury, but he felt that the time to suppress had arrived. "I know I've got it all over you"—and, for the life of him, he could not control a heave of his shoulders—"but——"

There was a footfall outside, a creak of the swinging door. J. Rufus gave an earnest scrutiny to the glowing black eyes of Mr. Daw; then he twirled his monocle, and said suavely, as Cholly Persing came in to inquire how Lord Burrington had begun the famous soliloquy,

"I see the force of your argument, Mr. Daw."

IV

"MARVELOUS! Superb!" His lordship's friend interrupted the third rehearsal in the midst of an act. "Never have I been privileged to behold such a performance of Hamlet as this, not even by Lord Burrington's titled amateurs!"

Praise could go no further, and a warm glow suffused the entire cast, from the ample Ophelia, whose snub nose tilted straight up, to the sixteen orphans in their tattered little red shawls, who snickered and sniffled and shuffled their feet in an ecstasy of pride.

"A production so artistic should not be confined to one performance. It should be shown as a model to all other society amateurs."

Wallingford filled his lungs and expanded his chest. Oh, it was working fine! He had them going!

"When I managed Lord Burrington's tour of titled amateurs, we were the talk of all England, the furor of all smart circles. Haw-haw! And the ladies of our aristocratic company, not the professional stars, were the leaders of the fashions for that entire year."

Oh, great stuff! The ladies of the company were already primping and preening in fancy. J. Rufus could almost hear them purr.

"Haw-haw! My rôle was that of courier, lackey, and general buttons, as it were. Treasurer and manager, you know. Put up a ten-thousand-pound bond to make it businesslike. We cleared eight thousand pounds for Lord Burrington's pet charity,

and outdid the prime minister in newspaper distinction—haw-haw!—and had a ripping time. Private train, and all that sort of thing"—the eyes of the ladies widened, and pleased anticipation stole upon their faces—"the finest from the four quarters of the globe for the table! And such priceless wines and liqueurs!" This last was for the men, and it sank home deep. "Haw-haw! It was a glorious taste of vagabondage, that fortnight!"

That fancy touch was a corker! J. Rufus expanded in self-approbation, and, catching the approving eye of Blackie Daw in the background, all but winked.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we must do the same thing! We shall be ready in two weeks to start on a tour of the six principal cities in this and the near-by states. We shall accomplish the most stupendous charity ever attempted! And you, the members of the Butterfly Club, shall, in America, take the place, in fame and in public distinction, in social leadership and in philanthropic history, achieved in England by Lord Burrington's company of noble actors! We——"

Right in the midst of his happiest pride in himself, J. Rufus stopped, chilled by a sudden clammy wave. Something had gone wrong; something had missed fire. Over the faces of the ladies had come grim stoniness.

"Impossible!" Mrs. Henry Tapping Tobbs was incisive in her dismissal of the entire project, and the hardening eyes of the ladies showed that she spoke for all of them. "Just at the change of the season, Mr. Wallingford!"

For once the profound student of human motives was lost. He was marooned on a desert island of ignorance. He cast out of the corner of his eye a glance intended to convey a wild appeal for help, but Blackie Daw's hand was in his hair.

"Frankly," began J. Rufus, stiffening and taking refuge in gentle severity, "I do not see that the change of the season should affect such an undertaking."

"I do!" retorted Mrs. Tobbs disdainfully, and every lady there echoed the disdain of the Daughter of the Revolution by indirect descent. "There would be teas and receptions and dinners and dances all along the route, and if we do not wish to be embarrassed, we would require not a day less than six weeks to have our wardrobes prepared."

The New Adventures of Wallingford

Then the shrill babble rose, and helpless resignation sat on the faces of the men, and a feeling as of unmelted ice-cream stole into the pit of the stomach of the millionaire idler. Expostulation, argument, appeal—all were in vain; and no amount of flattery or coaxing could budge the ample Ophelia.

"We shall adhere to our original program," she icily told him. "We cannot be ready in a day less than six weeks, and six weeks would throw us entirely out of the fashionable season for amateur theatricals. We shall do it next year." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "Really, Cholly, I think we should go on with our rehearsal."

Out in the butler's pantry, the millionaire idler and the representative of the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities sat on the edges of opposite sinks, and silently gloomed at each other.

"Fathead!" finally snarled the representative. "Haw-haw!"

"Oh, shut up!" growled the idler, and another session of silent gloom took place.

"Fashionable furor!" presently mocked the representative. "Had to do it, didn't you? Had to spread on that dressmaker thing, and freeze the ladies out, and reduce this proposition to a one-night flivver! Or shall we stick around till next year?"

A vicious glare was the first answer to that insult; then Wallingford lit a thick black cigar.

"Stop your jabber!" he exploded. "What are you screaming about, anyhow? You'd think I'd robbed you!"

"You've robbed the worthy needful," returned Blackie seriously. "I'm on the level about this thing, Jim. I was going to spend my share on orphans—a new outfit, a ten-dollar-bill, a doll, and a pink parasol for every kid—until the money was gone. And now you've gummed it! You've—"

"Tobbs!" suddenly broke in Wallingford, kicking his sink. "I spotted her for my hex before the first card dropped. Rotten part of it is, she's so clammy, Blackie. You can't stir her with anything. She takes a grouch against something and says so, and that settles it. If she'd only flare up; if she'd only—"

"Bingo!" Blackie Daw suddenly jumped from the edge of his sink, his beady eyes snapping. "Bingo, Jim!" And he shot out of the door.

Heavily J. Rufus followed, but Blackie

was not in the Louis Quinze ballroom, and Wallingford sat despondent in a big throne-chair and waited gloomily for the death of Ophelia.

There she was, flopping through scene after scene, and now she was going mad—confound her!—and now she was declaiming—oh, heavens!—and here she was again, prancing, with her ample arms dangling in front, her head swaying from side to side, and her eyes rolling as a sweet mad girl's eyes should roll; and she was singing. Singing! "And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No, no; he is dead! Go to thy—"

"Out in the cold world, out in the snow," suddenly piped in a chorus of childish verses, and the sixteen tattered orphans paraded into the center and circled and executed a fancy star, tossing paper snow over their heads from paper bags under their arms.

There was a wild shriek from Ophelia—a shriek of concentrated rage; then ensued a fit of fury such as no human being save Henry Tobbs had ever witnessed. The cast, down to the sixteen orphans, shrank back in pale-faced panic; but the representative of the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities came galloping right to the fore, with a glass of water in one hand and a fan in the other.

"Smelling-salts!" he ordered, anguish in his voice and despair in his eyes. "Some liquor—quick! Hurry! Don't you see that this *artiste* is in danger? She is temperamental! Her sensitive soul—"

Mrs. Tobbs had stopped storming in shocked surprise at the antics of Mr. Daw, but now, as the great truth sank into her consciousness, she closed her eyes and fainted in his expectant arms.

The rest was easy. Mrs. Tobbs smiled graciously on the contrite Mr. Daw, who had given the wrong cue to the dear little orphans, and impulsively kissed the entire sixteen. She was temperamental now. O magic gift!

But a temperamental *artiste* had responsibilities; a temperamental *artiste* should be above the petty details of life and all its frivolous motives. She agreed with Mr. Daw in that, agreed that the worthy needy needed her; for sympathy is one of the leading whims of temperament. Mr. Daw it was who solved the great dilemma.

Art must come before fashion. The fortnight's trip must be condensed into a week of one-night stands, which would give no time for teas and receptions and dinners and dancing parties; and the orphans must not appear until after the death of Ophelia. He positively would not have the sensitive soul of the great emotional society *tragédienne* wounded.

Mrs. Tobbs convinced the ladies of their artistic and philanthropic duty. Anyhow.



"You spindle-shanked imbecile! There's nothing in your gourd but dried seeds—or you wouldn't rattle so much!"

they had to do about as she said, if they wanted to stay in the lead of local things. She was a Daughter of the Revolution by indirect descent.

V

HOMEWARD bound! Tired but happy, the business committee, which consisted of all the gentlemen Butterflies, met in the smoker of the Hamlet Special as they rushed through the night; and the waiters brought them the last of the vintage champagne and the last of the select cigars. In the luxurious private cars ahead, the ladies were reliving, in dreams, their triumphs, artistic, social, and philanthropic.

"Gentlemen," said President Cholly Persing, rising with his hissing glass in his hand, and expanding his thin chest in imitation of the superb millionaire idler, "in place of tapping a gavel to call this meeting

of jubilation to order, I shall open it by proposing a toast to that prince of good fellows and most brilliant of amateur managers, the friend of my kinsman, Lord Burrington." He dropped his monocle with a click and raised his glass. "Gentlemen, J. Rufus Wallingford!"

"Hear! Hear! Speech! Speech! ('For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!') Speech!"

Then up rose the millionaire idler.

"Fellows of the Butterfly Club, I thank you," he told them, emotion kindling his eye and quivering his lip. "But you give me entirely too much credit, both when you intimate that I had any large share in your success, and when you ask me for a speech. If I cannot gratify you with oratory, however"—and here he turned from member to member with proud pleasure—"I can gratify you in another and better way. Haw-haw! I can read you my report as treasurer." Laughter—gay, care-free, happy laughter. "I am very much elated to announce that the total gross receipts of the

The New Adventures of Wallingford

Butterfly Club's six performances of Hamlet amount to upward of twenty-eight thousand dollars."

"Hear! Hear! Bravo! Hurrah! Three cheers and a tiger!" Vast and noisy enthusiasm, as the busy waiters replenished the glasses and actor slapped actor on the back. "Hip, hip, hip, hooray!"

"It is indeed a noble amount," went on Mr. Wallingford, moistening his lips and throat with a sip of champagne; for, with the approach of the crucial moment, he had become suddenly dry. "And I shall have extreme gratification in turning over twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty-six dollars to the worthy charity represented by our esteemed friend, Mr. Daw—a bow to the stiffly solemn Mr. Daw—the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided—"

"I beg pardon," Secretary Aspentree, the only member of the Butterfly Club who had been thoughtful during the enthusiasm. He was a gaunt man with conspicuous knuckles all over him, and he tried to laugh lightly as he interrupted. "Not being a business man, Mr. Wallingford, you've forgotten one important item—the expense account."

Laughter—gay, care-free, happy laughter. Oh, yes, the expense account! They'd had a lordly time—such deep quaffings of luxury as could only be provided by a man of lifelong skill in knowing what could be bought for money—and, of course, the reckoning must be paid. Far be it from them to be niggardly about paying. The expense account, Aspentree.

"I dislike to read it." And again the secretary tried to laugh lightly. "I haven't the bill for the transportation, but I know how much it will be; and the total expense of our trip, including costumes, as usual, rent of the Royal ballroom for rehearsals, rehearsal luncheons, dinners, and suppers at the Royal, automobiles and entertainments in the various cities, advertising, and so forth and so on—he paused for breath, and his eye glazed—"is twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-three dollars!"

The thick-cheeked Mr. Rodney had whipped out a paper and pencil, had the figures down before the secretary ceased speaking, and the deduction made before he had sat down.

"That leaves a hundred and seventy-

three dollars for the charity," he announced, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"A little less than our usual proportion of donation," frowningly mused the red-haired gentleman who had played the King.

"That's due to the ripping time we've had," smiled Cholly Persing. "Our friend Wallingford emphatically knows how!"

Laughter—gay, care-free, happy laughter.

"What!" It was a howl, and all heads turned with a jerk to the representative of the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities. A remarkable change had come over Mr. Daw. His mustaches had been spread straight up; his black hair had been rumpled so that it stood in a dozen different directions, and his black eyes were wild. "A hundred and seventy-three dollars! Police!"

"Be calm, Mr. Daw, be calm," counseled a smug-looking man, whose self-complacency had been so habitual that it had set his lips in a straight line. "You must remember that we brought your charity into such publicity—"

"You bet you did!" If there had ever been any ice in Mr. Daw's demeanor, it was now thawed, and the water evaporated into steam. "You've given me such publicity that I'll never be able to collect another dollar for the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities! If I have the nerve to ask a man for a check or a twenty-five-cent piece, he'll tell me about your monster benefit and order me to close the door from the outside! That's what you've done! You've ruined the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities! I won't stand it! That entire fund belongs to the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities! It's in the hands of your treasurer, Wallingford, and he's under a fifty-thousand-dollar cash bond for its proper disbursement! I'll sue him! I'll sue the Butterfly Club! I'll sue each and every one of you individually! I'll scandalize you for a bunch of society four-flushers from one end of the United States to the other! I'll—"

"Peace, Mr. Daw!" Mr. Wallingford had risen in all his impressive dignity, and he looked coldly upon the wrathful one. "You have brought uncouth methods and

voice of the gentlemanly Mr. Wallingford was thunderous—"no threats. To begin with, I doubt if you have any legal status in the matter."

"I'll find out!" Mr. Daw pulled his hair by way of emphasis, and gritted his teeth. "There are forty-one male members of this club. The minute this train stops, I'll see a lawyer, and bring forty-three suits—number forty-two for J. Rufus Wallingford."



unguarded speech into an assemblage of gentlemen." He stiffened, but he did not take the Butterfly Club in on it. "When I managed the charity-tour of my friend Lord Burrington—"

"I tell you I'll sue!" shouted Mr. Daw, jumping up, and sprawling across a table as they whisked around a curve. "I won't have you fellows buying newspaper notoriety at the expense of my charity—riding in private trains, drinking ten-dollar champagne, eating—"

"If you please, Mr. Daw"—and the

"I'll sue him! I'll sue the Butterfly Club! I'll sue each and every one of you individually!"

ford, and forty-three for the Butterfly Club! You can explain to the law what you did with the money belonging to the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy—"

"One moment!" The millionaire idler fairly roared it. "Mr. Daw, the committee is about to go into executive session." And

he looked at the pallid Cholly Persing, who nodded. "You will kindly retire to your own car."

There was a dead silence, in which member looked at member in troubled speculation, and Mr. Daw, after a hesitation in which he glared ferociously, stalked out of the door, and the shrill night wind whistled in.

Another silence—an uncomfortable one. Had they been alone, the committee of the Butterfly Club might have gleaned a grain of sand from each individual, and piled it in a heap, and made a stand for the retention of their comfortable principle of having a hilarious time and much public kudos—in the name of charity. But there sat that dignified sportsman, J. Rufus Wallingford, the friend of nobility; and in his icy aloofness there was superiority and a suspicion of contempt.

"Well," finally observed the anemic Horatio, with a sidelong glance at the knuckled secretary; "we seem to be up against it."

"Let him sue!" growled the thick-cheeked Rodney, his gray burnside puffing.

But his defiance was only of the surface, and his eye fell as he attempted to look at the friend of Lord Burrington.

"I say not!" declared Cholly Persing, the firm Macraw lip beneath his fuzzy mustache. "We don't want to be branded by all people of class and distinction as being unsportsmanlike. We owe it to our ancestors, fellow members of the Butterfly Club, to let ourselves be taken advantage of by greedy and ungrateful charity rather than incur the slightest possible charge of the absence of *noblesse oblige*. We have made ourselves famous, gentlemen; we are known far and wide for our splendid achievement; let us keep our honors untarnished!"

Mild enthusiasm for the kinsman of Lord Burrington.

"Oh, bunk!" The son of the mayor, and a connoisseur in city contracts—only on the fringe of politics and society, but rising in both. "Money is money, and twenty-seven thousand—"

"Our wives!" suddenly remembered the ghost of Hamlet's father, and, as his sepulchral tones ceased, numbness fell

on the committee. Their wives! Scandal! The mere thought made them meek.

"There is but one way, gentlemen," said Mr. Wallingford, with quiet dignity, taking quick advantage of the psychological moment. "I cannot permit the poor to pay for my luxuries. Had I known the intention of the Butterfly Club, I should not have taken any share in your enterprise. However, since I am in the enterprise, you must permit me to withdraw with self-respect." There was sternness in his eye. "There are forty-two of us. The total expenses are twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-three dollars. That makes the share of each member six hundred and sixty-six dollars and twenty-six cents. I must insist on presenting the Butterfly Club with my check for that amount. I have had that much enjoyment out of this undertaking—until now!"

Sadly, and amid thickening silence, he wrote his check.

"Here's mine, fellows!" Cholly Persing whipped out his own check-book, while shame sank in on the Butterfly Club, and poisoned them until their better natures floated to the top.

"Now I'll tell you what we'll do!" Mr. Rodney, his thick cheeks puffing with his burnside. He had been the last man to write his check. "We'll give this man Daw Mr. Wallingford's treasury order for the gross proceeds of the most successful philanthropy ever engineered—and we'll put him off our private train!"

J. Rufus looked shocked for a moment; then his shoulders began to heave, his eyes half closed, and his round pink face turned purple.

He already had the check inserted in the set of books he had opened and closed for the Organization of Helpfulness to the Worthy Needy Not Provided For by Specific Charities, and he had already credited the twenty-eight thousand plus to Horace G. Daw for salary and expenses. Now, chuckling until the tears stood in his eyes, he stepped over to the little corner-desk and wrote a note to slip in with the check.

Haw-haw! Stick where they drop you until I double back. But stop at the best hotel. Haw-haw!

The next *Wallingford* story will be *A Pail of Blue Paint*.

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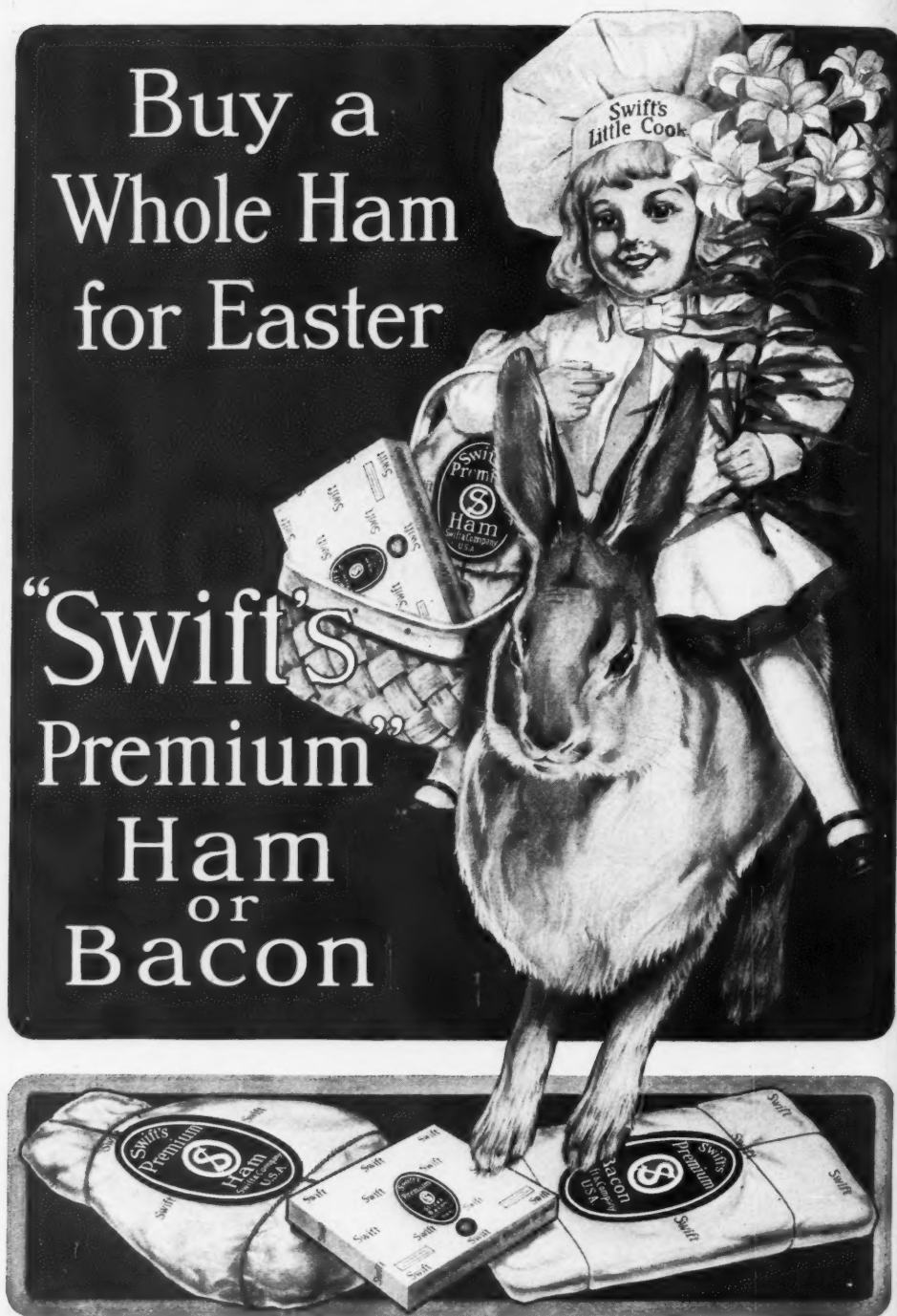
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Vol. 1 X

MAY, 1916

No. 6



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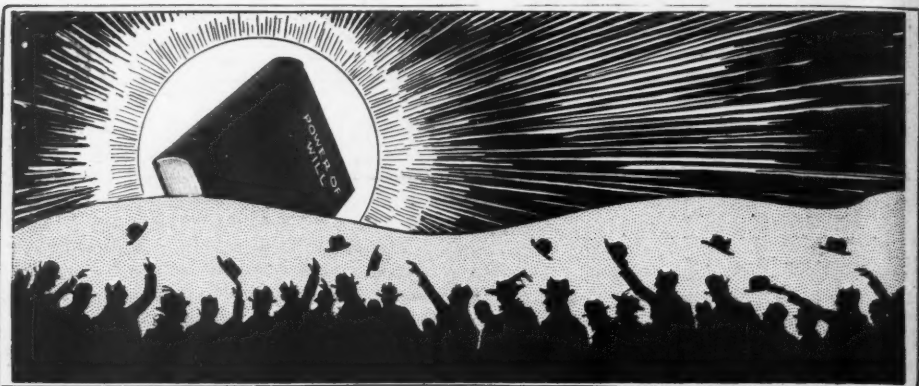
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What creates Human Power.
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Definite Methods for developing Will.
THE NINETEEN METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life. Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal power.
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How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
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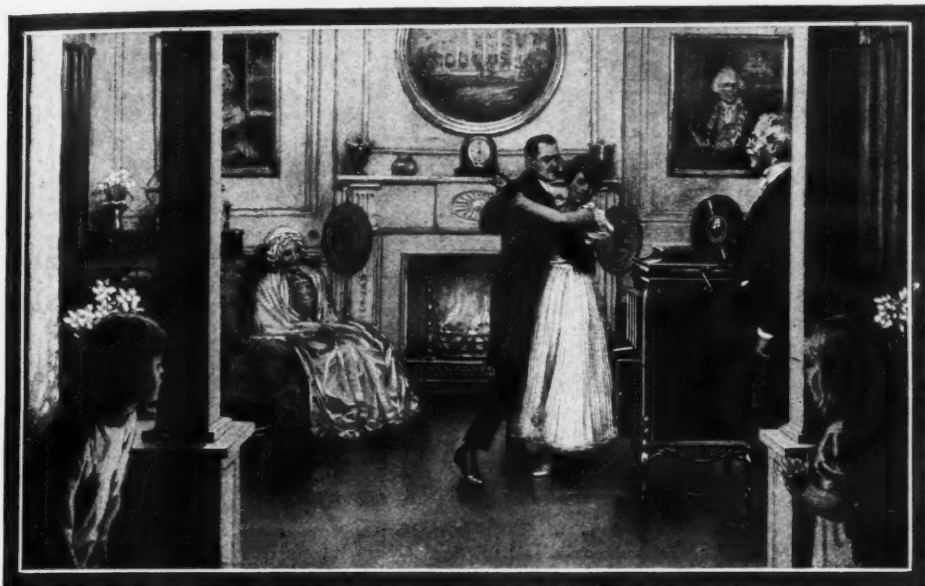
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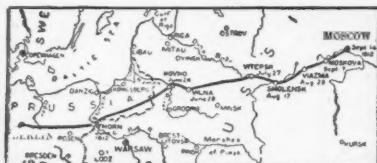
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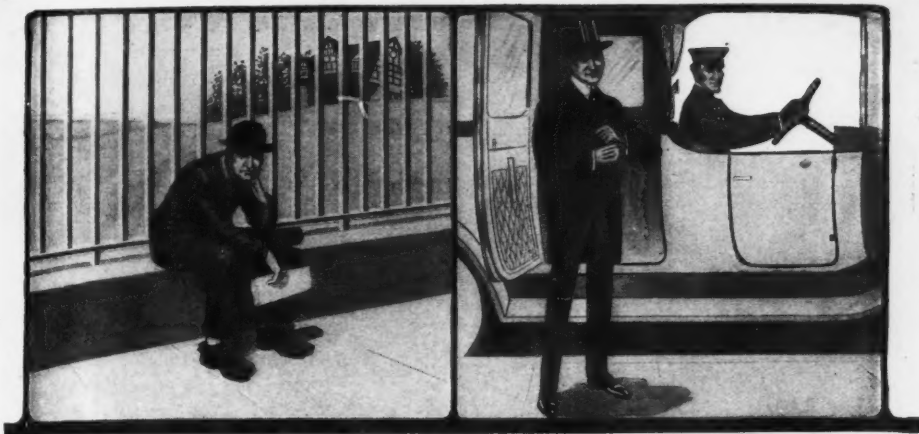
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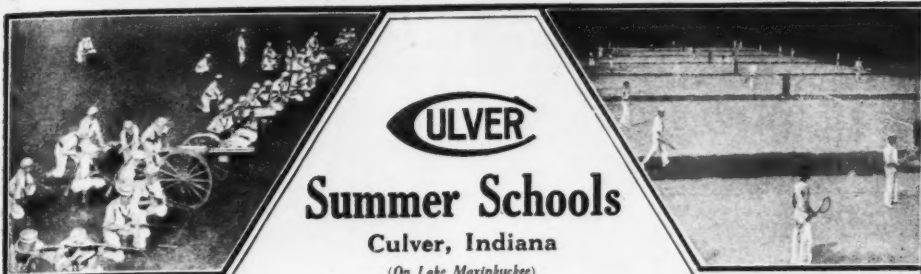
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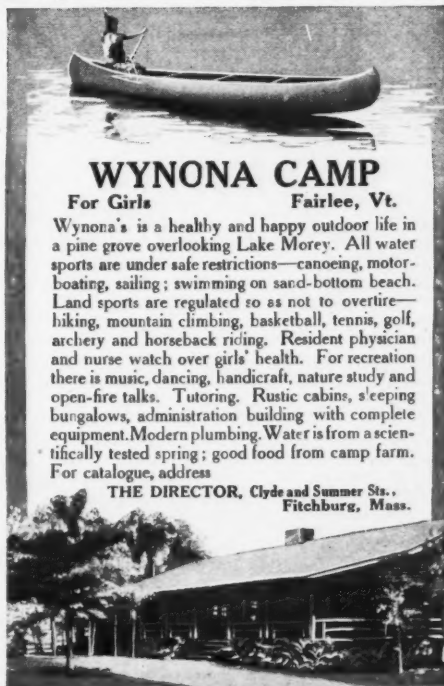
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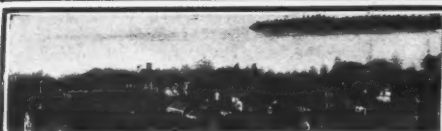
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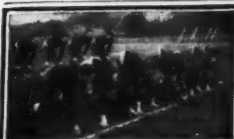
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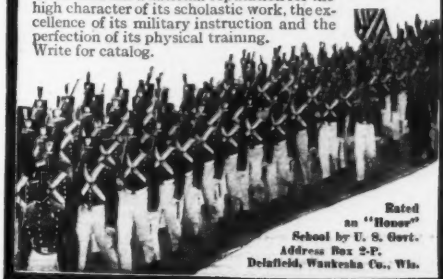
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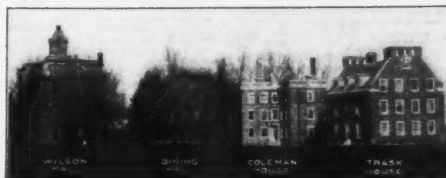
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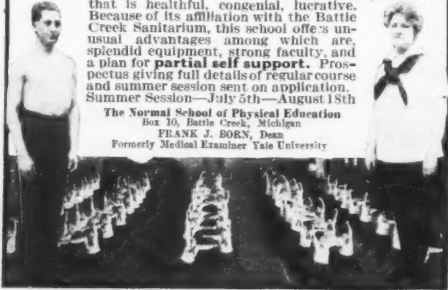
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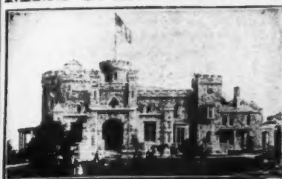
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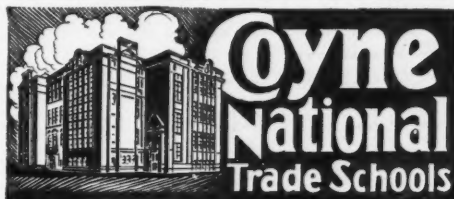


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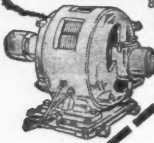
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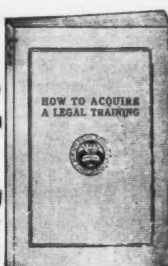
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Teaching People How to Eat

for

Health, Strength and Efficiency

By Arthur True Buswell, M.D.

IF you have ever lived on a farm you have heard of "balanced rations" and what remarkable results they have accomplished when fed to cattle and other animals. The United States Government has a department devoted to teaching farmers how to feed their stock so as to develop it to the highest point of health and efficiency.

Yet until recently I have never heard of "balanced rations" for humans or, in fact, of any serious attempt made to teach people what to eat and what not to eat. I was therefore greatly interested in the work of The Corrective Eating Society of Maywood, New Jersey. It seems that this Society is dedicated to teaching people how to combine and proportion food for greater health and efficiency and their work is meeting with success so great that it almost seems too good to be true.

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialists in this country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor, but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question, especially its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in *literally eating his way back to perfect health* without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

To-day Eugene Christian is a man 55 years young. He has more ginger, more vitality, and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates energy and power.

So remarkable was his recovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which fully developed would result in a new science—the science of Correct Eating.

From that day to this he has devoted his life to telling others of the power of Correct Eating. From his research work he became convinced that 90% of the ills of mankind originate in the stomach and intestines. He found that these ills responded to corrective eating. Since then he has told 23,000 people

how to eat, what to eat and what not to eat with the result that almost invariably they were brought back to a type of health that they never dreamed they could reach.

Though he had treated so many thousands of people personally, Christian says he felt hampered. He wanted to tell millions instead of thousands. So he founded The Corrective Eating Society with this object in view.

Now the Society is teaching us that the reason most people are below par physically and mentally most of the time—the reason that business men break down at middle age—and the reason that the average life of man is only 39 years, is simply because we don't know how to properly select and combine our foods.

Very often good foods, when eaten in combination with other good foods, create a chemical action in the digestive tract and are converted into dangerous toxic poisons, which are responsible for nearly all sickness. In other words, good foods wrongly combined will cause acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and numerous sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

These truths have been strongly brought out by Professor Metchnikoff in his treatise on the "Prolongation of Life" and by many other modern scientists. But most efforts in the past have been designed solely to remove the effect, by cleansing out the system and removing the poisons *after* they had formed, wholly disregarding the cause.

The Corrective Eating Society, however, has gone a step further. Instead of waiting until the poisons accumulate, they tell you how to prevent them. They have shown that just as some combinations of food produce slow consuming poisons that wreck the system, other combinations of food taken in the right proportions become the greatest tonics for health, efficiency and long life ever discovered. And a wonderful feature of their method is that results come practically with the very first meal.

As Christian explains, in no case are patented or proprietary foods prescribed. All of the foods may be obtained from your garden, at your local stores or in any restaurant. It

is not necessary to upset your table to follow his suggestions—neither is it necessary to eat things you don't enjoy or to which you are not accustomed. Everything is so simple that one marvels at the results.

In order to help as many people as possible, not only those who are ailing but those who want to maintain their health, The Corrective Eating Society, has prepared a book based upon Eugene Christian's 20 years' experience. This book, *Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons*, is being offered for free examination to those who are interested. This work was written expressly for the layman. Technical terms have been avoided and every point is explained so that there can be no possible misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice.

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you should eat correctly and what the results will be, they also give actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness for all ages from infancy to old age, and covering all occupations, climates and seasons.

Each and every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency and restoring health not merely once but many times—so that every vestige of experiment has been removed.

Christian says that every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the science of correct eating. That most people dig their graves with their teeth is as true as gospel, in his estimation. Food is the fuel of the human system. And just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will certain foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace.

Yet not one person in a thousand has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations we eat every day are as inefficient and dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust and a little coal would be for a furnace. No wonder man is only 50% effi-

cient—no wonder the average life is only 39 years—no wonder diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% within the past 30 years!

Yet The Corrective Eating Society shows how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to perfect health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. The relationship of health to material success is so close that the result of the society's teaching is a form of personal efficiency which puts people head and shoulders above their less fortunate brothers. Everyone knows that the best ideas, plans and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do. I understand that The Corrective Eating Society's lessons have times without number been the means of bringing great material prosperity to its students by endowing them with health so perfect that work seems like play.

If you would like to have the Book of 24 Lessons in Corrective Eating written by Eugene Christian out of his vast experience, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, 95 Hunter Avenue, Maywood, N. J., and they will mail you a set for examination.

I am authorized to say that it is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely write and ask them to send the lessons for five days' free examination with the understanding that you will either return the lessons within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

There will of course be some who will doubt the efficacy of Corrective Eating, but I am certain your objections will be quickly removed once you examine Christian's course. Anyway, you are obligating yourself in no way by accepting the society's generous offer which enables you to investigate its wonderful work before you pay for the lessons. If the more than 300 pages contained in the course yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital helpfulness on every page. (Advertisement)

I suggest that you clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the society and will be honored at once.

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clothes, his shoes, his tools, his vehicles and his tableware, or who mines his metals, or who provides his pepper and salt, his books and papers, or who furnishes the ready means of transportation and exchange whereby his myriad wants are supplied.

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We Cannot Describe the Beauty of the New and Greater Chandler

IF you have seen the new Chandler touring car body you understand why we do not attempt to describe it. If you have not seen it visit the Chandler dealer today and get a new idea of motor car beauty.

This new touring car is the most beautiful car of the year. There can hardly be any argument as to that. Someone having reason to be biased might dispute this, but you are unprejudiced—you will look with open mind for grace of line and beauty of finish—and you will agree with what countless thousands at the automobile shows have said very positively. They have said the Chandler is the most beautiful car of the year. So go and see it.

The walnut-paneled tonneau cowl has pleased the public everywhere. It will please you. It gives the car a very unusual air of complete finish. It reflects too, the thought which the Chandler Company gives to details throughout the car, inside

and outside. And remember this, any type of touring body other than the Chandler tonneau-cowl type will be old-fashioned and out of date before the season is over. The old style design, with the backs of the front seats projecting abruptly above the body, looks odd even now.

See the Chandler. You will be delighted with the *style* of the car and you know *now* that you can *depend* on it mechanically—depend on it for all the power, speed, flexible control and day-in-and-day-out service that you could ask for in a car at any price.

For the Chandler chassis, distinguished by the Marvelous Chandler Motor, has been proven *right* through three years of service in the hands of thousands of owners. It is free from any hint of experimentation, free from any hint of untried theory.

In spite of higher prices of all materials entering into it, the Chandler is still noted for highest quality construction throughout and the finest equipment.

Seven-Passenger Touring Car . \$1295

Four-Passenger Roadster . . . \$1295

Fully illustrated Catalogue on request

Chandler Motor Car Company
1805-1835 East 131st Street, Cleveland, Ohio
New York Office: 1886 Broadway



A concrete garage and concrete driveway.

You Can Use Concrete in Many Ways

It is very simple. Mix clean sand, pebbles, or broken stone and cement, with pure water, in proper proportions. Dump the mixture into wooden forms, nailed together. Level, smooth with a wooden trowl and leave to harden.

In this way you can build, at very little expense, sidewalks, horse blocks, porch steps, cisterns, fence posts, garage floors, and many other concrete structures which permanently beautify and build up the place.

Simple Precautions

In order to make good concrete, the sand and pebbles should be hard and well graded. The sand should be coarse. There should be no foreign substances contained in either and no excess of fine material. Shale or chalky stones should not be used, as concrete cannot be any stronger than the particles of which it is composed.

Requires No Repairs

Once properly hardened, a structure lasts indefinitely. It actually increases in strength with age, and shows no more wear than a solid slab of stone. The per-

iodic expense of repairing and repainting other materials is entirely avoided. The upkeep is practically nothing.

Concrete is Rot-Proof

Weather makes no impression upon it. The soil moisture which rots away steps, fence posts and porches, made of wood, does not even discolor concrete.

Is Rat-Proof

No rat can eat through concrete, and there need be no joints nor cracks in a concrete structure to give vermin an opening. It is easily cleaned and kept sanitary.

Fireproof and Waterproof

Every piece of concrete construction about a house is just that much of a barrier to fire. It can not burn and is a very slow conductor of heat. Neither can water penetrate a densely mixed body of concrete.

Keep a sack of Portland cement in your cellar for convenient use, and send to your nearest dealer for more when you need it. If you want any help in building of concrete, write us. We will be glad to assist you in your plans.

CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

111 West Washington Street, Chicago

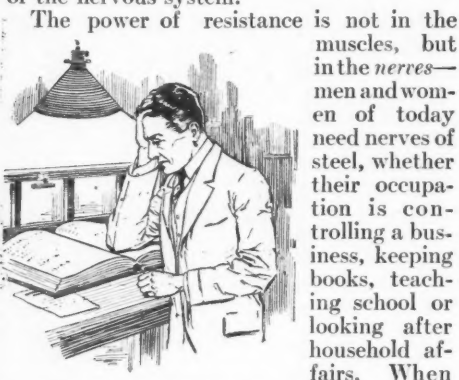
Southern Life Building
Dallas, Texas

116 New Montgomery Street
San Francisco

Commerce Building
Kansas City

No Pain or Suffering —Just “Played Out”

Lack of energy, brain fag, or whatever you choose to call that played-out, run-down condition that makes work a burden, is generally due to the exhausted condition of the nervous system.



The power of resistance is not in the muscles, but in the *nerves*—men and women of today need nerves of steel, whether their occupation is controlling a business, keeping books, teaching school or looking after household affairs. When the effects of concentration, worry and over-work become evident, proper nourishment for brain and nerves must be provided, or a complete nervous breakdown will result.

Heed Nature's Warning in Time

Don't wait until the doctor says “over-work” and orders a “complete rest” but heed the old adage about “a stitch in time”—and order today a dozen bottles of Pabst Extract, The “Best” Tonic. It will strengthen the worn out nerves, impart new life and energy to the weary tissues and increase your ability for successful effort in all endeavors. Pabst Extract combines the tonic properties of hops with the rich food elements of barley malt in just the right proportion.



The lupulin of the hops stimulates the flow of digestive juices and aids assimilation, while the barley malt builds new blood and starts the red corpuscles charging through your system again.

Pabst Extract is Not an Alcoholic Beverage

Nor does it contain any harmful, habit-forming drugs. Pabst Extract is made from the choicest hops and barley, fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate. It is endorsed by thousands of physicians—it is specifically classified by the United States Government as a medical preparation and not a beverage. Its use is recommended for nervous disorders, dyspepsia, insomnia, anaemia, old age, motherhood and for convalescents.



Order a Case Today—Sold by Good Druggists Everywhere

You won't have to take Pabst Extract long, but be sure and give it a fair trial. Order a dozen bottles from your druggist today, and be sure to insist upon Pabst Extract, The “Best” Tonic. Take a wine-glassful before meals and at bedtime. Do this for a period of two weeks and then note the wonderful improvement in your condition.



Write for our interesting and instructive Booklet explaining all the uses and benefits of Pabst Extract. We will mail it to you free of charge.

Pabst Extract Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

GENUINE PERFECT CUT DIAMONDS

WORLD'S
LOWEST PRICE

\$97.50
per carat

DIRECT FROM
IMPORTER TO YOU

YOU SAVE 35%

The
Great-
est
Foun-
tain Pen
Value
Ever
Offered

**Number
A20.**

14K. Solid
gold, irid-
ium tip-
ped pen.
Genuine
Para-Rub-
ber barrel
and cap.
Perfect
coin and
clip self
filler.
**NAME
INLAID
WITH
GOLD
FREE!**
We guar-
antee free
repairs for
one year.
Special
factory
price—

\$1.00

Send
for this
Pen
NOW,
Only

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(\$4.00
Retail
Value)



No. D10. 1/2 c. dia. Compl. \$21.25
 No. D11. 1/2 c. dia. Compl. \$48.75
 No. D12. 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$71.25
 No. D13. 1 carat dia. Compl. \$101.25
 No. D14. 1/2 c. dia. Compl. \$50.50
 No. D15. 21 black white dias. Special price compl. \$46.75
 No. D16. 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$38.25
 No. D17. Solid gold lavall. and chain. 3 fine dias. Compl. \$38.75
 No. D18. Solid gold cross and chain. 1 fine dia. Compl. \$4.75
 No. D19. Solid gold cuff buttons, diamond set. Price per pair, \$1.75
 No. D20. Solid gold scarf pin, 1 dia. Compl. 3.95
 No. D21. Solid gold lavall. 2 pearls. Compl. \$4.35
 No. D22. Solid gold tie clasp, 1 fine dia. Special price, \$1.00
 No. D23. Solid gold filled knife 1 fine dia. 1 blade, 1 file. Special \$1.75.

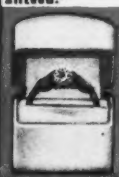
At the world's competition-smashing price of **\$97.50 per carat** for genuine perfect-cut diamonds, we give you diamonds that never retail for less than \$150.00 per carat. Our direct importing methods together with our "many sales and small profits" plan, gives you your only opportunity to buy your diamonds at less than wholesale.

SEND NO MONEY
WE SHIP FOR YOUR
FREE EXAMINATION

We invite you to inspect any diamond at our expense! We ship any diamond for you to examine thoroughly—without it obligating you and without it costing you one cent. If you don't think that the diamond we send you is the greatest value you have ever seen, simply return it at our expense.

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GUARANTEE**

Nothing equal to this iron-clad, protecting guarantee in the whole diamond business. It makes loss or disappointment impossible. It is a legal contract to refund in cash full price less 10% should you for any reason wish to return the diamond anytime within one year. Also allows full price in exchange at any time. Contains written statement of carat weight, quality and value of diamond. "See that your diamond is Basch Guaranteed."



Child's 14 Karat solid gold ring set with a genuine perfect cut diamond of utmost brilliancy. Cannot be equalled for less than \$7.00. Special price complete with gift case **\$2.85**

Think what delight a diamond ring will give your little girl!

BEAUTIFUL 1916 DIAMOND BOOK FREE

We will forward you a copy of this valuable book, post-paid, upon receipt of your name and address. It is complete and authoritative; shows thousands of illustrations of diamonds and jewelry, etc., at money-saving prices. Buy your Easter jewelry from this catalogue. Gives expert facts about diamonds and jewelry that enables you to buy intelligently and safely. This book will make a valuable addition to your library—mail coupon or write us a letter or post-card for your free copy NOW!

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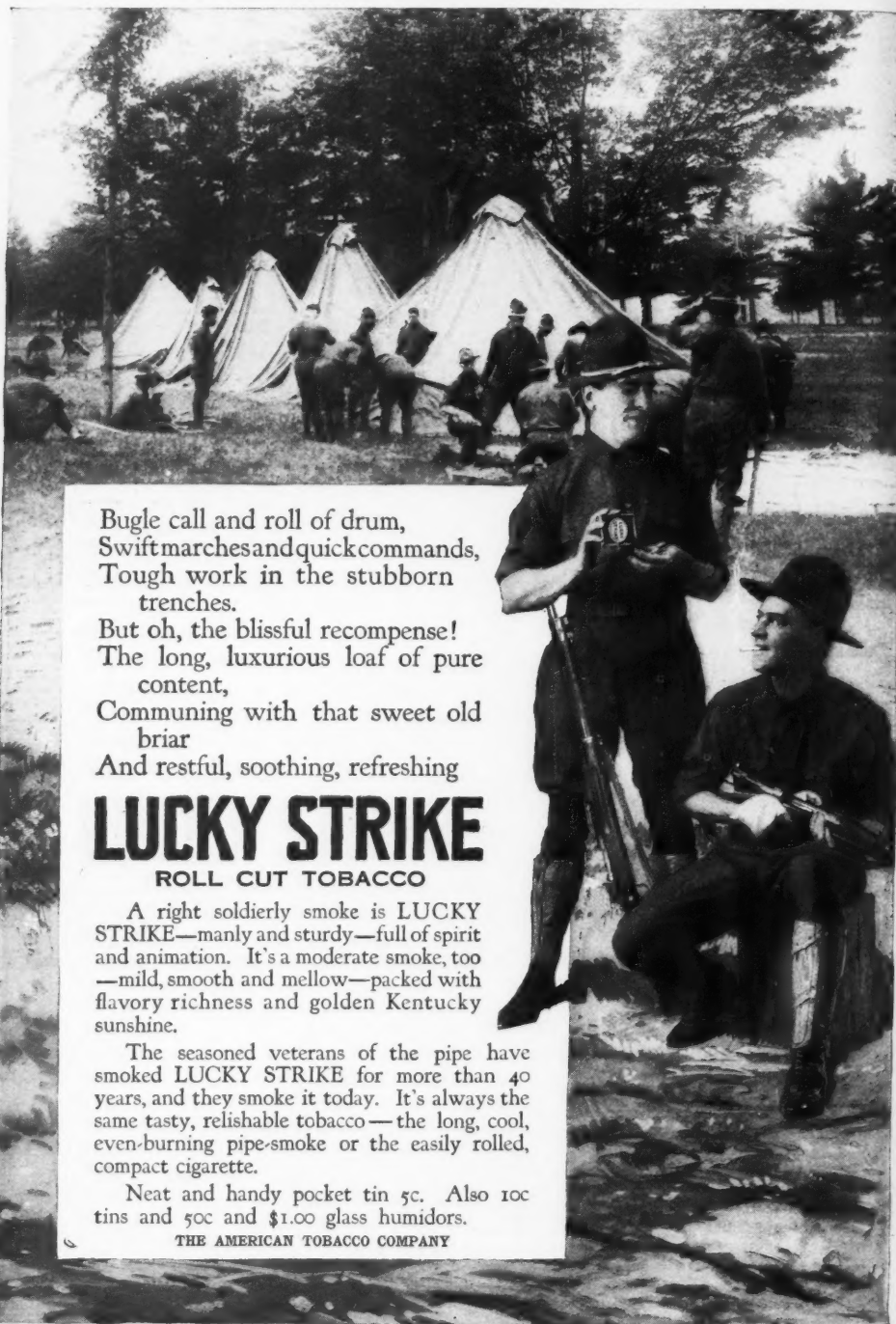
Please mail me
FREE, without ob-
ligating me, 1916 Basch
De Luxe Diamond Book.

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DEPT. Y2510 STATE AND QUINCY STREETS
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

L. BASCH & CO.
Dept. Y 2510 State and Quincy Streets
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Bugle call and roll of drum,
Swift marches and quick commands,
Tough work in the stubborn
trenches.

But oh, the blissful recompense!
The long, luxurious loaf of pure
content,
Communing with that sweet old
briar
And restful, soothing, refreshing

LUCKY STRIKE

ROLL CUT TOBACCO

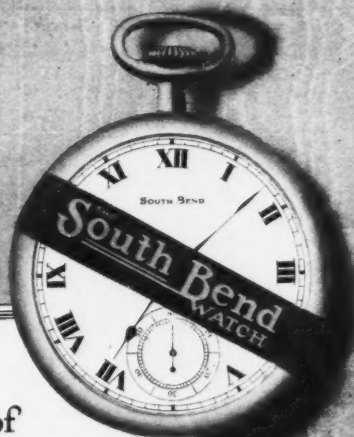
A right soldierly smoke is LUCKY STRIKE—manly and sturdy—full of spirit and animation. It's a moderate smoke, too—mild, smooth and mellow—packed with flavory richness and golden Kentucky sunshine.

The seasoned veterans of the pipe have smoked LUCKY STRIKE for more than 40 years, and they smoke it today. It's always the same tasty, relishable tobacco—the long, cool, even-burning pipe-smoke or the easily rolled, compact cigarette.

Neat and handy pocket tin 5c. Also 10c tins and 50c and \$1.00 glass humidors.

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

*The Symbol
of Quality
—this
Purple Ribbon*



**It designates watches of
LIFELONG ACCURACY
BEAUTY OF DESIGN
HIGHEST QUALITY
THROUGHOUT**

The Purple Ribbon worn by South Bend Watches typifies the high ideal of quality to which they are built.

It is the emblem of their handsome and distinguished appearance and a striking reminder of their life-time accuracy.

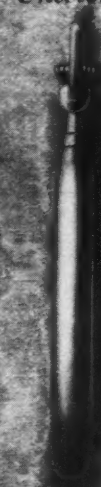
Moreover, this Purple Ribbon enables you to instantly recognize these remarkable watches at your jeweler's.

Ask to see the new 19-jewel *Extra-Thin* model: It possesses features never before built into a watch selling for \$27.50. Other models from \$16.00 to \$100.00.

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
95 Studebaker Street South Bend, Indiana

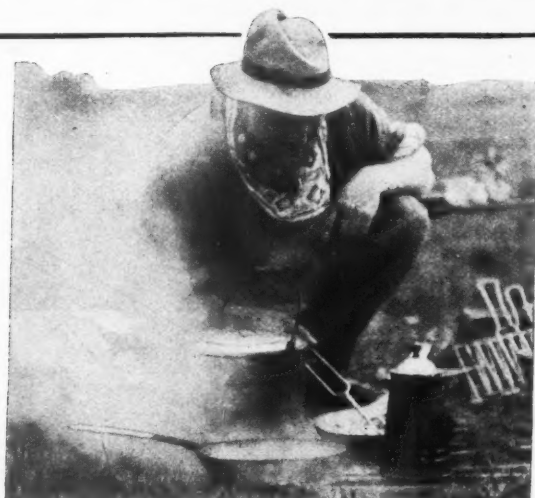
*We invite your inquiry
for latest Catalog*

*The
Chesterfield."*



*The
Extra-Thin
Watch
(Edge View)*

South Bend Watches



**"I'll make \$2,000.00 in three months
on magazine subscriptions, besides
running my regular business."**

"It's such easy money I just can't let it alone. This is the only time (fishing time) I have to have pictures taken, and this one's the best I can do."

How's that for a record—\$2,000.00 in three months besides running his regular business.

That's the kind of a record Harvey Stofflet of Michigan rolls up every year, and he is so well-established now that many hundreds of his subscribers actually renew themselves.

And he'll have this income every year—that's the beauty of the subscription business—it grinds out the profit year after year.

Cosmopolitan
Magazine,
119 West 40th St.,
New York City

Send me particulars
of your plan, and copy
of 40-Page Book, "What
Others Have Done."

The rapidly growing success of Cosmopolitan—now 1,100,000 buyers—has opened up really wonderful opportunities for men and women who want to

earn money in their spare time—who want to go into business for themselves—who want to prepare for the future.

We are in the market for some more first-class Representatives—not ordinary canvassers, but people with open minds who have the strength and conviction to carry the message of Cosmopolitan into new fields—into new homes.

If you are successful in your present position, but want to increase your income, write your name and address on the coupon.

We'll show you how you can earn extra money in your spare time—how your earnings with us will grow gradually until you will eventually want to give us all of your time.

And we'll make the arrangement on a commission and salary basis. You can't lose if you do your part.

Mail the coupon at once and we'll include, free, a copy of our 40-page book, "What Others Have Done."

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B.V.D.

BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

THIS world-known label
on Summer Underwear
is the Sign-Post on
the Road to Com-
fort that guides you
straight to Money's
Most.

*If it hasn't the Red Woven
Label shown above, it isn't
B. V. D. Underwear.*

B. V. D. Closed Crotch
Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.),
\$1. and upward the suit.
B. V. D. Coat Cut Under-
shirts and Knee Length
Drawers, 50c. and upward
the garment.

The
B.V. D. COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency:
66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



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The B.V.D. Company



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Science Deals With Corns



Not This
Paring never
ends a corn.



Not This
Harsh liquids
are not wise.



Not This
Mere protection
doesn't cure.

Let Us Convince You

Let us prove to you tonight that every corn is needless. Get Blue-jay at your drug store. Apply it in a jiffy. The pain will stop forever. And in 48 hours there will be no corn.

That is due to a chemist who has studied corns for 25 years. He has found a gentle, certain way to end them.

No soreness, no inconvenience. Blue-jay is a wax set in protecting plaster.

Millions of people never have corns, simply because they know Blue-jay. They stop them as soon as they start. But substitutes won't do that.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Evinrude - Is Rowboat Motoring



Just "Exploring"

WAY up among the weedy, snaggy shallows, where motor boats and launches never penetrate—too far from home to row—there's where you can "explore" to your heart's content, if there's an Evinrude on the stern of that old rowboat of yours. Your expeditions are no longer restricted by the dread of miles of pulling at the oars. Any rowboat, Evinrude-equipped, will take you where you will and when you will, on ocean, lake or river, with no thought of a long row home again.

EVINRUDE

DETACHABLE ROWBOAT & CANOE MOTORS

The new Evinrude Four-Cycle Twin has more speed, more power, than the Single Cylinder models, and the opposed-cylinder design eliminates vibration.

Write for the new 1916 Evinrude catalog—just off the press

Evinrude Motor Company

360 Evinrude Block, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

DISTRIBUTING BRANCHES

69 Cortlandt Street	New York, N. Y.
214 State Street	Boston, Mass.
436 Market Street	San Francisco, Cal.
Front and Morrison Streets	Portland, Ore.

Over 60,000 Sold



The day's tasks become delightful adventures, when complete rest arrives on the wings of the morning.



IF your dealer can't supply, do not accept a substitute, but send us \$15. for a full-size Ostermoor, express prepaid. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial.

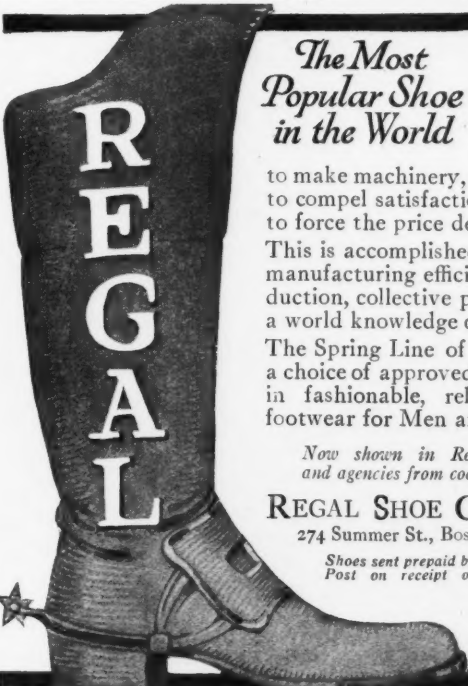
OSTERMOOR

Mattress \$15. up

A postal brings 144-page Free book of mattresses, springs, cushions, etc., with many samples of tickings.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 116 Elizabeth St., New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal



The Most Popular Shoe in the World

REGAL means more than leather and findings—it means care, skill, study and conscience. It tells a tale of achievement. It expresses the power to excel—

to make machinery, materials and methods serve better uses—to compel satisfaction by means of a more perfect product—to force the price down to the people's plane.

This is accomplished by reason of Regal manufacturing efficiency, volume of production, collective purchasing power and a world knowledge of style requirements.

The Spring Line of Regal Shoes affords a choice of approved models, the ultimate in fashionable, reliable, dependable footwear for Men and Women.

Now shown in Regal stores and agencies from coast to coast

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

274 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Shoes sent prepaid by Parcel Post on receipt of price



Briton King
Bal Black
Cloth Top
\$5.00

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



What Does YOUR Mirror Reflect?

If it shows a clean skin, free from wrinkles or blemish, alive with health and bright with nature's own colors, be prudent, take a thought for the future and make the use of **Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream** a daily habit. The good skin and complexion will be safeguarded and kept youthful by

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

"The Kind That Keeps"

If your skin is bad and your complexion a disappointment, either through neglect or on account of illness, over-work, or other cause, begin today to use **Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream**. It supplies exactly what the skin requires to regain its lost vitality, smooth, firm texture, and natural color. Refreshing and healthful to the skin after motoring, shopping, outing or a busy day about the house. Preferred by fashionable women for twenty-five years, and still their favorite. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c, \$1.50.

TWO SAMPLES FREE

A sample of **D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream** and a sample of **Poudre Amourette**, the daintiest of face powders, will be mailed free. A postcard will bring both samples. Write tonight. Address Dept R.

Daggett & Ramsdell
New York



White Tar Moth Bags and Tar Paper

A poor method of moth prevention is no better than none at all. The only sure economical way is to use **White Tar**—best for 30 years. **White Tar Moth Bags** keep your furs and clothing without fold or wrinkles—ready for instant use. Metal garment hanger with each bag. **White Tar Paper** is ideal for wrapping heavy garments, rugs, carpets, draperies.

Lavender Bags	Size	Tar	Cedar	Odorless
24x50	24x37	\$0.50	\$0.65	\$0.60
\$1.75	30x50	.60	.75	.70
24x60	30x60	.75	1.00	.85
\$2.00	30x70	.90	1.25	1.00

White Tar Paper

In rolls of 12 sheets 40x48—**Pine Tar** 55c per roll. **Cedar** 60c per roll. Insist on "**White Tar**" at your dealer's—or order from us direct at these prices. Write for our illustrated booklet on Moth Preventives. It's FREE.

THE WHITE TAR COMPANY
Dept. G. 103 John St., N. Y.

No Moths

No Dust

No Germs



Trade Mark Reg. No. 94745

and all other wallboards. That layer of kiln-dried wood slats is rock-cemented between especially treated, moisture-proof paper into a rigid, straight, smooth sheet one-quarter inch thick.

That wood-core construction makes **Compo-Board** the strongest, most durable, altogether the most satisfactory material for home wall linings and a 101 other uses. No other wall board like it.

Sold by dealers in strips 4 feet wide by one to eighteen feet long.

Write for sample and illustrations of beautiful home interiors.

The Compo-Board Company
4309 Lyndale Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn.



Vantines
The Oriental Store

Panama Hats

Of excellent quality Panama handwoven in fine light weave under the atmospheric conditions necessary for the production of the finest hats procurable. Forwarded by parcel post ready to wear in the same condition as received from the native weavers, and may be shaped and trimmed to suit yourself. Sold with the Vantine assurance of satisfaction or the refund of the price paid. Price, \$5 delivered free to your home.

Write for Catalogue. Mailed free upon request. Illustrates all our latest and most fashionable trimmed Panamas, Pongee silk hats, kimonos, slippers, auto coats, shawls, purses, etc., and also includes hundreds of distinctive and unique Oriental objects of art and utility for the home. Send today as the edition is limited. Address Dept. 4.

A. A. VANTINE & CO. Inc.
Fifth Avenue & 39th Street, New York

\$2 a Box

Special Offer



Shirts and Neckties by Mail for less than you pay for shirts alone

We make this **special offer**—of 3 fine **DURO** Guaranteed Shirts sent postpaid on receipt of \$2 and we include this handsome silk tie free for name and address of 5 friends—so as to secure still more customers for our

DURO Shirts, Underwear, Nightshirts and Pajamas by mail, postpaid, at 20% saving with fine neckties, hosiery and handkerchiefs free for life as premiums. Order this box today and receive catalog. If goods are not satisfactory we gladly refund your money. This is the biggest selling and most famous box of shirts in the world—advertised in 100 leading magazines. These shirts are guaranteed not to shrink, fade or rip in 6 months, or new shirts free. Made of fine white percale with neat stripes of blue, black and lavender. One of each color, same size, to the box. Cut in the popular coat style, cuffs attached, hand laundered and very fashionable. Sizes 14 to 17. The tie is a stylish wide-end four-in-hand, of navy blue silk poplin. You owe your pocket book a trial order of this box with our money saving catalog. Highest Bank References and all magazines.

Room 128, GOODSELL & COMPANY, 158 East 34th Street, NEW YORK
Largest Mail Order Shirt House in the World.

Pretty as a Picture



No more delicate compliment can be paid a woman than this—"she is as pretty as a picture."

Women who desire a complexion that will be **admired** and **not** questioned cannot be too careful of the powder they use. Ordinary face powders (no matter how fine they may seem in the box or between the fingers) are disappointing under the real test—on the face.

Such powders deaden the skin with a lifeless hue. Or they do worse—bespeak "make-up." To use them is to be haunted by the fear that they will fall you any minute—in the wind, in the glaring light or in the heat of the dance. There is **one** complexion powder that stands every test—

Carmen Complexion Powder

The **one** powder perfected under such a process as to impart the fresh bloom of girlhood without a trace of artificiality. It does not rub or blow off. You are **sure** of a charming complexion at all times—regardless of strong lights or of the effects of perspiration. The scent enhances its refinement.

50c Everywhere

WHITE, PINK, FLESH, CREAM
Our "On Trial" Offer



Purse size box and mirror containing 2 to 3 weeks' supply of Carmen (stale shade) and full 35c box of Carmen Rouge (light or dark) sent prepaid for 25c. If only purse size box of Carmen Powder and mirror are wanted, send only 10c silver and 2 cent stamp.

STAFFORD-MILLER COMPANY

525 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Lovely Healthy Skin Hair Hands



Kept So By Daily Use of Cuticura

The Soap to prevent clogging and irritation of the pores, the usual cause of pimples, blackheads and dandruff, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better to prevent and remove those conditions which affect the purity and beauty of the skin, scalp and hair than these fragrant super-creamy emollients.

Trial Free by Return Mail

For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book by return mail, address post-card, "Cuticura, Dept. 44, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

Oils Everything

about house and office. 3-in-One has a hundred daily uses. You constantly need it to oil clocks, locks, casters, sewing machines, go-carts, velocipedes, roller skates, lawn mowers, guns and fishing reels; magnets and commutators.

3-in-One Oil also polishes automobile bodies; prevents rust on andirons, escutcheons, and tools; puts an edge on a razor; keeps nickel-plated faucets, etc., bright.

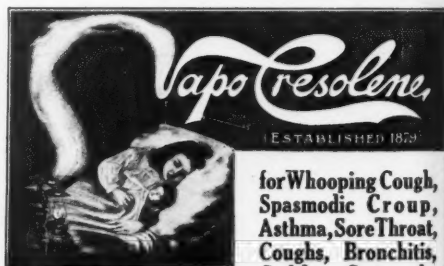
3-in-One

has been the standard household oil for twenty years; nothing can take its place.

At all stores: 16 bottles, 10c, 25c, 50c. In Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—A generous sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Three-in-One Oil Co.
42EG. Broadway, New York City



**for Whooping Cough,
Spasmodic Croup,
Asthma, Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Colds, Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep."

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal, affections for which it is recommended.

It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 36 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can, I know you can, because I have reduced 32,000 women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.



You Can Be So Well!

If you only knew how well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

**Nervousness, Torpid Liver,
Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.**

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet? You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 42 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Rand McNally & Co. have just published Miss Cocroft's new book, "Beauty a Duty." For sale at all booksellers. Beautifully bound.



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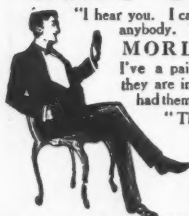
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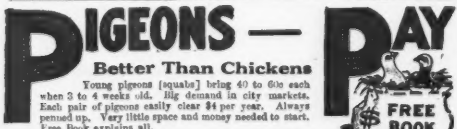


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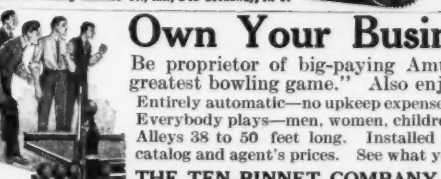
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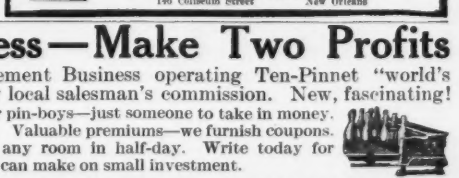
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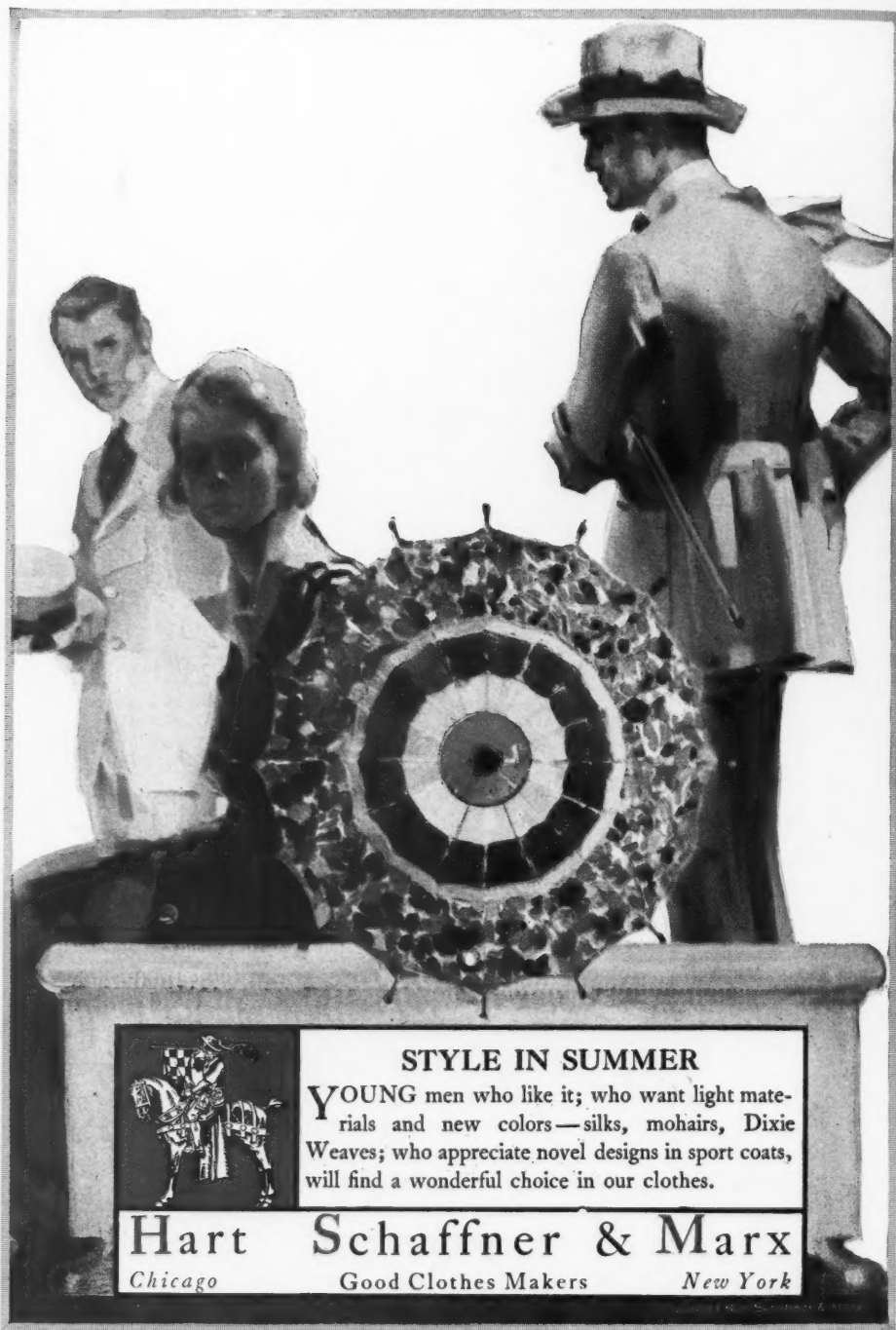
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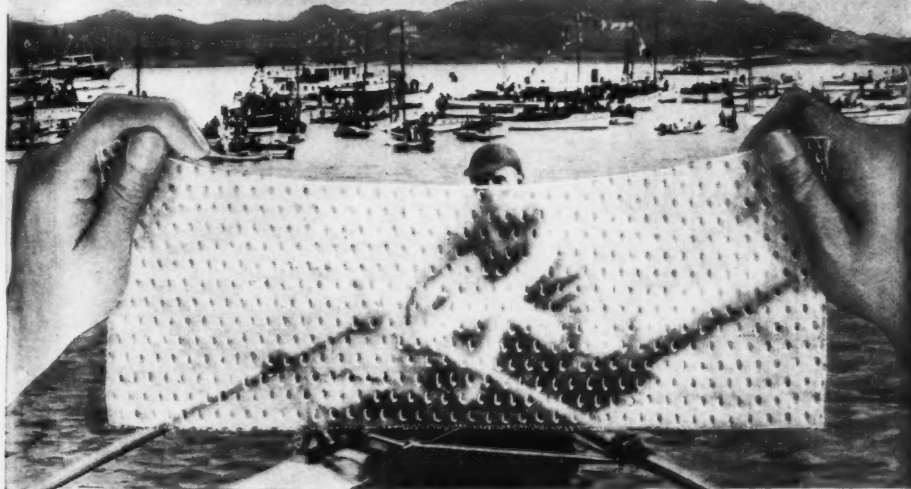
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Would You Exchange postcards with people in other cities, towns or countries? Then try our splendid club; exchange list widely circulated; membership ten cents.

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Will pay \$5.00 to \$50.00 for large cent dated 1799. We pay cash premiums on all large cents, eagle cents, etc., and all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of coins wanted. Send 4c for our Large Illustrated Coin Circulars. May mean large profits to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. P., Ft. Worth, Tex.

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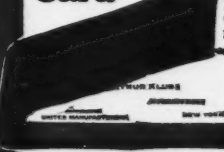
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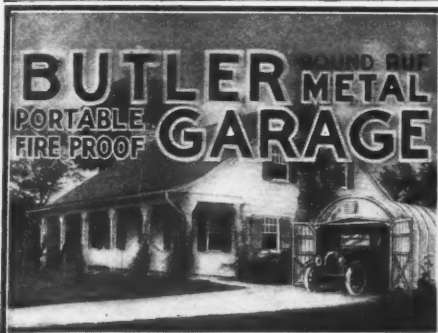
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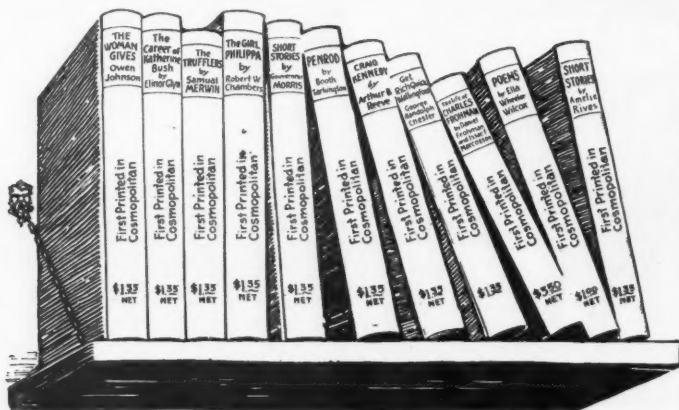
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigator |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTO RUNNING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> German |
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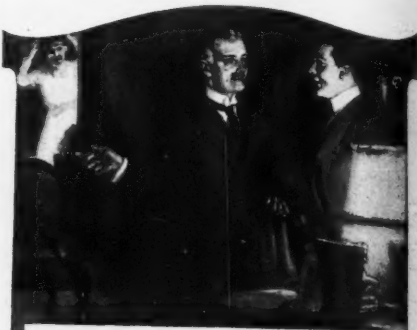
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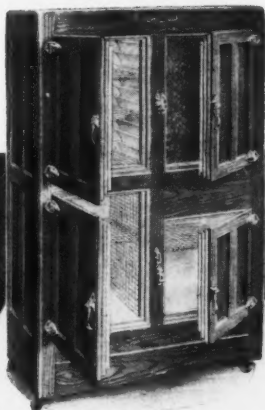
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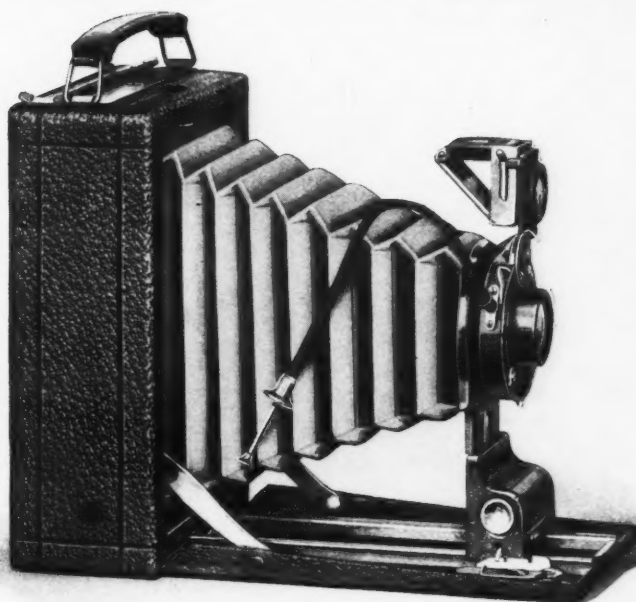
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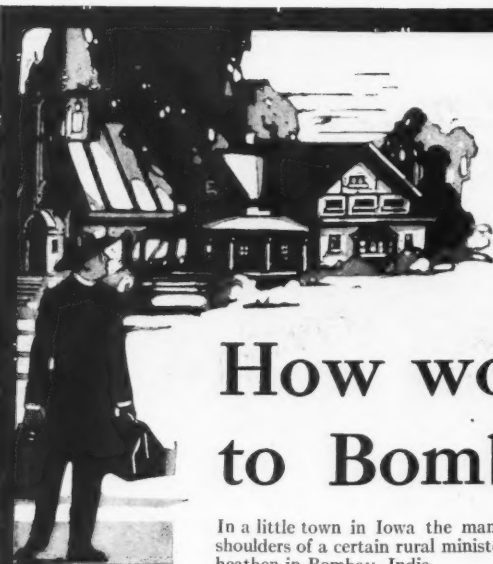
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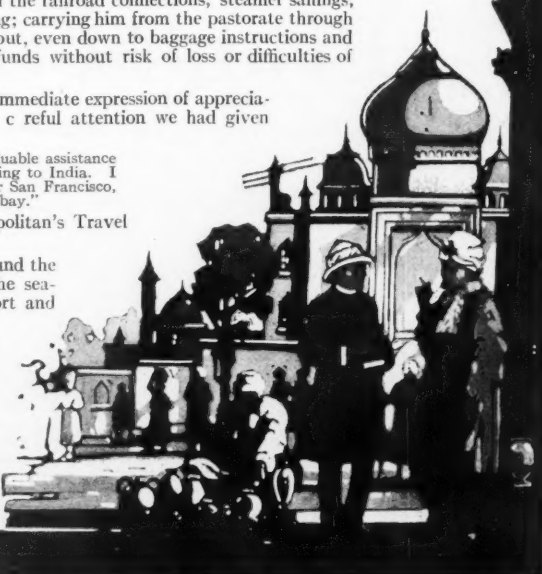
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PIPER Heidsieck

CHEWING TOBACCO

The famous flavor of "PIPER," blended through the ripeness and mellowness of the finest tobacco leaf grown, affords the most appetizing, relishful, enjoyable chew in the world. The carefully selected, thoroughly matured white Burley leaf in "PIPER" retains this pleasing taste, and insures lasting satisfaction. There is no other tobacco like "PIPER"—as a trial will quickly demonstrate.

5c and 10c cuts, foil-wrapped, in slide boxes. Also 10c cuts, foil-wrapped, in metal boxes. Sold everywhere

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

All Aboard for Unlimited Comfort, Mr. Traveler

NO STOPS at the way stations on the Annoyance & Discomfort Line when you take the through route to underwear satisfaction via

THE Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT

Your fingers go straight to the ONE terminal point — the one master button *at the chest*, without delays in fumbling at ten or more useless buttons. On your daily time table, dressing and undressing can now be matters of seconds not minutes and you travel de luxe through the warmest days if you couple up to this new, practical underwear idea.

You can get these suits in nainsook, in knit goods, or in the famous Keep-Kool mesh, at the best haberdashers' and department stores everywhere, but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers at Albany, N.Y., and we will gladly supply you direct; delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PRICES

Men's—Knitted or Nainsook
\$1, \$1.50, \$2

Boys'—(Knitted only 50 cents



A catalog illustrating the complete line of summer and winter weights will be sent free on request.



OFF YOUR SCHEDULE NOW



FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY

ALBANY

Manufacturers

NEW YORK

Barnes Knitting Corporation, Sole Distributor to dealers, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Who's Your Tailor?

As long as no two men are alike, all properly fitting clothes are equally unlike.

Be your own model for your Summer clothes and have us design, cut and tailor them from the pattern corresponding to your actual measurements.

Consider your own best interests as to style-exclusiveness, fit and workmanship and leave your measure with our dealer in your city—*Today!*

You can duplicate a suit-price any place
but a **PRICE/SUIT** only one place

E. J. Gies & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Chicago, U. S. A.



Write for a copy of
Our Book of Correct
Styles and the name
of our dealer in your
own city—*TODAY!*

You are cordially invited to inspect our mammoth tailor shops whenever you visit Chicago. A guide will show you through

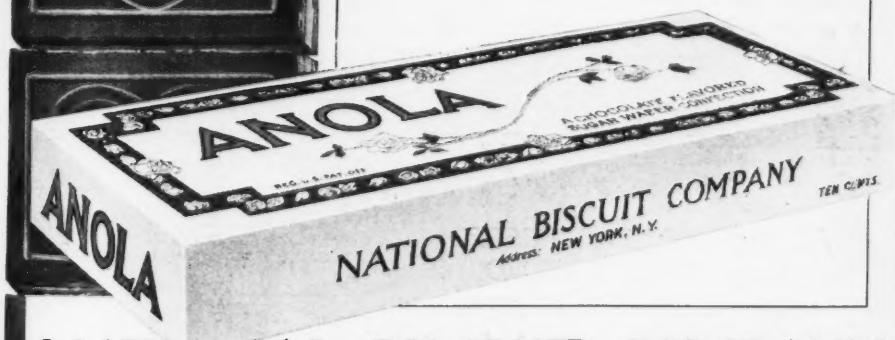


ANOLA

THE sugar wafer confection which adds the final perfect touch to a delectable dessert. Ices and creams are made complete when they are served. Tea has an added enjoyment with them. Everybody likes them.

Crisp and inviting, chocolate flavored throughout. In ten-cent tins.

FESTINO—A favorite confection in the guise of an almond, with a kernel of almond-flavored cream.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

*Eye Open**Eye Closed*

The New Waltham Wrist Watch With Disappearing Eye

The bracelet watch is no longer a fad. It is now one of the recognized ways in which a watch may be worn even by conservative people.

The invention of the disappearing eye makes it possible to wear the watch shown above as a bracelet watch, and merely by closing the eye convert it into a regular watch which can then be used as a chatelaine, sautoir or pocket piece.

The novelty and practical advantages of this watch are so obvious that they speak for themselves. As a "quality" gift it is unlikely that anything quite so attractive will be offered to you this season.

Jewelers and expert watch workmen know that Waltham movements will run more accurately and require less attention than other makes. This excellence of manufacture becomes even more important in small watches. If you have ever had experience with ordinary small watches, you will appreciate the need of a Waltham.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS.

The Grand Prize

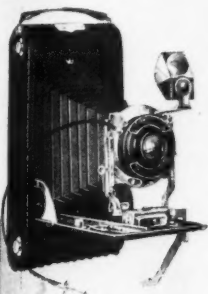
AT THE SAN FRANCISCO PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION WAS AWARDED TO WALTHAM WATCHES

This is the highest award given and the only one of its class. Scientific tests prove the instrumental superiority of Waltham Watches. This is an outstanding fact conceded by horologists.

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

3A Folding AnSCO
Picture $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
Prices \$20, \$22.50, \$25,
\$27.50. Other Anscons
from \$2 to \$55.



The exclusive features of AnSCO cameras reduce picture-taking to the simplest and surest terms. Before deciding what camera to buy, look over the Folding AnSCO series at your dealer's.

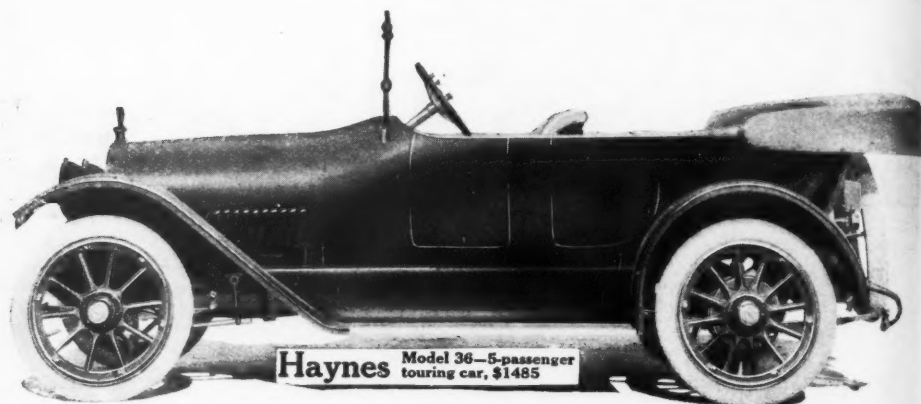
The exact radius finder prevents the disappointment of discovering on development that the most important part of the picture is missing. The adjustable focusing scale and safety spool-holding device are other AnSCO refinements worthy of consideration.

The three sizes in the Folding AnSCO series are furnished with symmetrical or anastigmat lens equipment. Prices, \$16 to \$27.50.

Catalog from your dealer or us free upon request. Write us for specimen picture.



ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



America's Greatest "Light Six" new series—\$1485

The new series Haynes "Light Six" appeals more than ever both to the man and his wife, because of its rich upholstery—its full stream-line body—its many added comforts and refinements—its easy-riding qualities—its remarkably low cost of upkeep—combined with an *abundance* of power.

The engine is the same light, high-speed motor that **DEVELOPS MORE HORSE-POWER THAN ANY OTHER ENGINE OF SAME BORE AND STROKE.** Its flexibility is wonderful—faster than a mile a minute, or slower than a mile an hour.

Half the wonders of this powerful car have never been told. To appreciate it you must see the car and ride in it.

See your dealer at once for a demonstration. Compared with cars of the highest price consideration, the Haynes makes a pleasing impression—compared with cars of the same price class it gets a wide margin of preference.

What other car can equal this?

1 to 60 miles per hour on "high."
30 miles per hour pick-up in
7½ seconds.
8,000 miles tire average.
400 miles average to quart of oil.
15 to 22 miles average gallon
of gasoline.

Haynes "Light Six" Prices

Model 36—Five-passenger Touring Car, \$1485
Model 36—Three-passenger "So-Sha-Belle" Roadster, \$1485
Model 37—Seven-passenger Touring Car, \$1585

Catalog with complete specifications on request.

The Haynes Automobile Company

72 South Main Street

KOKOMO, INDIANA

America's Greatest Light Six

HAYNES

\$1485



The gum from Nature's Gardens

To most people chewing gum is a mystery. They may know that different chewing gums are made of different ingredients. But that is about all.

There's no mystery about your Sterling Gum. As makers we're glad to tell you its ingredients. Their photographs we show above. The natural sap of the Sapota

Tree gives Sterling Gum its velvety body. The other ingredients are the flavors and sweetening. Each is a natural product of some tree or plant.

Combined they make your Sterling Gum "the gum from Nature's Gardens." Pure, delicious—made in the sunny Sterling Kitchens where clean white gloves cover the hands of every worker.

These 7 points of excellence make Sterling a better chewing gum:

- Point 1—Crowded with flavor
- Point 2—Velvety body—**NO GRIT**
- Point 3—Crumble-proof
- Point 4—Sterling purity
- Point 5—From a daylight factory
- Point 6—Untouched by hands
- Point ⑦ **What?**

7777 Prizes. First Prize \$1000. What is the 7th Point? See Saturday Evening Post of April 22 for details.

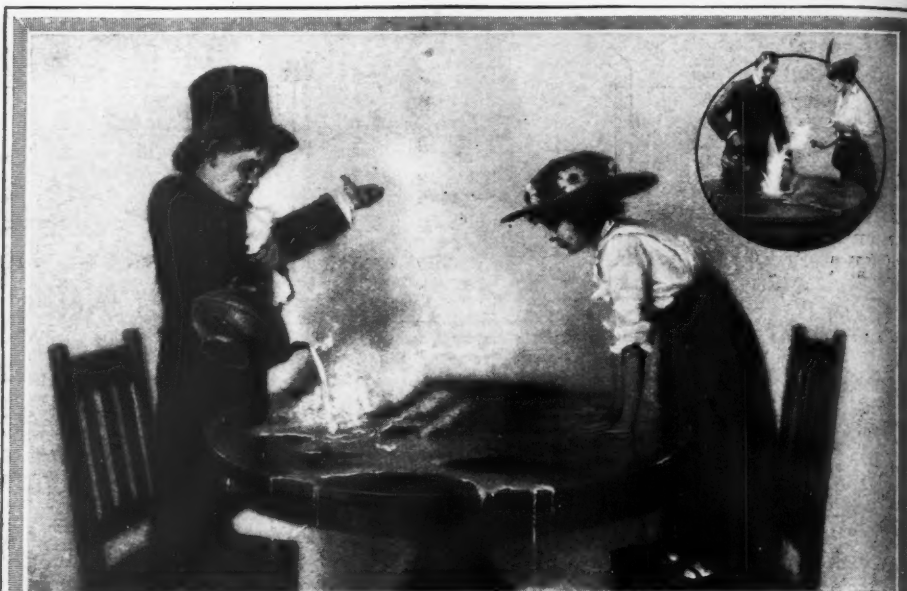


CINNAMON IN BLUE WRAPPER
PEPPERMINT IN RED WRAPPER

THE STERLING GUM CO., Inc., New York THE STERLING GUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Toronto



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



The Little Imitators—A Valspar Story

WHEN their mother went to New York for a shopping afternoon, little Harold and Bertha S. of Great Neck, N. Y. got hold of some magazines and decided to play "advertisements".

On mother's return she found Harold in his father's top hat and coat and his sister dressed as a "grown-up",—and Harold *was pouring boiling water on the dining room table.*

Mrs. S. writes:

"They were imitating your Valspar advertisement showing the man pouring boiling water on a dining room table. It gave me a start at first until I remembered my table luckily is 'Finished with Valspar', so we just mopped up the mess and it was all right.

"Incidentally the floor, also flooded with hot water, did not escape damage, as that is not Valsparred.

**When white enamel is needed, use Val-Enamel—starts white, stays white.
Ask your dealer.**

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 450 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

New York
London Boston

Chicago
Toronto
Amsterdam

TRADE **VALENTINE'S** MARK
Established 1832

W. P. FULLER & CO.
San Francisco and principal Pacific
Coast Cities

Copyright 1916 by Valentine & Company

"I thought this would interest you. It has taught us to use only Valspar wherever we need varnish. We are going to have the floor Valsparred next week."



This interesting letter is a better advertisement than we could write ourselves. It points out that on front doors, window sills, porch ceilings, all varnished

woodwork and floors—the places where ordinary varnishes are ruined by water—Valspar remains bright and new and will not turn white.

Valspar may be had from most good paint and varnish dealers. *You will know where to buy it by the posters in the dealers' windows.*

Special Trial Offer

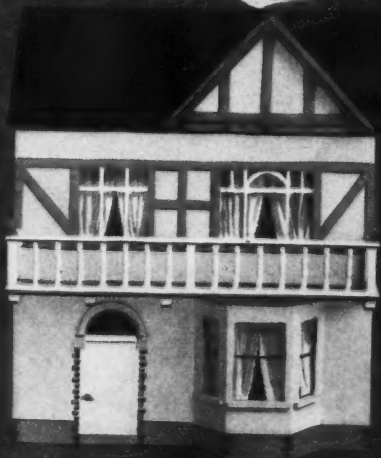
Send us ten cents in stamps and we will forward a small can of Valspar, enough to finish a small chair or table.

Housecleaning

"Is Play"

With

Old Dutch



Highest
Quality

Contains No
Dangerous
Caustic
Acid
Alkali
Ammonia

Won't Roughen
or Redden
Your Hands



Old Colony
Clare Fork

On
The Tables
of Three
Generations

The same make of silver plate
that is most preferred to-day is
the identical brand that graced
the tables of those more pictur-
esque days of our grandparents.
1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"
has had the actual test of service
that makes good the unqualified
guarantee under which it is sold.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for illustrated Catalogue "S-9"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY,
Successor to Menden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA
The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

Continental Tea Spoon

Cromwell Dessert Knife



1847 ROGERS BROS.
"Silver Plate that Wears"

